Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF

Radio Romances

MARCH

15¢

ILDEGARDE

Exciting Color Pictures

MA PERKINS

•

ROY ROGERS

—

A Story of Love's Triumph

FURLOUGH

Radiant... Softer, Smoother Skin

with just One Cake of Camay!

Tests by doctors prove— Camay is really mild

Romantic new softness, fresher beauty, for *your* skin—with just *one cake* of Camay! Yes, lovelier skin comes as quickly as that, when you give up careless methods and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested this mild care on over 100 complexions—on skin like yours. And with the very *first* cake of Camay, most complexions simply bloomed—fresher and clearer and lovelier!

. . . it cleanses without irritation

These tests are your proof of Camay's *mildness* . . . your proof it can benefit the skin. *"Camay is really mild,"* confirmed the doctors, *"it cleansed without irritation."* So why don't you try this tested beauty care . . . and see what striking improvement just *one cake* of Camay can bring to your skin!

Mrs. Charles W. Diehl, Jr., Minneapolis

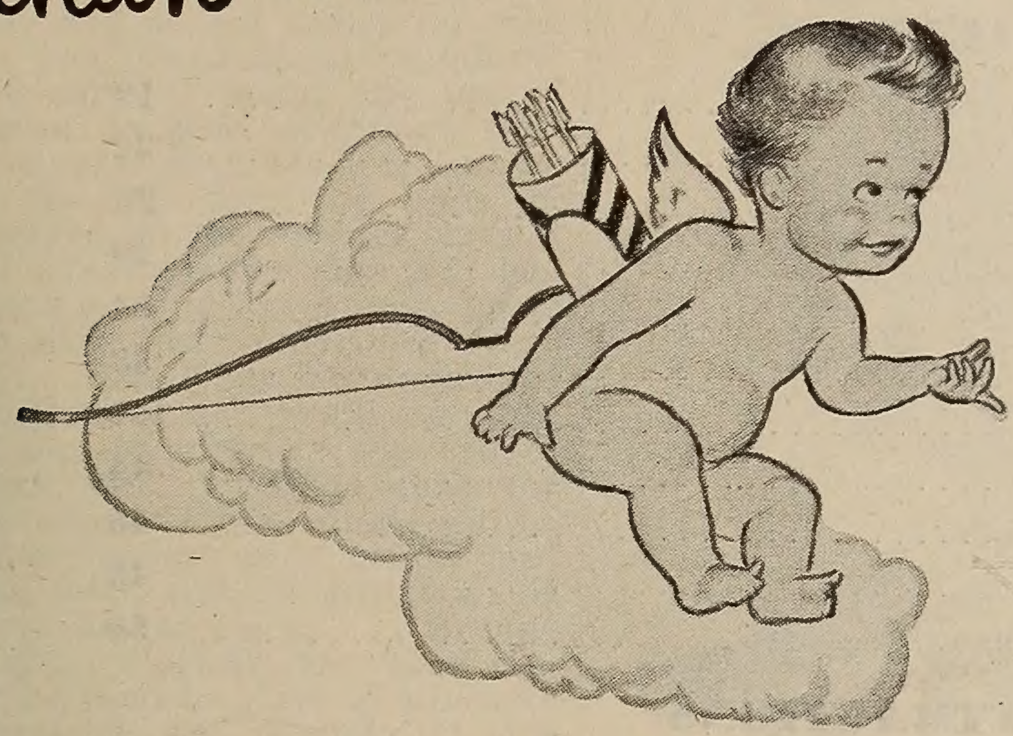
Lovely . . . gossamer wedding veil framing her Camay complexion! *"You'll find exciting new beauty for your skin, too,"* she confides, *"with your very first cake of Camay."*

. . . go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet

Take only one minute—each night and morning. Cream that mild Camay lather over your face—with special attention to nose and chin. Rinse warm. Give oily skin a final C-O-L-D splash. Start tonight! And watch your skin take on glorious new freshness, softer charm—with just *one cake* of Camay!

Cherish Camay—precious war materials go into soap, so it's patriotic to use the last sliver—every bit!

"Rather hold their hats than their hands, Honey?"



GIRL: Cupid dear... isn't that a sort of silly question?

CUPID: Silly? Listen, Child: My business is Romance. And the way you let those boys skate off without you... well, it isn't so good for business.

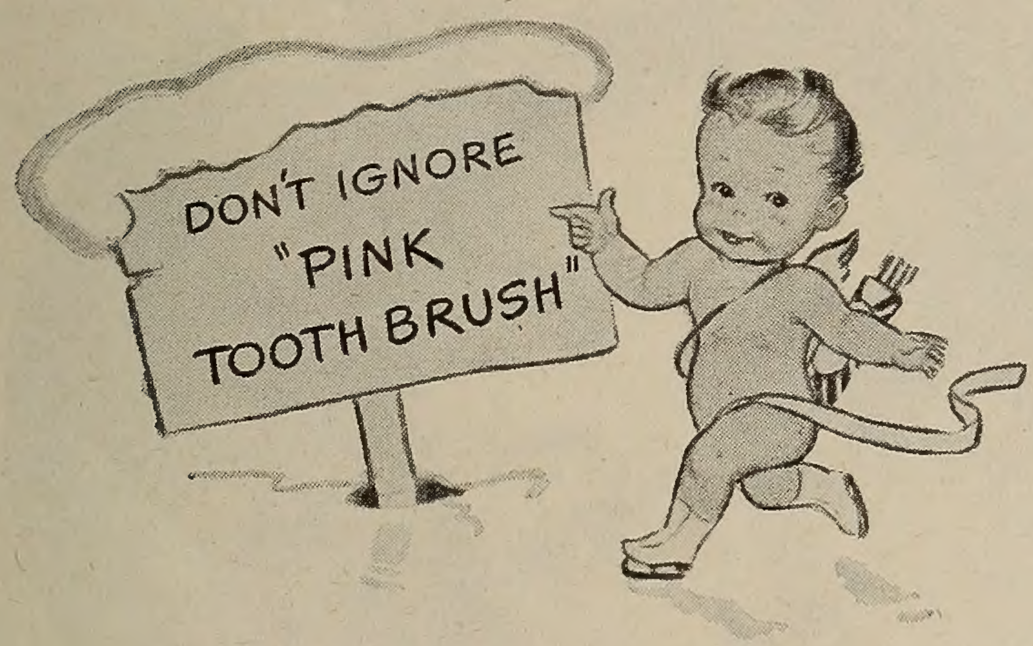
GIRL: *Let* them skate off? How could I *stop* them? I'm no glamour girl!

CUPID: You could have tried smiling at them! Even a plain girl can be pretty when she smiles.

GIRL: Not *this* plain girl, Cupid. My teeth—honest, I'm a one-woman dimout. I brush my teeth every—

CUPID: Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: Well, yes, but...



CUPID: ...you ignore it! By the Everlasting Double-Ring Ceremony, Child! Don't you know that tinge of "pink" is a warning to *see your dentist right away?*

GIRL: But—

CUPID: ...because he may say your gums have gotten tender, robbed of exercise by soft, modern foods. And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: But we were talking about *my smile!* Not my—

CUPID: Listen, Child... Ipana Tooth Paste and massage were *born* to help your smile! Massaging a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth helps your gums to healthier, ruddier firmness. And healthier gums mean sounder teeth, a brighter smile... and somebody to hold *your* hat while you skate! Get started on a brighter smile today, Baby!

Product of Bristol-Myers

For the Smile of Beauty— IPANA AND MASSAGE

MARCH, 1945

Radio Mirror
THE MAGAZINE OF
Radio Romances

VOL. 23, NO. 4

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editorial Director

DORIS McFERRAN
Editor

EVELYN L. FIORE
Assistant Editor

JACK ZASORIN
Art Director

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irresistible lips are

Dearly Beloved

For heart-stirring lips,
IRRESISTIBLE PINK ORCHID, a
brilliant, lustrous, high-voltage pink . . .
new favorite in a lipstick famous for
color flattery. Non-drying, longer-lasting
thanks to Irresistible's secret WHIP-TEXTing
process. Matching rouge and powder.

the
bride-to-be
wears

Irresistible pink orchid Lipstick

WHIP-TEXT TO STAY ON LONGER . . . S-M-O-O-T-H-E-R!

A TOUCH OF IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME ASSURES GLAMOUR

10c — 25c
SIZES
NEW SWIVEL
CASE

Did You Know?

Looking Ahead . . . You'll carry your radio with you in the post-war world. There will be handbag models for women, and pocket radios for men . . . Have you heard about tantalum? It's a new surgical metal, the use of which leaves no scar. Although tantalum is heavier than lead, it can be stretched so fine that the ends of severed nerves can be mended with it . . . Here's something the men will feel is well worth waiting for: a razor blade that needs sharpening only once every five years . . . The Navy has developed a new lubricant which you'll be using after the war to increase the life of your electric fan . . . Good news for those with a sweet tooth—there will be more lemon drops and peppermint drops quite soon, and the little sweets will come in bigger pieces . . . A synthetic plastic, colorless, has been developed to be used in place of adhesive tape on scratches and wounds. It will peel off easily after being in place twenty-four hours . . . Post-war transportation has exciting things up its sleeve. For instance, there's the plan to pressure-ize large cabin planes, which means that you'll be able to get across the continent in no time, twenty thousand feet above the earth. You won't be able to take in the scenery, but you will get there faster. If you still don't like the idea of flying, the railroads too have a lot of new ideas. There will be three-decker berths, for example, which means forty-two persons accommodated in one car, which in turn means cheaper rates. There will be more roomettes—those small private rooms in which the berth, already made up, can be pulled down from the wall without the aid of a porter. They're planning better washroom accommodations, too: a washbasin for each six persons. And the happy day will come when the coaches that have limped their way through the war will be scrapped. The daycoach of the future, they say, will be comfortable and attractive enough so that chair cars can be done away with altogether, and there will be only two classes of travel, coach and Pullman.

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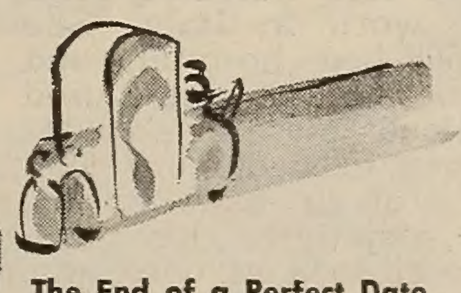
Go back, Mary— You forgot something!

Take half a minute more—or that heavy date may be a dud!

That's the smart girl! Wouldn't he be a disillusioned hero if you let underarm odor spoil your evening—and shatter his dreams of dainty-you. And you might never know what happened!

Wonderful Mum to smooth on in a jif, even *after* you're dressed. *Now* you're set. Yes, your bath took care of *past* perspiration, and Mum will protect underarms against risk of odor *to come.*



The End of a Perfect Date . . . and the beginning of a beautiful romance! Keep those stars in your eyes, Mary. They're as becoming as your flower-fresh charm that lasts all evening. Mum sure helps a girl get along!

MUM'S QUICK—only 30 seconds to use Mum. Even after you're dressed. MUM'S SAFE—won't irritate skin. Won't injure fine fabrics, says American Institute of Laundering. MUM'S CERTAIN—works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh for a whole day or evening. Get Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is so gentle, safe, dependable that thousands of women use it this way, too.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

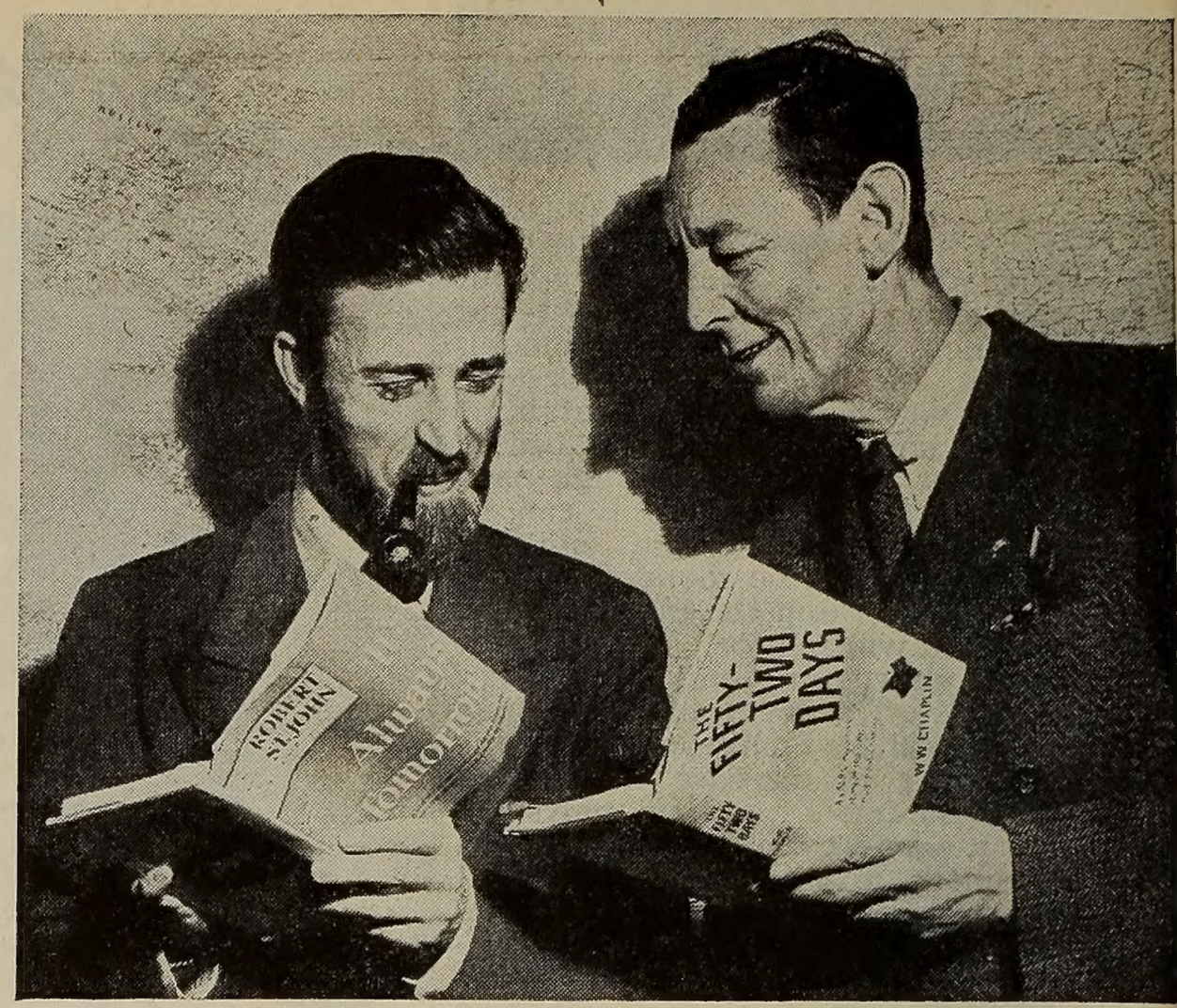
R
M

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By
DALE BANKS

George Burns tussles as hard as ever with Gracie Allen on CBS Tuesday nights, 9:00 P.M., EWT.



NBC commentators Robert St. John and W. W. Chaplin, both recently turned author, exchange copies of their books.

Pert Jane Webb, young enough to play teen-agers, bright enough to play other parts in NBC dramas.

WE'VE had something on our mind ever since we heard that Army Nurse on Report To The Nation. Lt. Leona Dippre told narrator John Daly about her work in Italy. She described the 500-bed hospital, and spoke of the times that hospital used 500 pints of blood plasma a night because many men needed more than one pint. It kind of got us when she told about how sometimes they gave a man four transfusions at one time.

That was bad, but that's not what's on our mind. What we're thinking about is the report from the Red Cross which says that practically every time a successful battle is reported on the air and in the press, blood donations have a way of dropping off. On D-Day, hundreds of appointments throughout the country were cancelled, many without even a phone call to the Red Cross so that other appointments could be made.

We're just wondering. We're just wondering how you would feel if your son's buddy came home—when the war's over—and told you about your son, who isn't coming home. We're wondering how you'd feel if the buddy said something like this: "He would have been all right, if they could have given some plasma. But there wasn't enough. There wasn't enough and he died of shock—that's what they can stop when they have enough plasma—he died mostly of shock, not the wound. That could have been fixed up all right. It's too bad."

We're just wondering.

* * *

It's nice to watch quick thinking. A fine example was Paul Draper on a television show not long ago. He was waiting on stage for his cue. The number just before his ended with a roar of battle sounds that shattered a big Kelvin lamp right over Draper's head and showered glass down around him. Without batting an eyelash, Draper picked up a broom lying in the wings and turned his opening number into a broom dance, tapping merrily and sweeping the dangerous glass splinters before him. Then he tossed the broom to one of the studio crew and went into his regular routine.

* * *

Walked in on a Marion Loveridge rehearsal the other day and almost backed out. It took a little while to find out that Marion wasn't having an off day and singing off key. It seems that she's got a special exercise to keep her on her vocal toes. Her pianist, Morty Howard, starts her off on the chorus of a number, and before she's through with that chorus he's switched keys on her at least seven times. It may be good exercise, but it's hard on listening ears.

* * *

The miracles of radio . . . and talk about the long way around! There's the story from the campaign on Leyte.

One night the radio men on shore had an important message for a small Signal Corps ship lying about 200 yards off the beach in Leyte Gulf. There was a red alert and the whole area was blacked out so the radio men couldn't use blinker lights. The ship was equipped with only a code transmitter and the radio men on shore had only a voice transmitter. Finally, an engineer had an idea. He called San Francisco on the voice circuit. San Francisco relayed the message to Sydney, Australia, which in turn passed it on to Hollandia, New Guinea. Hollandia was in direct communication with the ship. The reply to the message reversed the whole procedure. Message and reply travelled close to 19,000 miles to span a distance of 200 yards.

And it took less than five minutes to cross the Pacific four times!

* * *

Did you know . . . Lulu McConnell used to teach elocution and dancing. . . . Joan Brooks used to teach

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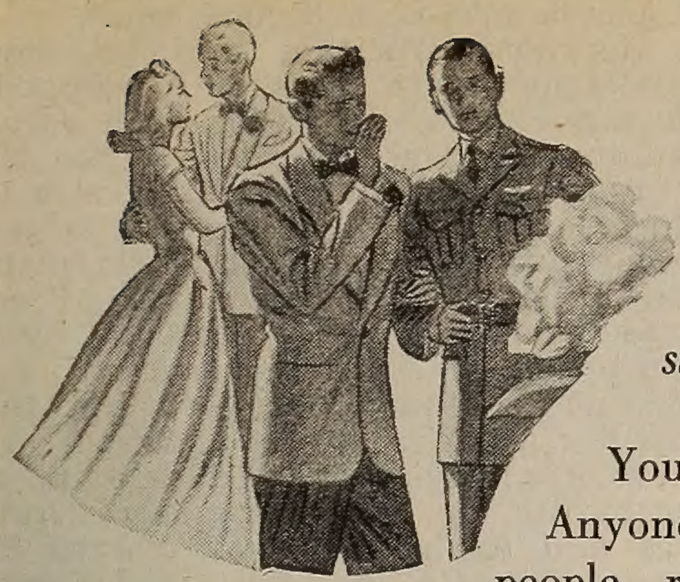

When Karen grew careless *about one little matter* she practically hung on herself the "Don't Disturb" sign. Because, after men found out what her trouble was, they let her severely alone. Too bad . . . she was such a charming girl otherwise.*

You can't always be sure whether or not you have halitosis (bad breath)*. Anyone can offend at some time or other. So many clever people, popular people, realize this and use Listerine Antiseptic before appointments where they want to be at their best. Almost at once Listerine Antiseptic makes the breath purer, sweeter, less likely to offend. Never, never omit it before any date.

While some cases of halitosis (bad breath) are systemic, most cases, say some noted medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and quickly overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . for oral hygiene

"WE GIRLS WHO ARE
All-Out
CAN'T BE PERIODICALLY
All-In!"

Getting a war job is easy; *doing* it is what really counts. And that once-a-month, all-in feeling does not mix with everyday, all-out effort. *So call on Midol.*

Take it at the very first sign of menstrual pain. See how swiftly it relieves functional suffering. Eases cramps, soothes menstrual headache, brightens you when you're "blue"!

Try Midol, and *trust* it. It contains no opiates. Get a package now at any drugstore.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

LEARN NURSING AT HOME

High school not necessary. No age limit. Send for FREE "Nursing Facts" and sample lesson pages. Earn while learning. Act now! Post Graduate Hospital School of Nursing 160 N. Wacker Drive. Chicago, Illinois

Now We Both Have Lovely Blonde Hair

Since Using This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny golden curls are gloriously lovely. That's why Blondex, the special shampoo that helps keep light hair from darkening and brightens faded blonde hair, is so popular. Blondex makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes dingy, dust film that makes hair dark, old looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair attractive new lustre and highlights. Safe for children. At 10c, drug or department stores.

Continued from page 4

Latin. . . . Victor Jory has ticket stubs from every theatre he has played all over the world. . . . Johnny Morgan's first theatrical job was stooge to a hypnotist—and he was paid twice as much as the hypnotist. . . . Edwin C. Hill and Parks Johnson nearly became big league ball players. . . . Penny Singleton used to be a newspaper columnist. . . . Alec Templeton collects music boxes. . . . James Melton collects automobiles and has eighty of them already. . . . Dave Street, featured vocalist on the Joan Davis show, spends all his spare time rehearsing his Mitchell Boys Choir, which you heard in "Going My Way". . . .

* * *

We've often wondered about drummers and the way they work their faces. Gene Krupa's got a formula for his expressions, which he claims are indispensible for success in beating the hide. Here's his routine:

For dreamy melodies—drop jaw and get that faraway look in your eyes.

For speedier tunes—imitate an outfielder trying to catch a fly with the sun in his eyes.

And last, to be used only when you've reached the top—furiously interchange the above expressions and shout over and over again, "Lyonnaise potatoes and some pork chops!"

* * *

Charme Allen, who plays Aunt Polly in "David Harum", has just celebrated her 22nd anniversary in radio. Oddly enough, the actress started out in radio as a piano soloist over a Buffalo station.

* * *

Talking about celebrations, we feel like celebrating because William S. Gailmor has landed on a network at last. He's been a favorite news analyst of ours for a long time, not because he has such a charming voice, but because he makes such good sense.

It's not surprising that he should make good sense. He's well equipped to be an expert, particularly on foreign affairs. He was educated at the University of London and has been a lecturer, a world traveller and a news commentator. Very often his material is used by British, Polish, French and Russian news services and by the European Underground, because of his distinctive and progressive but thoroughly American point of view.

He's always been courageous and watchful for the interests of America and for people everywhere. Two years ago, Gailmor described General Stilwell's situation in China, which was only very recently revealed in the press over here. He was the first commentator to explode the Michailovitch myth in Yugoslavia and give credit to the real leader of the liberation movement, Tito. His analysis of the situation in Greece was clear and sensible and wise. He's a well known writer and many of his articles have been translated into as many as twelve languages for reading in most of the countries in the world.

We like him.

* * *

Coincidence—It just so happens that the name of the actor who plays the part of the family dog on the Ethel Barrymore show is—believe it or not—Brad Barker. Barker has made himself into a specialist in making animal noises and has dropped all regular roles. Incidentally, "Miss Hattie" is one of the few shows on the air that features a dog each week as a regular member of the cast.

* * *

Gracie Fields has a well-worn scrap of paper which she prizes so highly she keeps it pressed between glass. It's a code message that was sent to her over enemy lines by British Gen. Bernard Montgomery, when Gracie was in North Africa on a tour.

Decoded, the message says, "Miss Gracie Fields. Delighted to see you in Italy. Please come first to Army Headquarters. We will make a plan for your tour. General Montgomery."

* * *

Watson Davis, director of CBS Adventures in Science, took a plane trip up to the far North recently and found himself elected a member of the "FBI". No, he's not a G-man. David is now an honorary member of the G. I. fraternity known as the "Frozen Bachelors in Iceland".

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Johnnie Johnston, singer on CBS' Music That Satisfies, has as much fun as his two-year-old daughter when Julie tries out her new rocking horse. Music That Satisfies is heard Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, 7:15 P.M., EWT.

Your soft, gentle hands make memories... like moonlight.

So through these busier-than-ever days let Trushay help Keep your hands appealing. Always smooth it on before your everyday tasks.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in hand care. A rich, creamy heavenly-fragrant lotion... different from all others.

It guards soft hands, even in hot, soapy water. See for yourself... Today.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

You can have *Glamorous Hair* OVERNIGHT!

Try Glover's Famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight *treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."*

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.

1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.

2—For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.

3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.

Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 553, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

Continued from page 6

Funny thing about detectives. People seem to get the idea that fictional detectives exist in real life. Sherlock Holmes is a first rate example. There are lots of people who still believe that Holmes, his pipe and his strange hat actually existed.

The same thing is now happening to Carleton Young, who plays Jim Lawton, independent producer of mystery films in "Hollywood Mystery Time". Carleton is beginning to get mail from fans who want to know the name of his latest picture so they can watch for it at their neighborhood movies. One letter-writing listener complained, "If you wouldn't spend so much time chasing murderers, maybe you could turn out a picture once in a while."

* * *

Ever since the newspapers hung the title "The Voice" on Frank Sinatra, show business has gone out of its way to create titles for its personalities. The trick is to keep up with the new ones, or in a smart and snappy conversation with hep characters you'll lose track of who's who. The list is tantamount to a Roll of Honor—and some of the names on it shape up like this: Frank Sinatra—The Voice, Dunninger—The Brain, Monty Woolley—The Beard, Betty Grable—The Body, Hildegarde—The Charm, Ralph Edwards—The Imp, Bing Crosby—The Groan, Sammy Kaye—The Baton, Eddie Cantor—The Eyes, Guy Lombardo—The Guy, Dick Brown—The Heartthrob, Martin Block—The Mouth, Jimmy Durante—The Nose.

* * *

Joe Meyers, assistant manager for special events at NBC, can't understand why people are complaining about the difficulty of travel. He gets around on the average of 115,000 miles daily without so much as a reservation—in fact, he does it without leaving the newsroom in Radio City.

There's nothing super-human about all this, even though Meyers does use four "magic carpets"—radio, telephone, telegraph and cable. NBC has many programs that include pick-ups of war correspondents from all parts of the world. Meyers has charge of this coverage and must keep in constant touch with all these widely scattered reporters. Thus, in one day, and using the the four methods of communication, Meyers will reach Rome, London, Cairo, the Philippines, Paris, Teheran, Holland, Belgium, Athens, Germany, Honolulu, Hollywood, San Francisco and Washington. He might get to all of them several times a day.

Just to keep in trim, he calls his wife in Sayville, Long Island, at least once a day.

Dale Evans, vocalist on the Jack Carson Wednesday night CBS show, doubles as foil for Carson's jokes.

* * *

Virginia Payne, who plays Ma Perkins, holds a unique record. The show has been on the air since 1933 and in all that time Virginia hasn't missed a single broadcast.

* * *

You never know what's going to turn into a fad. Some years back, Dick Haymes broke his only pair of suspenders. He was too broke to buy another pair and held up his pants by knotting a knitted tie around his waist. And now, high school kids are picking it up and knitted ties are back in demand again.

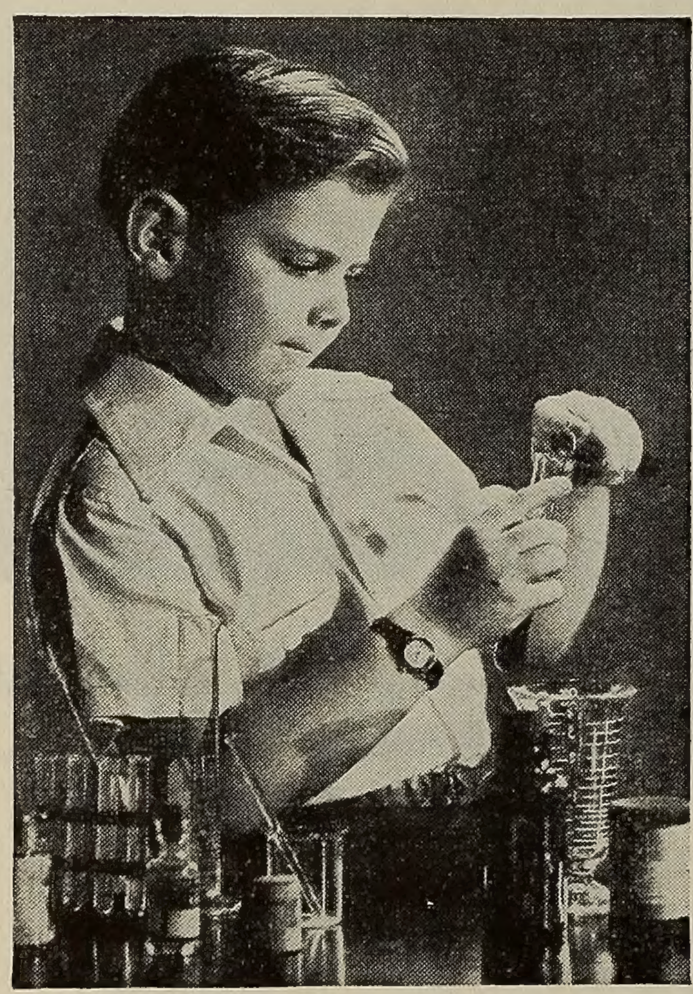
* * *

Thanks to the fact that John W. Vandercook was knocking around in New Britain ten years ago, the NBC newsroom no longer has a cigarette problem.

Vandercook arrived for his daily program recently to find the staff soberly watching news editor Adolph Schnieder trying to roll a cigarette.

"That might be the answer," one watcher uttered, careful not to breathe on the loose tobacco, "if we could be sure of getting paper."

The word "paper" clicked in Vandercook's mind. It seems that in such out of the way places as Rabaul in New Britain, strange things collect. While over there, ten years ago, Van-


Bobby Ellis, who plays in several NBC shows, spends his spare time in his own chemistry laboratory.

dercook found a case of French cigarette papers which he bought, brought home and stored for no apparent reason. Now, NBC newsmen are rolling their own with French cigarette papers bought ten years ago in Rabaul, New Britain.

* * *

Pops Whiteman is taking on new jobs all the time. Now, he's been acting as an advice-to-the-lovelorn editor.

A fat sergeant stationed at Geiger Field, Spokane, wrote to Pops recently. The sergeant said he was in love with a girl who wouldn't marry him because of a few dozen extra pounds. He knew that Pops had had to reduce in order to win the hand of the lady who is now Mrs. Whiteman and he asked for a few hints.

Whiteman wrote back, "You can get romantically thin and have your girl go ga-ga about you, but there's a price to pay. I had to stop eating the things I liked, I had to watch my weight like a jockey in training for the Kentucky Derby, I had to stop drinking and, practically speaking, I had to stop living."

It's not quite certain yet whether the fat sergeant chose living or loving.

* * *

The most misspelled name in Radio belongs to Mac Ceppos, Mutual orchestra leader. It's been spelled Zeppos, Seppos, Sipos and TZeppos, but very rarely Ceppos.

* * *

Transatlantic Call: People to People, has been on the air for almost two years now. During that time, the CBS-BBC exchange series has brought together by radio Britons and Americans, plain everyday citizens, who have heard each other discuss problems in both countries in such a manner that it became clearer in what ways these wartime difficulties were alike on both sides of the Atlantic, and in just what ways they were different.

Initiated by Norman Corwin, the

Al Pearce has brought his famous characterization of Elmer Blurt back to CBS, on Saturday nights.

Are you in the know?

Try this often, if you aim to be—
- ☐ A good skate
- ☐ A pretty Kitty
- ☐ Queen of the Ice Follies

You're on thin ice, complexion-wise, without a daily workout. If you'd be a pretty Kitty, get that out-of-doors glow . . . it makes your skin look smoother, clearer. And you needn't skip those skating sessions on certain days. Moderate exercise is helpful—and *comfortable*, with Kotex. For Kotex gives you the kind of softness that doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch. Unlike flimsy napkins, Kotex *stays soft while wearing*. You get hours of chafeless comfort with Kotex sanitary napkins.

Would you say this character was—
- ☐ Slightly balmy
- ☐ Learning sign language
- ☐ Getting glamour-hands

Time on your hands is well spent. Glamour-hands can be yours by faithfully massaging each finger with a softening cream. (Pretend you're smoothing on a snug glove.) Shrewd grooming helps to banish self-consciousness. So, too, on calendar days, self-consciousness departs when you're shrewd enough to choose Kotex. Kotex is different from thick, stubby napkins because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show. So no revealing lines can ruffle your smoothness, your poise.

For tearless tweezing, should you—
- ☐ Soften brows with hot water
- ☐ Spread skin taut
- ☐ Use quick, firm pull

When weeding out wayward eyebrows—weep no more, my lady. Just follow the routine given above. (All three answers are correct.) By the way, did you know that Kotex offers three answers to napkin needs? Yes, *only* Kotex comes in *three sizes*—for different women, different days. There's Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. And all three sizes of Kotex have that special *4-ply safety center* that gives you *extra* protection.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

USE A *Bright Idea** TO FLATTER YOUR CAMPANA-PRETTY HANDS!

*Bright Idea

Sew rows of white rickrack up the sides and on the cuffs of black gauntlet gloves (last year's will do). The result? A spring suit pick-up for mere pin money!

BE BRIGHT about your hands — use Campana Cream Balm to keep them smooth and soft. Use a bright idea like these made-at-home gauntlets *to dress them up!* Campana Cream Balm is the new lotion with lanolin that guards your skin so effectively against dryness and roughness . . that keeps your hands silken-surfaced in spite of work and weather. Why be without it?

25¢, 50¢ and $1

Campana Cream Balm

RICH IN LANOLIN

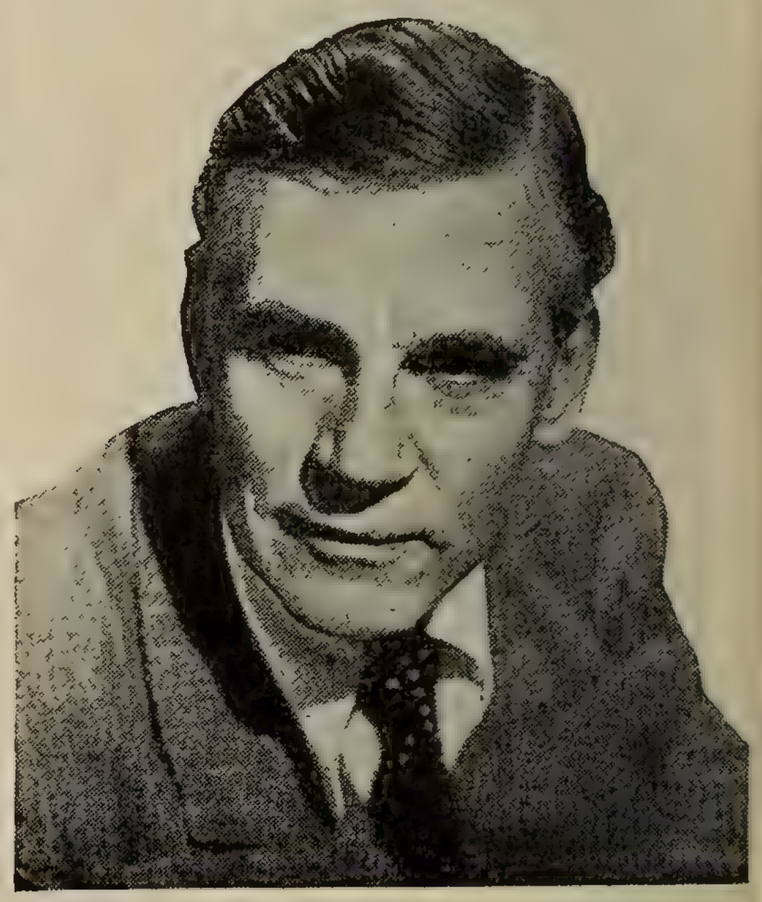
series at first confined itself to the emergencies of wartime living, but it has lately branched out to touch on all sorts of other matters, habits, traditions, food differences, variations in clothing, political thought. Not the least of these topics was the discussion of American humor versus British, and there is no question that Transatlantic Call helped a little in clearing up the question of why we can't laugh at their jokes—if that question can ever be really settled.

From one end of the United States to another, and from all over Britain, "people talked to people"—the Midland mill worker talked to the midwestern farmer; our Southern cotton farmers told the Yorkshire textile workers what life is like in the South; Welsh pit workers described their daily lives to Pennsylvania miners.

In wanderings from state to state and community to community, the American half of the series (director John Becher and narrator Milton Bacon) has had some odd experiences, not the least of which was their attempt to enlist the aid of a woman boardinghouse keeper. They carefully explained the arrangement to her, only to find that she was glaring fiercely and gathering breath for a tirade. "Radio!" she screamed. "I've got 17 boarders and every one of them has a radio that they play all day long. I hate radio!"

* * *

Want to know how a star is born in radio? Unlike the stage, there are no understudies in radio. Yet one Sunday night an unknown stepped into James Melton's shoes on two hours' notice and did a bang up job. During the rehearsal for the show, Melton suddenly developed laryngitis. He found he could talk after a fashion, but he couldn't sing. Melton recruited tenor Jimmy Carroll, who sings in the chorus of the show, and in the frantic two hours before the broadcast Carroll learned Melton's numbers. When the program went on the air, Melton emceed and Carroll sang—and made a big hit. As a result of that single unexpected break, Carroll is now being signed for solo spots on other programs.



Walter Huston, veteran actor, is narrator on NBC's Cavalcade of America, now in its tenth year.

We like Don McNeill's report of a retort. Don was having a cup of coffee in a restaurant. When he started to drink it, he saw that there was a lipstick print on the rim of the cup. He called the waitress back and complained. The girl raised her eyebrows and chirped brightly, "So what? Drink it left handed."

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF . . . . Ted Collins is branching out some more. Now he's becoming a newsreel sports commentator. . . . What the neighbors like—A poll taken in Canada puts the Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy show first, Radio Theatre second and Fibber McGee and Molly third. . . . Eight gag writers are now turning out the comedy for the Bob Hope show. . . . The Goldbergs have been on the air for fifteen years, now. . . . The Durante-Moore show is coming from the West Coast now, because Garry Moore is working on a movie. . . . Ditto, Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. . . . The Blue Network is planning its own Radio City in Hollywood as soon as the war ends. . . . Robert St. John has a new book out called "It's Always Tomorrow". This one is a novel about an American correspondent reporting World War II in Poland, Hungary, Paris and London. . . . Frances Langford is featured in a singing role in the new Walt Disney picture, "Currier and Ives" . . . The Armed Forces Radio Service explains Spike Jones and His City Slickers to British audiences as "organized chaos" . . . Raymond Scott's band does a daily broadcast to American troops. . . . Harry James mystified the music and radio business by asking for and getting back his MGM contract. . . . Frank Sinatra plans a singing tour to warn teen-agers against the evils of race prejudice. Most unusual for a popular entertainer to exploit his influence for social good, and there's no question that the Voice will powerfully influence his young followers. Hollywood has been dickering with Paul Whiteman—negotiations for the filming of his biography probably complete by now.

An elegant lady in an elegant hat—Hedda Hopper brings Hollywood gossip to CBS listeners.

Evening in Paris

YOU'VE NEVER WORN A MORE FLATTERING

Face Powder!

"Triple Color-Blending" Creates Gloriously Flattering Face Powder Shades

The warm, rich, luscious color in face powder that you've always longed for . . . created for you by an amazing French process, *exclusive* in America with Bourjois.

Evening in Paris is truly the face powder of your dreams . . . smooth, long-clinging, veiling drab skin and tiny surface flaws with a delicate mist of exquisite color. Wear this new beauty powder, and learn why it is said "to make a lovely lady even lovelier . . . Evening in Paris face powder."

FACE POWDER $1.00 • ROUGE 50c
LIPSTICK 50c • PERFUME $1.25 to $10.00
(*All prices plus tax*)

BOURJOIS

Tune in "Here's to Romance," with Jim Ameche and Ray Bloch's Orchestra, featuring Larry Douglas with guest stars — Thursday evenings, Columbia Network.

NEW YORK • DISTRIBUTOR

Permanently Wise

It's a smart gal who insists on the best in a permanent—because she has to live with it a long time.

The same applies to the Bob Pins that keep it in line.

DeLong Bob Pins are the permanent answer. They have a *Stronger Grip* and an indestructible way about them, holding your hair-do firmly when your permanent is only a beautiful memory . . .

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

DeLong

ARMY E NAVY

Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAP FASTENERS STRAIGHT PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

Andy Russell, latest rave of the bobby sox set, was once offered a job as a drummer by Tommy Dorsey. Andy turned it down because he wanted to sing, but T.D. already had a singer named Sinatra. Below, the girl who makes Charlie McCarthy's heart beat faster — lovely singer Joan Merrill.

FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

JUDY GARLAND'S prohibitive price tag, reported at more than $10,000 a week, has prospective sponsors gasping and precludes any immediate likelihood of the MGM star getting her own network show.

* * *

Barry Wood has lost his Palmolive sponsor, but he shouldn't have any trouble getting a new bankroller. Several are hot on the baritone's trail.

* * *

Dave Rose, bandleader and songwriter of Winged Victory and Holiday For Strings is ill, but not as seriously stricken as the gossip mongers would have you believe.

* * *

Because of his surprise acting chore in the Humphrey Bogart-Lauren Bacall thriller, To Have And Have Not, songwriter Hoagy Carmichael, of Stardust fame, is being groomed for a network radio show.

* * *

Bing Crosby insisted on an all-musical formula for his NBC Kraft Music Hall, despite the fact that the sponsor preferred the comedy-music format. However, Der Bingle must be right because his listener rating is mighty high.

* * *

Georgia Gibbs, talented thrush heard on CBS' Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore show, has given her notice. Georgia wants a show of her own and there are many sponsors who agree.

* * *

Most of those enthusiastic GI's at Dinah Shore's broadcasts each week are bunkmates of husband George Montgomery.

* * *

The outstanding jive group to be discovered in many a musical moon is the quintet headed by Eddie Heywood, recently given a network chance by Ted Collins and Kate Smith. Swing savants and your reporter predict a big future for the dusky pianist.

* * *

Frank Sinatra's tardy rehearsal appointments, with his high-priced stars cooling their heels waiting for the swooner's appearance, are not making any friends for Frankie, although it really isn't Frankie's fault. He's just too busy for one guy.

Incidentally Vimm's cancellation of Frankie's air show had nothing to do with Sinatra's popularity. They just decided not to advertise extensively.

* * *

Now that the record ban is a thing of the past, you'll find your disk favorites turning out platters like musical mad men. Just to refresh your memory after a 19-months hiatus, here's the set-up. For Columbia Records: Sinatra, Kate Smith, Cugat, Les Brown, Kay Kyser, Frankie Carle, and Cab Calloway. For Victor: Sammy Kaye, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw, Tony Pastor, Dinah Shore, and Charlie Spivak.

Decca signed up long before their rivals, and so Jimmy Dorsey, Guy Lom-

bardo and Bing Crosby weren't off the wax that long.

* * *

HANDY ANDY

Several years ago Tommy Dorsey was seeking a replacement for draft-tapped drummer Buddy Rich. Scouts recommended a handsome, dark-haired, light-eyed youngster then beating the skins for Gus Arnheim. Dorsey listened to the prospect, then summoned the boy and offered him the job. A chance to play with the trombone star was like a golden key to top bracket musical fame, and no ambitious aspirant would ever turn it down. But the drummer boy, confident of his ability, delivered the amazed Dorsey a mild ultimatum.

"Gosh, Mr. Dorsey, I'd love to play for you but I think I sing better than I play the drums."

Dorsey grinned and replied. "Sorry, kid, but I've got all the singing I need wrapped up in one lad. Maybe you know him. His name is Sinatra."

The interview ended. Dorsey got another drummer, one without vocal ambitions, and missed out on just about cornering the market on the nation's two hottest swooners. For the determined young drummer is no longer beating a skin, but instead a path to the bank. His name is Andy Russell, and he is closely crowding Messrs. Como and Haymes for second position to the mighty mite, Frank Sinatra.

The day I saw Andy he was in the midst of a tremendously successful personal appearance engagement at New York's Paramount theater, bobby sox sanctum and original scene of the Sinatra phenomenon. Down front were the high school girls who stayed show after show, ignoring dirty looks from impatient ushers. Backstage his dressing room looked like Grand Central station on a holiday eve. Andy's open door policy and his hourly receptions for the faithful on the second floor landing kept the doormen working overtime. In addition to the Andy Russell organized fans—there are now some 30,000 across the country—there were the skeptical Sinatra fans, some still ardently loyal to Frankie, others wavering, but all curious to see the new voice.

"Of course I love these kids," Andy admitted, "but if you think these here are rabid let me tell you about Marion Wassabstein."

Lovely Jean Tighe has her own Mutual show on Sunday nights—it's called Relaxation in Music.

SONJA HENIE, STAR OF THE INTERNATIONAL PICTURE "IT'S A PLEASURE!"

Yes, one cream to do all that cleansing or cold cream can do—and much more!

Thrill to its *cleansing* power, to the miraculous new *softness, smoothness* of your skin! Use it as a *powder base* to look especially special. It works in the night *against dryness* like a charm! And *only* Woodbury has "Stericin", constantly purifying the cream in the jar, helping *protect* against blemish-causing germs.

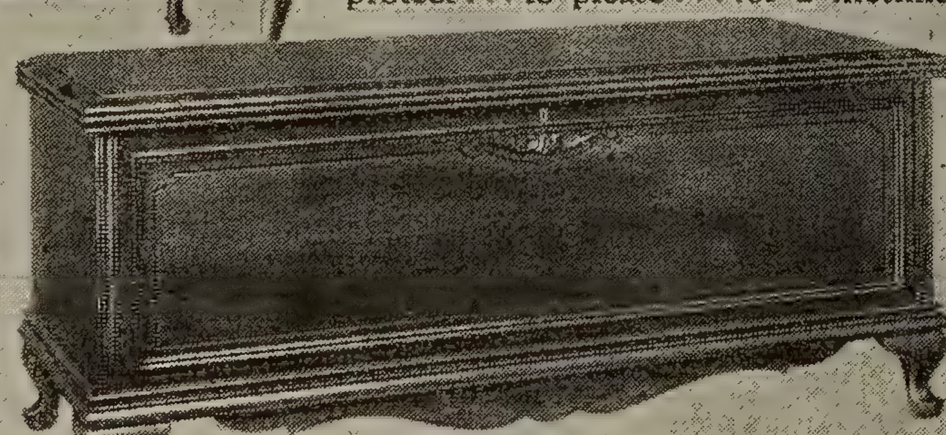
Use Woodbury! Watch your happy skin (and man) respond! 10¢ to $1.25, plus tax.

Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream

... it's all you need!

A TIP:

Wait for a West Branch and Give for a Lifetime!



If your dealer hasn't the West Branch model you prefer, it will pay you to wait. For West Branch is the cedar chest that's designed and built to endure . . . to protect . . . to please . . . for a lifetime.

No. 9395 (above). Colonial lowboy in mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers above.

No. 8508 (right). Authentic 18th Century design in walnut or mahogany.

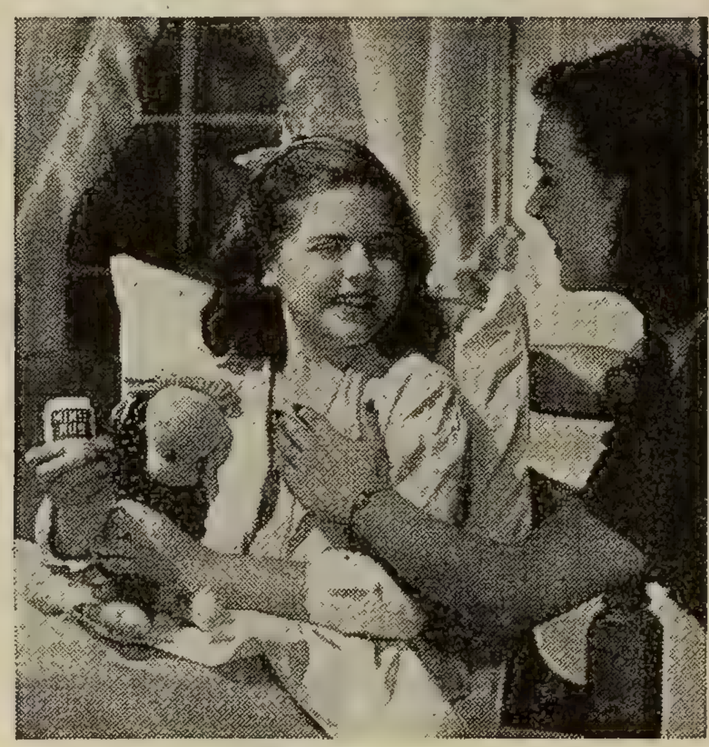
WEST BRANCH CHESTS, MILTON, PENNSYLVANIA

WEST BRANCH

Cedar Hope Chests

The Present with a Future

IN A MINUTE!...



From COLD Discomfort...to WARM Smiles

Rub MINIT-RUB on chest and back.

1. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub stimulates circulation, brings a sensation of warmth. That *quickly* helps relieve surface aches and pains.

2. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's welcome pain-relieving action begins to soothe that raspy local irritation.

3. IN A MINUTE, Minit-Rub's *active menthol vapors* begin to ease that nasal stuffiness feeling.

MINIT-RUB is wonderful for both children and adults. Greaseless! Stainless! Disappears like vanishing cream! Won't harm linens. Get a jar—today!

MINIT-RUB

The Modern Chest Rub

COMMENDED PARENTS' MAGAZINE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Marion, explained Andy, is a 15-year-old Bronx girl who went through high school so rapidly that her mother rewarded her with a six months furlough from studies before entering her in college. Marion dedicated this half year to idolizing Andy. To be near him while he was at the Paramount, Marion got a sales job in the five and dime store, just a bobby pin's throw from the theater. In addition to this hawk-like practice, Marion keeps busy administrating the affairs of the Andy Russell Sprouts, eastern wing of the fan club.

The club does many things for Andy besides filling his mailbag with some 3,000 adoring letters a week. Dissatisfied with the Paramount's marquee billing for their hero, they picketed the theater one Saturday until the management hurriedly constructed signs equalling the size of those given to Alan Ladd.

How did Andy suddenly crowd the swoon sweepstakes?

I asked his personal manager, George "Bullets" Durgom, who used to perform similar chores for Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey.

"One record, just one record, 'Amor' —it sold like hot cakes!" "Bullets" said flatly, "It got us a Blue network show (Tues. and Thurs. 10:15 p.m., EWT), this Paramount date, and a movie offer from Buddy DeSylva."

"And of course," volunteered blonde pretty Gerry Martin, Andy's secretary and personal friend, "Andy's looks helped. When the kids heard Andy they knew he could sing but when they saw how handsome he was, that clinched it."

Our singer is 24 years old, five feet, 11 inches tall. He has wavy black hair, searching, sparkling hazel eyes, and his 170 pounds don't incorporate any soft flesh.

The only reason Andy isn't in uniform is because of a kinky right arm. It was broken in a handball game and never mended properly. He tried to join the Marines, but was rewarded with a 4-F rating. Andy served a hitch at Lockheed cowling a supercharger on a B-17, and part of the time he entertained fellow workers as a member of

Here's Viola Smith, drummer of NBC's all-girl Hour of Charm, hard at work in the intricacies of her original "Drum Concerto".

Alvino Rey's part-time welders, part-time musicians.

Andy found this arrangement neither fish nor fowl and left to become a soloist. He made a pair of records for Capitol, "Amor" and "Besamé Mucho." With Sinatra cooling his heels because of the now-ended record ban, Andy's disks for the independent record company intrigued the disk-starved youngsters.

Andy was the second youngest of 11 children of a western movie extra. Of Spanish extraction, Andy's real name is Rabago. The entire family lived in downtown Los Angeles. At Roosevelt High School Andy became president of the student body. Too shy to sing for schoolmates, he did his singing and drum-playing at private parties. His parents died before he was 16, and his brothers supported him. The boy helped out after school, singing and playing in neighborhood dance bands. His talents came to the attention of Gus Arnheim; the veteran bandleader thought enough of Andy to pay his union dues, buy him a modern set of drums, and pay tutoring fees for a music teacher.

Andy stayed with Arnheim for more than three years, then joined Johnny Richards, another west coast bandsman. Then came Pearl Harbor and Andy tried to enlist.

Not generally known is the fact that Andy was once married. His wife never believed he would make the grade in show business and there were constant squabbles. According to Andy his wife left him to go back home. They were recently divorced.

A bachelor again, Andy lives in hotels. He's on the coast now planning to make his first movie. I understand he will play opposite Betty Hutton.

The new swooner doesn't drink, smoke or play cards. When he goes to a night club either to sing or to have fun, he insists on a midnight curfew.

He admits the bobby sox adoration is the result of a bit of mob psychology, but believes the fad is harmless.

Because he speaks Spanish fluently and stresses Latin tunes, singing them in two languages, his managers believe his movie career will blossom in the post-war Latin American market.

John Raitt—he's the baritone of NBC's World Parade—and his wife have just welcomed cocker spaniel Taffy into the family.

GOODBYE DULL DRAB SKIN!

Make the "PATCH TEST"!

See and feel this exciting difference!

Dry Rough Flakes Disappear! Skin Takes on Instant New Freshness! New Clarity!

In just 30 seconds—half a minute—you can *prove* Lady Esther Face Cream, the most beautifying face cream you have ever used!

Just make the "Patch Test"! Rub a little Lady Esther Face Cream on one cheek—wipe it off—and look in your mirror! See how that patch of skin has taken on radiant new freshness! Touch it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

Now imagine your *whole face* refreshed that way! Your *whole face* instantly beautified—by a single application of Lady Esther Face Cream! Here's what this one cream does: **(1)** It thoroughly *cleans* your skin. **(2)** It *softens* your skin. **(3)** It helps nature *refine* the pores. **(4)** It leaves a smooth, perfect *base* for powder. The proof of all this is right in your mirror! Just make the "Patch Test"—and *compare!*

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

ALL THE GIRLS ARE PRETTY!

Lyrical about North American girls is singer Carlos Ramirez, who can't get over the fact that, in spite of having the loveliest faces and figures in the world, they can still cook!

BY PAULINE SWANSON

Radio Mirror Home and Beauty

THERE'S nothing so helpful as an outside opinion—that's why I stopped over at NBC Hollywood the other day to ask Carlos Ramirez what he thinks of American girls in general and their looks in particular. Perhaps Carlos' opinion isn't entirely an unbiased one—he seems to be as lyrical over American girls as he is at his singing stint on the air—but it's always nice to know what the boys who come from other countries have to say about us.

After five years in America, Carlos Ramirez has stopped being amazed about all but one thing, he says, and that one thing is the beauty of American women. It's not just that American girls are pretty—there are some ravishing ladies in Buenos Aires, too—but it's the fact that *all* our girls, not just a lucky few, are breath-taking, according to Carlos.

"It's wonderful," he sighed, in that accent that's making girls from coast to coast tear up their pictures of other singers. "In my country, only the rich, the very—what do you call it?—top society girls, are lovely. Here, all the girls are pretty. Ushers, secretaries, shop clerks—all are every bit as good to look at as the—the debs, is that it?—at the Stork Club."

Just then an NBC usherette walked across the studio stage where the Frank Morgan show, of which Carlos is a part, was in rehearsal. She was slim and blonde and lovely.

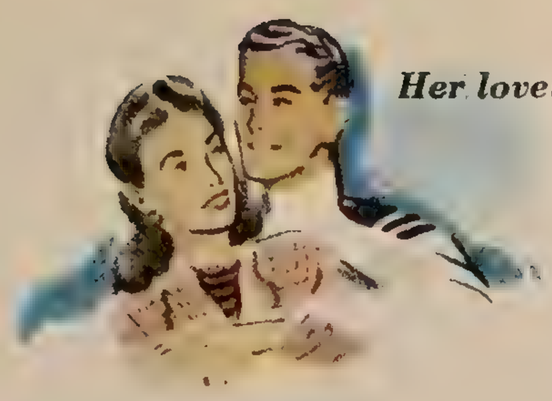
Carlos sighed. "You see—that's what I mean."

How do American girls get that way? Carlos says it's a happy miracle that stems somehow from our American democracy. In South America, the girls of the family are still very much shut off from the world. Here, where girls go to school with boys from their very early years, work in offices with men, share community responsibilities with them, they learn early the importance of femininity and cleanliness and charm. And they don't forget about them for a moment.

What amazes Carlos is that American girls achieve beauty with so little effort. He had always thought that it was a serious business, and one which took a lot of time. But here, he points out, girls seem to do a good job at their desks in offices, keep house, raise families—and still maintain their lovely figures, well-groomed hair and fresh perfect make-up.

"Where I come from," he explains, "being beautiful is considered a career all by itself. The other jobs—the cooking and cleaning and baby-minding and typing—they are all left to the ugly ones."

The beautiful women of South America, he goes on, make a full-time job of just being beautiful. The ones who *are* lovely are rich, so that they don't have to worry about a pay check. And they have servants to keep their houses



Her lovely hair shines just like jet, No wonder she's the brunette threat!

No Other Shampoo

LEAVES YOUR HAIR SO LUSTROUS, YET SO EASY TO MANAGE!

Smart, new combination . . . checks and stripes worn together! A blouse of crisp rayon over a sweater of soft, warm cotton and wool. Her lovely hair, swept up from her face in an unusual new center-part arrangement, owes its shining smoothness to Drene with Hair Conditioner. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Ssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!

MAKE A DATE WITH Glamour

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✔ *Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✔ *Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✔ *Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

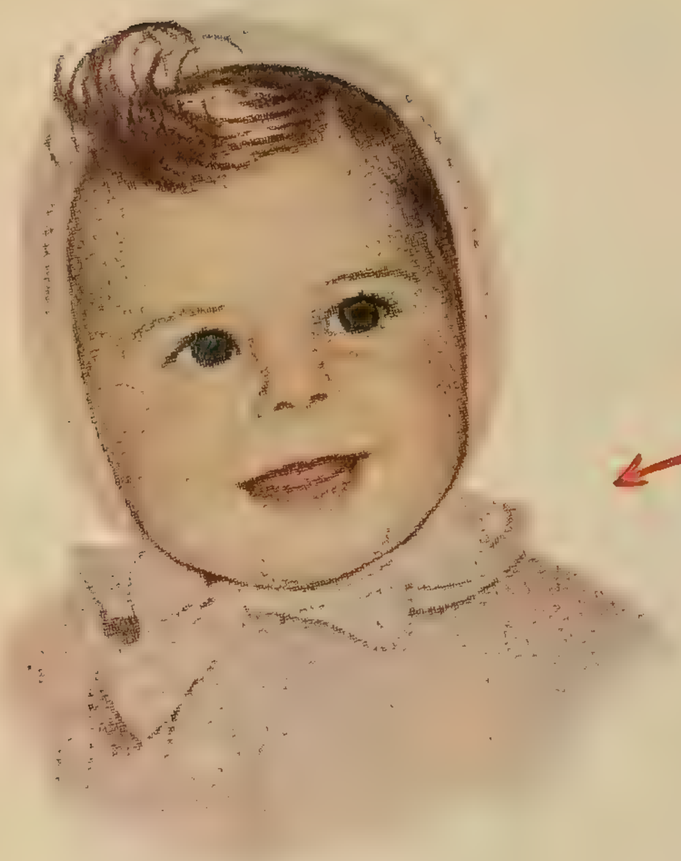
Drene Shampoo

WITH

HAIR CONDITIONER

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Product of Procter & Gamble



This is Baby Betty

(SHE HAS IT!)

This is Sister Sue

(HER COMPLEXION NEEDED IT!)

This is what happened

(AFTER SHE GOT IT!)

IT IS THAT IVORY LOOK...YOU CAN HAVE IT, TOO...

It's a promise! Your complexion can be smoother, softer, lovelier. Look at Baby Betty's kissable cheek—and take her beauty tip. Just change from careless complexion care to regular, gentle cleansings with that pure, mild cake of Ivory Soap.

More doctors advise Ivory for your complexion than all other brands put together! No facial soap on earth can bring you more beauty. Ivory contains no coloring, medication or strong perfume that might irritate your skin. Try Ivory care today ...and watch your skin start to glow— with that Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory—

THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS PUT TOGETHER

IT FLOATS!

99 44/100% pure

Make your Ivory go further. The ingredients that go into soap have vital war uses.

That week we were never alone. Henry and Stephanie were always with us.

Forever yours

Here begins the story of Mary, Phil and Henry—and of Stephanie, who came out of nowhere to weave her living and her loving inextricably with theirs

THROUGH the trees bordering the old, uneven pavement of Spring Street, dusty shafts of warm golden light flickered down upon my head as I hurried home. A little boy rattled the fence palings with a stick, laughing to himself at the sound it made. His tiny, shrill voice mingled with the chants of the Murchison girls jumping one-legged through their hopscotch squares.

I didn't mind going out of my way to avoid them. There'd been a time not so long ago when I had considered the sidewalk my own private playground and woe unto anyone who smeared the chalk marks. Smiling at them, I found myself taking an unnecessarily long step to get back onto the sidewalk. For a second I was puzzled. Why—? Then I realized . . . the old ritual of *"Step on a crack, break your mother's back; step on a nail, your father's in jail"* still guided my feet in childish patterns.

I suppose something of childhood still lingers, even when you're nineteen and grown-up and engaged—well, practically engaged—to be married. It does, if you've grown up in Tilbury.

Not that anyone could call Tilbury a charming town. It was typically midwestern, I suppose, but every empty grassy lot, every street and fence post, had played its part in my heritage. There, at the corner, Philip and I had lingered to post-mortem every schoolday; in the shadows of this hedge Philip and Henry McCarthy had waited for me until I had dutifully pounded out the last chords of "Poet and Peasant"; through this little path between our

two houses Aunt Connie McCarthy had brought gifts and advice for a growing, motherless girl; I could see the corner of the porch where Philip had first kissed me.

I loved my town. I loved its leisurely, inevitable pace that carried me—and Philip—to our own niche in the continuity of its life. Someday we would have our own little house with white fence posts and a swinging gate and our children would claim their strip of sidewalk for hop-scotch and marbles.

Perhaps it was the war and the changes, the factory growth, it had brought to Tilbury that made me even more intensely conscious of how deeply integrated I was with the town—as it had been—as it would be once again, when the war was over.

I HAD reached the gate when the two girls turned the corner toward me. And suddenly, with their coming, Spring Street was an alien place.

We looked at each other curiously, across a distance that was miles wider than the actual twenty feet of pavement. Trailertown girls. Slacks a bit too tight, blouses a little too skimpy, a violent blue kerchief on the girl on the right. They looked at me and I knew what they were thinking . . . knew that to them I was pale and colorless in my neat sweater and skirt. I didn't care. I would have gone on without a second look—if it hadn't been for the other girl, on the left. I frankly stared.

She was—well, a man would call her a "knockout"! And it was the only word that did her justice. Smoke-black hair foamed around her shoulders, deep, blue eyes were spaced wide apart in a creamy skin, her figure was perfect. Beautiful!—I thought, involuntarily. But as they drew closer I saw, with a sharp let-down, that her eyes were mascara-ringed and her lipsticked mouth too flagrant.

"Looks like you're being inspected, Stephanie." Blue Bandanna's sarcasm was heavy. "Looks like maybe you aren't going to pass inspection—the lady doesn't approve. Now, aren't you ashamed, polluting this clean air with that cheap Chanel perfume? And don't you know that girls on Spring Street should always have shiny noses?" Her giggle was high and scornful, but I saw a blush crimson the girl she called "Stephanie." My own face was burning.

"Shut up, May!" . . . but the girl Stephanie tossed her head in defiance all the same, and walked past me like a queen.

I hurried through the gate, angry at them for spoiling the lovely mood of the afternoon. And angrier yet, when I found myself looking into my compact mirror to see if my nose really was shiny!

It had been a long time since I had deliberately, carefully studied my image in a mirror. You get so accustomed to seeing your face; you know just how your thick blonde hair hangs gently curling from its side part—which you haven't changed since high school days; you know the stubborn cowlick near the left temple; the three freckles on your nose—and why bother? Only . . . something about that girl's lush loveliness made me apologetically conscious of my own tanned, smoothly-healthy cameo-like prettiness.

"The wholesome type!" I mocked at myself.

"Mary—did you ever see so much make-up on any one girl's face?" Aunt Connie had come quietly up to her side of our communal fence and was leaning her elbows on it, her eyes following the two down the street. "I'm as grateful as the next one, goodness knows, that they're here in Tilbury to work at the factory. They're needed and I've heard the plant is going to expand even more. But all I can say is—I'm glad the Army's keeping Henry busy and you're old enough to know better than to paint yourself up like a Red Indian," she snorted. "I used to think it was too much for one girl—taking care of your Dad and the house and helping in the Day Nursery, but maybe it keeps you out of mischief, Mary." For all her birdlike appearance, Aunt Connie had sharp eyes and a way of speaking her mind. And a chin. Dad always said: "You can tell from Constance McCarthy's chin she's like a bear-trap. Once she gets someone or something, she'll never let go."

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by a radio story "Autumn Flames", by Jacqueline and Judith Rhodes, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays, CBS.

It was like a dream, our wedding—and it was over as quickly

But I was fond of her. She wasn't my real aunt, but she'd been good to me. I'd disappointed her only once, and that was when she realized that neither Henry nor I had the slightest romantic inclinations toward each other.

"I know what you mean, Aunt Connie," I told her, slowly. This was an old topic between us. "I'm grateful they've come and lots of them are really nice people. But Tilbury does seem so different."

I was turning away when she stopped me.

"How did the nursery go today?"

A warm glow of pleasure stole through me. "Oh, fine! Four more children today, and I think I've found out what was the matter with Jimmy Styles. He needs glasses—that's why he's seemed so backward. I wrote a note to his mother."

"Glasses! Nonsense! That boy's just not all there, if you ask me." Aunt Connie ran the Day Nursery, just as she ran most of the clubs in town, but in spite of her propensity for good works, I knew she was apt to make snap judgments—and stick by them. This time I hoped I was right. If I wasn't, little Jimmy would be put back with the three-year-olds and he was a sensitive youngster.

I walked onto the porch. Dad wouldn't be home for an hour and dinner was all ready in the oven, so I sat for a while on the step, hugging my knees, trying to recapture that warm, dream-like, contented mood of a while before. But Stephanie kept getting in the way.

I didn't resent the newcomers—with hostility—as Aunt Connie did. Only—the traditions and the patterns of Tilbury, our legends of Indian fighters, our Pioneer Day parade, our pride in General Marvin's statue in the park, our little personal feuds, our neighborly comings-and-goings—these were part of my very bone and tissue. The Trailertown people had their own traditions brought with them from Chicago and Memphis and New York and the farms of Pennsylvania. They weren't ours. Someday they'd go back to their own sidewalks and farms. Someday Tilbury would settle back into its own comfortable grooves again.

AT the back of Aunt Connie's hostility was the fear they wouldn't go back. But what was here to attract, say, a girl like Stephanie?

A girl like that—provocative, openly flaunting her good looks—what kind of a girl was she? Did she want the same things I did . . . marriage, a home, children? What did men think when they saw me, and when they saw her? I remembered girls in high school whispering about glamour and sex appeal and wondering if they had it. It had annoyed me then and it annoyed me now. As long as I had friends who liked me, and a Dad who adored me, and Philip who—but I was shy of even using the word "love" to describe the feeling between Philip and me. We had known each other for so long; grown up together. We had become a part of each other's lives.

I looked down at my shapeless sweater and remembered the tautness of Stephanie's blouse. How could she—?

Suddenly, in the midst of my musing, my breath caught sharply in my throat. That tall figure turning in at the gate—surely I knew that rangy, purposeful stride—that uniform. It couldn't be—! And then all peace and quiet exploded, scattering my dreams, and excitement filled the whole shape of the world.

"Philip! Philip!" His name tore from the gladness in my heart. I ran to meet him, almost unbelievingly.

"Mary—darling—we're home again. Ten whole days!"

He caught me around the waist, spinning us both in circles. For a moment I was startled—something of steel and fire had been forged in Philip by his Army life, and gone was the boyish shyness. When he finally set me down I was still in his arms. He bent his head. His kiss lightly brushed my lips, and then again, only this time differently, strongly. My heart pounded. He had never kissed me like this before. . . .

"Break it up—break it up!" Henry's long legs came into view as he vaulted the fence. I tried to pull away, but Philip held me closer.

"What do you care—what difference does it make if he sees me kissing you?" he whispered against my lips. But it did make a difference, and I pulled myself free.

"Hello, Henry," I said, breathlessly, regret—and relief—oddly mingled in my feelings. The urgency in Philip's arms was disturbing. "What goes with you and those Sergeant's stripes?"

"Just brains, my good woman. Brains and . . ."

". . . and my good influence. If I (*Continued on page* 80)

Furlough
Home, with Hank, meant love and freedom from the horror of war to Marjorie—but how could she ever be free while that horror went on, and she was no longer helping to make it bearable?

THE night I made my last rounds of our base hospital on New Guinea, it rained.

So far as I had been able to find out—and I had waded ashore with the first medical unit, consisting of eight of us army nurses and three surgeons, a few hours after MacArthur's first wave had hit the beach—there are only two kinds of weather on New Guinea. There is rain—torrential, tropical rain which churns the pathways from barracks to hospital into ankle-deep muck. And there is heat—blistering, equatorial heat which dries the mud to choking dust, brings the flies and mosquitoes, and makes pain—always with us in the front line hospital wards—harder to bear than ever.

So I was grateful for rain on my last night on duty.

The drumming of the heavy drops on the new tin roof of the hospital was doubly soothing. The storm brought a cool, damp breeze through the half-open windows, and it shut out the now faint and far away—but still persistent—echo of gun fire.

We had beaten the Japs on New Guinea—the war had long since passed this base and was concentrated on annihilating trapped and hopeless enemy units holding out far in the interior. We had no accurate knowledge of how many were left—headquarters estimated 40,000. They were outnumbered, cut off from supplies, but they were fighting back, and as long as they held out, as long as there was a living Japanese soldier on the island with a gun in his hand we were still a front line hospital, ready to receive casualties. They would come in tonight, as they did every night. We nurses and the doctors waited for them, ready with life-giving plasma and clean bandages and pain-killing drugs. The convalescent wounded, lying so patiently in the rows of steel cots, waited for them too—for first-hand news of progress at the front.

In our newly built, moderately comfortable quarters—especially when rain blotted out the sound of the slaughter up ahead—it was hard sometimes for us to remember that we were living in the very lap of destruction. But we were never allowed to forget for long—not so long as the ambulance ploughed back and forth bringing us the newly fallen.

Most of us in the hospital—doctors, nurses and men alike—had been in New Guinea from the beginning, so long we had come to accept as our normal companions the muck and grime and blood of jungle fighting. The island had been a hell-hole when we invaded, and it was still a hell-hole despite the miraculous job of the construction battalions who had followed the troops' advance and built barracks and this modern hospital where before there had been only native huts in the tangle of thick brush. Not even the skill of the Army Engineering Corps could lick the New Guinea mud—or the heat.

Home, with all it meant of brightly lighted cities, skies free from the roar of enemy planes—and the prosaic but oh-so-important things like warm baths, clean, pretty clothes, even a mixed green salad—all these seemed very remote to us, and unreal.

Life on New Guinea was life the way it had to be in wartime, and life at home as we remembered it in moments of aching nostalgia was as unattainable as heaven. Oh, I didn't have to come here, of course. I could have stayed in that far-off heaven of home. I didn't want to be here, any more than those boys fighting out in front wanted to—but they had had no choice. So how could I, who had been offered the free choice of staying home or coming here, refuse to come, to do all that I could? So many women would gladly have taken my place, but I had the special training of a nurse, and it was nurses the Army needed so badly. So how could I have refused to come here, refused to be sent anywhere that I was needed, anywhere that I could help?

But now, suddenly, heaven had been placed within my reach, and I could not deny that I felt that I had done my part for a while, that I could rest. After twenty-six months in the South Pacific, I had been granted a leave to go home, all the way home, to the United States! I was the first of our original detachment of nurses to be relieved. The official paper which brought me the news had been passed from hand to hand in the hospital, read with a mixture of awe and envy

and hope—for if I was getting out, then other replacements must be coming.

I was to board ship tomorrow morning, sail to Hawaii, and there make connections by plane to San Francisco. Twenty-six months of dreaming of home had not prepared me for the reality—I was almost afraid to go back. Would I know how to act so far away from the blood and the guns, I wondered?

My good fortune was too unexpected—I couldn't believe it. I should have been jubilant—but all I could feel as I made my last rounds, said goodbye to the patients and the other members of the staff, was a sense of shame. We had all been through so much together—not one of us but wanted to go home, not one but who deserved a leave. But I was the only one with the magic paper. I began to feel almost a deserter—the fact that I got congratulations everywhere and not a word of accusation only made me unhappier. I was running out; I knew it. The job wasn't done, but I was quitting. These others couldn't quit.

The conviction deepened as I walked slowly through the wards. Men with no legs, men whose faces would be scarred for life, men who couldn't see, greeted me cheerfully. They asked me to take messages home—to telephone a sweetheart or go and see a worried mother—but not one of them said, "Why is it you? Why not I?"

THEY were envious, frankly so. But they weren't resentful. My throat was constricted. I couldn't talk. I could scarcely hold back the tears.

Finally I came to Billy Walters' cot. Billy and I were old friends. He had been wounded on D-Day—not seriously, just a shrapnel wound in the thigh, but he had been hospitalized for several weeks. He had been in the front lines again just three days when he was hit again; that time he was not so lucky. He had lost an arm.

Billy would have been shipped home long ago—but he had asked to stay. There were things he could do, he protested, with one arm.

Headquarters puzzled over the case for weeks before assigning Billy to limited service, in the supply corps. He had gone back to duty again. This time he had come back to us with malaria.

But he wouldn't quit. He insisted that he was going to see it through.

"Till every Jap is dead," he told us.

He grabbed my hand, as I leaned over his bed.

"San Francisco," he said, and he couldn't keep the longing out of his voice. Then he smiled broadly.

"Kiss the Golden Gate bridge for me, Miss Rand," he said. "And phone my ma, will you? Tell her I'm good as new."

That did it. The tears *would* come. I ducked hastily into the record room and closed the door.

"They're just kids," I said aloud, to no one but myself, "it's not fair."

But I was not alone.

On any other night Dr. Dekker, who had charge of the hospital on the night watch, would have been in the surgery—operating. Tonight, probably because the rain had delayed the ambulances, he was making out reports.

He looked up as I spoke, and looked at me.

"What's not fair?" he said.

"That I'm getting out of here," I answered. "I'm healthy and whole, but I'm quitting. While those kids who have been sweating it out just as long as I have, and who are hurt besides—have to sweat it out. They *can't* quit."

"You're not quitting, Lieutenant," he replied gently. "You're being relieved . . . and you're not as healthy and whole as you think. I'll make it official if you like. Lieutenant Marjorie Rand . . . battle fatigue . . . treatment: San Francisco."

He was not joking. I would have hated him for joking—for the reports he was signing were not funny: "Sergeant John Anderson, wounded in action"; "Private William Levine, amputation right leg above knee . . ."; "Private Jan Abrodigian, died at base hospital of wounds received in action. . . ."

"Perhaps you're right," I admitted. "But you're tired too."

He looked tired, more tired in repose than when he worked long hours under the bright operating lamp. He *should* be tired, I thought. I remembered our first night on the island when Dr. Dekker had operated by lantern light on the open beach. My friend, Ann Llewellyn, had died that night—shot by a sniper while she held the lantern for the surgeons to work. Dr. Dekker had stopped work only long enough to place Ann's lantern in my shaking hands. *His* hands had been calm. The soldier in whose ribs he had been probing for an undischarged shell, recovered.

Dr. Dekker wasn't going home. And I shouldn't go. I *couldn't*. I tried to explain how I felt.

"Nonsense," he said. "If there were no one to take your place, Miss Rand, you would stay. But a detachment of nurses is coming in on the boat which will take you out of here. You deserve

a leave, as much as any of us."

"But you," I said, "you aren't going . . ."

"I will go," he assured me, "the moment I can be replaced."

"But when will that be?" I was incredulous.

"Sooner than you think, perhaps," he said. "Headquarters is trying to give us all a breather—but there just aren't enough doctors. I'm first up for replacement though, when the new men come out."

"If we don't invade somewhere else, and they're needed elsewhere," I said. It had happened many times before. The war was moving fast, going so well that the sources of new personnel and new supplies were dried up before they reached the older theatres.

"Stop it, Lieutenant," he said, with an attempt at a laugh. "You're discouraging me. And," he added after a moment, "I'm counting on taking you out to dinner—very soon—in San Francisco."

I didn't know what to say. In all the times I had dreamed of "doing the town" the way my crowd used to do before the war, the men I imagined as my escorts were all vague, shadowy boy friends scarcely remembered from the past. It had never occurred to me to think of Dr. Dekker—or anyone else exiled with me in New Guinea—as a companion in a peacetime world.

Dr. Dekker . . . all the other doctors and the hundreds and hundreds of soldiers who had come and gone from the hospital since we arrived in the South Pacific were closer to me than just friends. We had lived in an unromantic, disillusioning kind of intimacy—revealing to one another our most deeply hidden fears and cowardices, as well as our occasional moments of stature and courage. We had the deepest kind of respect for one another—but we—at least I—had never thought of my co-workers, my fellow-exiles, in a personal sense—as possible husbands or lovers. All that I had put behind me when I came into the front lines. Romance, in the sense of love and ultimate marriage, just didn't mix with war. All the nurses felt that. We all hoped to get back home before it was too late, to meet the right man, men who could put our warped, one-sided existence on a normal footing—some day, after the war was won. For now, there was work. And more work.

Hank had come to say goodbye, and I waved to him through a mist of tears that I hid with the best smile I could muster.

IT may seem strange that women working with thousands of men, living under fire with them, should think of love as something reserved for another world. But to us the men we saw every day were a part of the job—all of them, the hurt little boys, the brave, determined men, the indefatigable doctors. We were too tired, even if we had wished, to attempt any sort of social life. We would have been too exhausted, even if we were allowed, to leave the barbed wire barricades which enclosed the nurses' barracks in search of romance. Romance could come later. For, as long as the war lasted, we knew our lives had room for only work and sleep, and never enough of the latter.

But now, because I was going home, back where women were rested and attractive and desirable, Dr. Dekker was thinking of me as a human being. Something that had been deadened for a long time fluttered in my own heart. A man—an attractive man, I realized suddenly—wanted to know me as a woman. I blushed, violently.

The doctor smiled.

"I know what you're thinking," he said. "You think I've forgotten how to have fun. But I assure you I am a good dancer—once I get out of these muddy boots. And I know all the places to go in San Francisco—The Top O' The Mark, Jack's, Izzy Gomez'."

"But Izzy's is closed. Izzy died," I said, falling into his mood. His trick had worked. He had made San Francisco real for me again.

"Well, we'll find a new place," he said.

"I *wish* we could," I said earnestly. Dr. Dekker suddenly was a person to me, too. Not just a coldly efficient machine, useful for healing wounds but as sexless as his instruments. I found I *liked* him. As a man.

"It would be *fun*," I added.

"Don't forget then," he said. "I'll see you there." And he turned back to the stack of reports on his desk.

"See you there," I echoed, and I left him.

My heart was singing an unaccustomed song as I waded through the steaming mud to the nurses' barracks.

Once past the black-out door I found the dormitory bright with light. Seven nurses who would go on duty in a few hours—and who should have been asleep—were waiting for me. They had planned a party.

They had all brought presents—the macabre sort of presents which are available in a war zone: Japanese knives and guns, a piece of Japanese flag, shell casings. There were a few practical gifts: cigarettes from the PX and seasick pills and cleansing tissues. The PX had been raided, too, for the colored jelly-beans with which June Manning had spelled out my name on a chocolate cake she had just received from home. Strong, black coffee was brewing on the bunson burner. My friends thought my last night on the island was important enough to merit the sacrifice of a whole night's desperately needed sleep.

I was engulfed in love and gratitude, and once again that touch of shame. Once again I was face to face with heroes who had to stay and take it. These girls were as selfless as the wounded boys in the wards. They envied me my great good luck, they admitted that. But they were glad—and not resentful—that I was going home.

"I will never forget you," I told them, huskily, as I parted from them at dawn for (*Continued on page* 68)

Beyond

HE was the first person I saw after I boarded the train.

The day coaches were jammed with Sunday night travelers, and I had been pushed along with the crowd, having a hard time managing both Robbie and the suitcase. The bag was heavy, and Robbie was fretful from the long wait at the gates, and sleepy. So when I saw an empty single seat, I slid into it gratefully without even glancing at the occupant of the space next to the window. It wasn't until I'd gotten the baby settled on my lap and his coat unbuttoned, and the suitcase somehow wedged in front of us, that I turned to look at him. When I did, my heart turned over.

He was a sailor. He was lying back with his eyes closed, as if too tired to know or care what went on around him. There were service ribbons on his chest, several with combat stars, and a Purple Heart. His left arm was in a sling. And—it could have been Bob.

The uniform, of course, was the same. There was the rumpled blond hair, the same length of body and breadth of shoulder. But it was more than that. There was something in the shape of his face, not handsome, but good and strong—in the set of his mouth . . . the breath caught in my throat with the old, choked pang.

"Mummy—I wanna drinka water," Robbie demanded.

"In a minute, darling," I answered absently, still staring.

The sailor's eyes opened and, for a second, looked straight into mine. Even they were the same, gray and steady, only where Bob's had been mostly laughing, this man's were serious and almost shy. Embarrassed at being caught staring so intently at him, I looked away and tried to shift the suitcase.

"Can I help you with that?" the sailor said.

"I—well, thank you. If we could put it up in the rack—"

I got up, still holding the baby, and the sailor lifted the heavy bag with his right hand and swung it easily into the rack over our heads. Then he offered me his seat next to the window. I tried to refuse. "No, take it," he insisted. "It'll give you more room for the kid. . . . Hello, there, fellow." And, ever so gently, he knuckled Robbie under the chin.

Robbie stared at him solemnly. He loved uniforms—especially the Navy's. Then he dimpled and made an awkward swing with his own little fist. "Hey," he said.

Bob. He's so like Bob. It's just as if he were back again, here beside me.

There was a sudden loud hiss of escaping steam that seemed to come from directly beneath us. I jumped a little—but the sailor leaped clear out of his seat into the aisle. His face had gone perfectly white, and for an instant he glanced wildly from left to right. Then his terror passed, and with a sort of tense embarrassment he lowered himself back into the seat. Other passengers were looking at him curiously, some even laughing.

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "Sort of jumpy, I guess."

"It scared me, too," I said quickly.

He didn't answer. He lay back against the seat, and I saw the perspiration on his forehead. His hands were trembling and he was trying, desperately, to keep them still. I wanted to cry.

The train started, but the sailor didn't move. He just lay there as if exhausted, and didn't even open his eyes to Robbie's insistent demands for attention. I finally got him to look out of the window, hoping the monotony of the moving blackness would soothe him, and in a little while he fell asleep.

"He's a cute kid. How old is he?"

I TURNED to the sailor. The color had come back to his face and that awful shaking had stopped. He was looking at me with grave, steady gaze.

"Three and a half," I said. "But he's big for his age, and sometimes he's hard to handle. I work all day, so I don't have much time with him, and he's kind of spoiled."

"Your husband in the service?"

"Bob was in the Navy," I said, and stopped. Then I went on. "On the *Arizona*. He was killed at Pearl Harbor."

There was silence for just a moment. Then he said, softly, "I'm sorry."

I don't know what made me do it, but I found myself saying, "You remind me of him, in a way. You're about the same age and you've got the same coloring and build. That's why I was staring at you so rudely when we first got on. It—sort of startled me."

"Sure. It would. I'm sorry he's not—still around."

It was so simple, the way he said it. So sincere, and so different from the empty phrases people had tried to say at the time. It was the sort of thing Bob himself would have said. I felt the quick sting of tears back of my eyelids and I had to turn my head away for a moment. Then, suddenly, I wanted to talk, to tell this stranger all about Bob, and me, and the baby.

We'd been married not quite two years, I told him. Bob had been in the Navy when I'd met him, and everybody told me sailors didn't make good husbands—they were never home for long at a time and besides, people said, remember about that girl in every port. It was true about Bob's not being home much, but that was all that was true. He loved me and I loved him and our marriage, short and interrupted though it was, had been a happy one. He saw his son only once, in October, 1941.

When the news of his death came, the world just stopped for me. Not even the country's being at war seemed real. I didn't have any family—my mother was a widow and she had died soon after I was married. Friends were kind, but I'd had to make all my decisions by myself and get adjusted by myself. The money from the government helped, of course but I'd gotten a job anyway as a cashier in a big chain grocery store. It meant leaving Robbie in nursery school all morning and in the care of Mrs. Hazelton, my landlady, every afternoon, but I needed something to help me over Bob's death. The job helped, and working, Robbie, and seeing friends occasionally had been my whole life for the last three years.

This weekend we'd been to see Bob's mother. She was very old, and bedridden, and she loved the baby dearly. So though it meant taking a late train after work on Saturday and coming back Sunday night, I tried to take him to see her as often as I could.

All of this came out naturally as if I'd known the sailor all my life. The car was quieter now, with the lights dim and people dozing, and the only sound our two low voices. That, with the darkness rushing by outside, made it like a little island where only we two were. Thoughts and feelings, usually unspoken, seemed shared and understood in some mysterious, timeless way.

He hold me how he'd gotten hurt, and I had the feeling he'd never talked about it to anyone before. His ship had been hit during action in the Pacific, and

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Inspired by "Juliet Suffered Too", a radio play by Rosamund Du Jardin, heard on Stars Over Hollywood, CBS.

Tomorrow

Seeing Ted was like the opening of a door into a new life for Delia—he was so terribly like Bob, whom she had loved so much, but who was dead

he'd been hurt in the explosion. When he'd come to, he was in the water and had stayed there for twenty hours before being picked up. "The Japs were strafing us most of the time," he said unemotionally. He'd been in the hospital a long time, and had just now been honorably discharged for disability.

"I got to thinking there in the hospital," he said, "that I didn't have anything to come back *to*. I haven't any folks, and no wife, no girl, even. And I determined when I got out, I was going to make something of my own that would always be there. I want my own business, and a home and kids of my own. Something that's *mine*, for always."

HE'D been an accountant before the war, and had studied some more in the Navy, and now he didn't want to work for anybody else but to free lance. It might be hard getting started, but he was going back to Ruxton where he'd worked before enlisting and where he knew people.

"Ruxton! That's where I live," I cried.

"That's swell. Maybe you'll let me come see you and Robbie . . ."

"Of course," I said happily. "Any time." What difference did it make if we'd met so casually, complete strangers to one another? I felt I knew him better than anybody else in the world, and a thrill of excitement went through me at the thought of seeing him again.

It was midnight when we reached Ruxton. My new friend insisted on carrying my suitcase with his duffle-bag, in spite of only one good arm, and I followed with Robbie. We had to push and shove our way through the milling crowd around the taxi stand. When we finally got into a cab, I noticed he was trembling again as he had on the train. There was something so pathetic about the way he clenched his hands together to keep them still, that I cried impulsively:

"You're tired! You shouldn't have carried those two bags—"

"I'm all right," he cut me off shortly. Almost in defiance he added, "It's just that people crowding me—I don't know, I get mad whenever anything gets in my way. I seem to want to hit out or yell at them or something. And then I get the shakes, like I did at that noise on the train. It's stupid—"

"It's because you've been in the war and been hurt. You'll get over it." I wanted to reach out and touch those rigidly clasped hands.

"That's what the docs say. They call it battle nerves. . . . But it sure makes you feel a fool when it happens."

We stopped in front of my house, and he carried my bag up to the porch while the taxi waited to take him to the YMCA. We stood there for a moment, looking at each other over Robbie's sleepy little head. "Can I call you tomorrow?" he said finally as if he were asking the biggest favor in the world.

"Of course. I'll be home from work about seven." Then as he started down the steps, a sudden thought made me call softly "Sailor!" He stopped and turned. "I don't even know your name!"

We both laughed a little hysterically. "Ted Chaney," he called back. "What's yours?"

"Delia Carpenter. . . . Goodnight, Ted."

He came the next night and we sat in Mrs. Hazelton's living room and talked. He had been that day to see his former employer, who had promised to give him his books to audit when he opened his office. There were others who promised to do the same.

"That's a wonderful start!" I cried. "Pretty soon you'll have that business of your own that you want so much."

"And then the home and kids of my own—" He paused and seemed to be thinking something over. Then he looked straight at me and said, "I'll tell you something funny. Yesterday I was sitting there on the train, feeling lousy and thinking I'd never get the things I really wanted, and then I opened my eyes and saw you looking at me and—well, all of a sudden I felt good. I mean, it was as if after all I did have something to come home to. A girl like you, so pretty. . . . And when we talked, you seemed to understand what I meant without my having to put it into words even . . ."

I didn't answer. I couldn't.

"I GUESS you think it's pretty fresh for me to be talking like this," he went on. "I know that if I didn't make you think of your husband, you wouldn't have paid any attention."

"Please. That's wrong. I mean—at first, you did remind me of Bob. You still do. But after we got to talking, I felt I wanted to know you not because you were like Bob, but because you were Ted Chaney. You stopped being him and were just you."

Those serious gray eyes lighted with something I'd never seen in them before. "You mean that?"

"Yes, Ted. It's true."

And as I saw more of him, it grew even more true. Out of uniform, he looked less like Bob. They were the same age and they had the same coloring, but that was all. He was no longer Bob at all. He was Ted—the man I loved.

For we both knew from that first night that we loved each other. The first time he kissed me, after we'd known each other about two weeks, he told me so. "I haven't got any right asking you to marry me yet," he said. "Just starting out, with not much money except the veteran's compensation, and half shot up like I am—but, oh darling, I want you so much!"

"And I want you. You'll soon be well, you'll soon be making money. There's—only one thing, Ted. Robbie. I know how much you want children of your own. Are you going to want him, too—another man's child?"

It was as if my whole life waited on his answer. If he didn't want my baby, then I couldn't marry him. Much as I loved him, I'd give him up and never see him again.

But Ted grabbed me and held me close. "Sure I want him. He's part of you, isn't he? And pretty soon we'll give him some brothers and sisters to play with."

Maybe we should have waited a while, till Ted was better established. I don't know. It seemed then as if we couldn't wait. We loved each other, we'd both been lonely for so long and, in our separate ways, hurt by life. It seemed right that we should start making a new, whole life together right away, start from the beginning. We decided that I should give up my job, in spite of the fact there wouldn't be much money right at first. There was a little two-bedroom house not too far out that we could rent.

"And you can have your office in the front room!" I said enthusiastically. "That will save renting one some place else."

"I don't know," Ted said doubtfully. "I'm going to have to work awfully hard."

"But you can do it at home just as well as not. Think of the money it will save us. What with the furniture we'll have to buy and everythig—oh, darling, it would be silly not to. Besides, this way you'll be home all the time, where Robbie and I can look after you and get you well. Please, Ted . . ."

And so he gave in.

Robbie was terribly excited about the whole thing. He'd never had a daddy like other kids, and I explained to him how now he would. He was crazy about Ted anyway, and followed him everywhere; he'd always start getting mad and screaming whenever Ted was at Mrs. Hazelton's at his bedtime because he didn't want to go to bed and leave him.

We were married there in Mrs. Hazelton's living room, just two months after that fateful train ride. There were a few friends; Robbie was the ring-bearer. And as I stood there beside Ted and heard the minister say the solemn words that would bind us together for as long as we each should live, it was like being re-born into a new and happy world.

Afterwards we had cake and wine, and then Ted and I were going to the new house (*Continued on page* 90)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

Ma Perkins

Here is the story, in pictures, of this lovable small-town mother, and her children and friends

EVEY, Ma Perkins' elder daughter, is the wife of Willy Fitz, who helps to operate Ma's lumber yard. Evey has become a contented, efficient housewife, quite capable of managing her excitable husband and her precocious, unpredictable son Willy Jr.
(Played by Laurette Fillbrandt and Bobby Ellis)

Ma Perkins is broadcast every day at 1:15 CBS, 3:15 NBC, EWT

MA PERKINS, wise, lovable, kindly, is almost a member of every family in her home town, Rushville Center. Older people come to her for quiet hours of friendship, and her many young friends know that she can always be relied on for a shrewd and humorous point of view, for honest advice on the perplexing problems that are constantly tangling their lives. And still Ma manages to take an active part in running the lumber yard that she and Shuffle Shober own.
(Ma Perkins is played by Virginia Payne)

FAY PERKINS, Ma's younger daughter, has been both father and mother to her own little three-year-old daughter, Paulette, since the death, several years ago of her husband, Paul Henderson. Fay, still very young, has fallen deeply in love with young and handsome Gary Curtis; but their happiness has been gravely threatened by both Stella Carlon and Gladys Pendleton. Ma's calm judgment and instinctive understanding have helped solve many problems for this young couple.
(Fay Perkins is played by Cheer Brentson)

STELLA CARLON, Burt Carlon's sister, has led an unhappy life. She hoped that Gary might want to take her into a better one.
(Marilou Neumayer)

SHUFFLE SHOBER, Ma's partner in the lumber business, has been her close friend for many years. Shuffle is a bachelor, with his own share of shrewdness and humor—which he needs more than ever now that Willy Fitz is helping him with the management of the yard.
(Played by Charles Egelston)

GLADYS PENDLETON is the richest girl in town, the daughter of Mathilda and Augustus. Cheated of happiness in her first marriage, she is constantly in search of it. For a time she thought that she might find it with Gary Curtis, but that hope, too, is now gone.
(Patricia Dunlap)

MATHILDA PENDLETON is the wife of the town's richest man, but she leads a sad, disappointed, empty life.
(Beverly Younger)

WILLY FITZ, Evey's colorful husband, is one of Shuffle's biggest problems. He loves his work at the lumber yard, and he is always coming up with a new, unorthodox idea—but Willy's brainstorms invariably lead to complications both for himself and for everyone who knows him.
(Played by Murray Forbes)

BURT CARLON claimed he remained in Rushville Center because of Fay. Ma is suspicious of Burt, and his interest in Fay made her uneasy.
(Jack Petruzzi)

AUGUSTUS PENDLETON, the richest and most unloved man in town, has always been vicious and grasping.
(Maurice Copeland)

GARY CURTIS, a young bachelor, is one of the very few people with whom Ma has ever come close to losing patience. She has fought long and hard to help Gary to think clearly, to find a new faith, and to kindle anew his desire to take his rightful place in society.
(Rye Billsbury)

"THE MIND and the heart are often enemies," a great man wrote once. The mind tells you the honest, sensible thing to do—but the heart cries out against it. . . .

I knew the truth of that as I re-read the telegram. John was coming home today. After nearly three years. . . . Something like fire ran through my veins and caught at my heart. I loved him so terribly. And I had no right to. John belonged to Charlotte Adams. Charlotte—who is one of the kindest persons on earth, and had been like an older sister to me these last three years.

I tucked the wire carefully in my sweater pocket and slipped out of the house. Automatically I turned in the direction of my "woods." For years I've gone there when I wanted to think things out alone. Actually, of course, the "woods" are just a part of the great Yorkville Zoo, where Dad is superintendent and curator. Giant sycamores arch overhead with the wind making a soft hum through their branches. I threw myself on the ground and looked up at one of them. *John was coming home.* . . . The words were a kind of symphony as I whispered them.

He couldn't think of me as a child now, somebody in pigtails and pinafore who used to tag along after him and Dad on their expeditions into the mountains. Dad often said that John Winters would be one of the great naturalists of his time. But I had paid little attention to that, because to me John was the fellow who could beat Doodles Weaver playing a mouth organ and out-tapdance any of the kids my own age—at least, that was what John was to me until the night of my sixteenth birthday.

It's odd how a small incident can make you intensely aware, all of a sudden, of someone you've known most of your life, but since my sixteenth birthday I had known that John was the man I wanted to marry. . . .

It had been touched with magic, that night. Dad was giving me a birthday party and I wore my first long dress. A blue taffeta with sweeping bouffant skirt and black velvet bows at the throat and on the sleeves. I had dressed hours early so that I could feel the swish of it around my legs. Dad threw back his head and laughed in that hearty way he had. "Take it easy, Bets, or you'll have it worn out by the time the party begins!" He put his arm around me and gave me a little pat. "I wish your mother had lived to see you as you are now, honey. You have hair the same color as hers was—red gold. And the same teasing brown eyes, the same little half-smile." He turned away suddenly and I knew it was to hide his eyes. "I'd want you to have her wisdom. . . ."

The Right Girl

Would John care that it was for him that Bets had tried to grow wise and lovely—to be a woman, when he, a man, came back?

A PROBLEM FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR

I kissed the tip of his chin. It occurred to me then, as it often did, how lonely he must be for mother. She died while I was still very young, but I remember how they worshipped each other.

"Get along now, child," Dad said. "Better give Nemo his banana or he'll be tearing down his cage."

In all the excitement of preparing for the party I had forgotten about Nemo, my little pet raccoon, and his daily ration of bananas. I flew out of the cottage and down to the big enclosure that housed the raccoons. There was Nemo waiting, his cute little face stuck between the bars. Like a spoiled child he grabbed the bananas and hurried over to his little "lake" to wash them just as he did everything else that came into his possession. (I've even seen him wash pebbles and lay them out on the stones to dry!)

It was late twilight by then, the time of day I liked best in the Zoo. There was a curious sense of peace and friendliness there. I had grown up with young animals—dingoes and zebras and even a baby black bear—as playmates. I had pet names for all of them. This was my little world and I loved it. And John and Charlotte were part of that world, sharing its joys with me.

AS I stood there drinking in the moment, I heard a step—John had come silently up behind me. He looked very tall in the dusk, with his dark hair crisply on end, and his blue eyes full of fun. "Why Bets," he exclaimed, "you're beautiful! And looking so grown up! . . . Here, see if these go with your dress." He handed me a florist's box and I opened it with trembling fingers. Inside were giant pink camellias, almost waxlike in their perfection of form and color.

"Oh John," I said breathlessly, "they are so lovely!" I pinned one in my hair and the others at my waist. "How does that look?"

"Wonderful!" He stood looking down at me for a long moment. Then he tipped up my chin and kissed me. "Happy birthday, Bets," he said gently.

I could not move. It was as if that kiss had unlocked something hidden inside me. Something overwhelming. . . . *I was in love with John.* Deeply, in the secret places of my heart, I knew with a sure, certain knowledge that I belonged to him for all time. And happiness surged through me such as I had never known.

Standing there in the soft twilight, we seemed apart from the rest of the world. Something of what I was feeling must have shown in my face because he said in quickened tones, "Never lose that light in your eyes,

I grew up with young animals—even a black baby bear for a playmate. And John and Charlotte shared in the fun.

Bets. It's so young and brave."

My heart cried out, *John, don't you see? Don't you understand, darling? I love you.*

But he resumed his light, teasing banter and the spell was broken. "I suppose," he said, "that I'll have to wade through the whole football squad from your high school to get a dance with you. Well, don't forget the first one is mine!"

I WAS still just little Bets McCall to him. If I had tried to tell him how I felt he would have been embarrassed and tender and sweet—and unbelieving. But even at sixteen it is possible to know the difference between a youthful "crush" and real love. And I knew it that night.

The evening seemed to drift by in a dream. Charlotte was at the party, of course, looking serene and dear. She was a quiet little person who was as much a part of our family life as John. They had done research work together ever since their graduation from college. Often the Government's Biological Survey Department called on them to do special jobs. Dad referred to them as "animal psychologists" because they tried to find out how animals think, then wrote articles about their findings. It was funny to think of Charlotte as a scientist—she was so fragile-looking. I had never linked her and John in any romantic sense. They were much too matter-of-fact with each other. And besides, Charlotte seemed older—although they were both the same age, twenty-six. Somehow I could not imagine her being in love.

And then it happened. Towards the end of the evening Dad drew me aside and said, "Look Bets, how about a little toast with that fruit punch to John and Charlotte? They're engaged, you know. It just happened today. . . . Why, child, don't look so startled. You must have seen it coming! I suppose John's going into the Army next week sort of hastened matters for them."

John and Charlotte—engaged. . .

I don't know what I said. Or did. I must have gone through the motions of saying good-by to the guests, but it was all a blur. The next thing I was conscious of was lying on my bed, dry-eyed and numb with suffering. It seemed I had found John only to lose him. . . .

John came home only once on a furlough before he went overseas. And he and Charlotte spent the whole time working on a job she had been given by the U. S. Biological Survey to save a large herd of Barbary sheep which had suddenly taken to eating poison. They are the friendliest animals in the world, these sheep. And instead of dodging John and Charlotte, as I had meant to do, I found myself tagging along with them in an effort to help. John came upon me once with a young ewe in my lap. "Look," I said earnestly, "I think this one is a manic-depressive." I was not sure what the word meant, but I had heard Dad use it. John roared with laughter and I flushed violently. Charlotte put her hand on my shoulder. "You may be right at that, Bets," she said gently. "You've always had a way with animals. I think I'll make you my assistant."

That was how I came to work with her after John went back to camp. It was fascinating. Before, I had thought of animals only as pets and playmates. But under Charlotte's direction, I was beginning to take a scientific interest in them. And a strange thing happened. I had tried so hard to hate Charlotte for "taking" John from me. . . . And instead of hating her I was drawn closer to her. After D-Day, when we did not hear from John for months, it was Charlotte I clung to in a frenzy of desperation.

And now John was coming home. . .

My heart pounded heavily as I lay there on the grass. Would he and Charlotte take up where they had left off? Would he realize how much I had changed . . . that I was no longer a child?

Looking up at the arched trees of my woods, I felt scalding tears in my eyes. How could I face the situation, loving John the way I did? His long absence had done nothing to lessen my feeling. If it had been a mere "romantic notion," a teen-age infatuation, it would have faded long before this. . . . I had met hundreds of soldiers at the different canteens, danced with them, made dates with them. It was not as if I had locked myself up with the memory of John. I had honestly *tried* to put him out of my heart. I was still trying, even now, when I knew that in a short time John would be here. But it was like trying to do away with a living, breathing part of myself.

Presently I realized that someone was coming up the path behind the clump of fire bushes. It sounded like someone very old, because the footsteps were faltering, unsure. I sat up hastily and dried my eyes. I didn't want to see anyone—certainly didn't want anyone to catch me crying. But there was no time to escape now. It was a tall man. A man in a carefully pressed uniform and overseas cap, leaning heavily on a cane as he walked.

Fear caught at my heart and wrenched it, before I knew the reason for the fear—before I knew that it was John. *My* John who had always moved with the supple grace of a panther. He came toward me awkwardly.

"Bets," he said, questioningly, shyly, as a person will who is not sure that he will be recognized and welcomed.

A little cry broke from me as I ran to him. John was back again! Nothing else mattered. We held each other, unable to speak.

"Oh darling," I said at last. "We—we expected you later. We were all going down to the station."

"I know. I took an earlier train on purpose. I—well, I sort of wanted to get the feel of things first." His smile was curiously detached. There was something about it that hurt me.

"I wanted to be all dressed up for you, John! And look at me. . . ."

His eyes seemed to focus for the first time. "You look—beautiful, Bets. All grown up." Then he asked abruptly, "Where is Charlotte?" I saw his hands were trembling. I covered them with my own. "She is waiting for you, John," I said quietly. "Let me get the car and drive you over to her apartment."

"NO, no. It's only around the block. I'll walk."

Dear God, this is what the war has done to him, I thought as I watched him go. *It isn't just that he has lost his leg. He has lost faith in himself somehow. . . . He needs me now more than he does Charlotte! I'm younger, stronger, I can do more for him! I've got to make him see that!*

It was a wild, exultant hope touched with bitterness. Because I hated Charlotte in that moment. He was going to her, his first hour home. She had the right to love him as I wanted to, to comfort him. . . .

The first few days were an agony of watching John try to adjust himself. It seemed to me he leaned on Charlotte more and more—John, who had always had the strength and freedom of the wind! I didn't know how Charlotte felt about it but it was apparent to all of us that Charlotte didn't want to be leaned on! She was more like an interested acquaintance to him, than a woman who loved him, I thought. And still he turned to her, not seeming to want to do anything without her guidance. I spoke to Dad about it one evening when I could not stand it any longer. Dad was sitting in the kitchen cleaning his pipe while I cleared the supper table. Suddenly I blurted out, "Dad, how long will it take before John is his old self again?"

I'll never forget the quizzical look Dad gave me. "He'll come around all right. Don't worry."

"He refused that commission from the Game Preservation board today. You know, to handle that new herd of bison they're going to try out in the

The story "The Right Girl" was suggested by one of the problems presented on the Good Will Radio Hour directed by John J. Anthony

I saw a blessed wonder come into his eyes, and almost without will our lips met.

state forest. He said he thought Charlotte could swing it on her own with the help of some of the forestry men!" That was so unlike John that it had made me furious.

But Dad simply went on cleaning his pipe. "John has to learn to believe all over again. He has to learn to have faith in himself most of all," he said quietly. "That's the biggest thing. After that, the rest will take care of itself."

"But how is he going to do that?" I protested. "Right now he thinks his life's work is practically ended because it always meant a lot of physical activity—mountain climbing like you two used to do, and that sort of thing. And he is so handicapped."

"Let him find his own answer to that," Dad said. "He will. It takes time, that's all." Then he added something I did not understand at the time. "You are high spirited, Bets, and full of fire. Be careful you don't get hurt —or that you don't hurt others." It was almost like a warning. But before I could say anything, the doorbell rang and John was there.

He was wearing civilian clothes again, his old lumber jacket and high boots. He looked terribly thin. There were hollows under his cheek bones and his eyes were unsteady. But his grin was the same—for the first time since he'd come back. "Hi, folks," he said. "It seems I am about to have a guest! Would you like to go down to the station with me to meet him, Bets?"

"Who is he?"

His grin widened. "One of the fanciest little chimps in the country! Name's Jimmy. Eleven months old and full of the devil. An agent wrote me about him and I thought—well, I thought perhaps I could get enough material from training him to finish that article I started writing on monkeys several years ago."

Dad clapped his shoulder enthusiastically. "Fine, John! We can keep him in that special cage next to the monkey house. Go along with him, Bets—I'll finish up here."

But at the station the expressman looked troubled when we asked about Jimmy. "He's here all right. Came c. o. d. all the way from Florida. But I've never seen a sicker animal. That's him over there."

John made his way between the crates, stumbling a little. Then we were both peering down at a brown bundle, lying on a straw bed, in the bottom of a big box. Jimmy turned red, tortured eyes to us. His breath came in hard gasps. "Pneumonia," John said. "Poor little devil."

"You don't have to accept delivery," the expressman said slowly. "You can send him back."

"He'd die on the road." John's voice was sharp. "Can you get him in the trailer on the back of the car?"

"It will cost you an awful lot—and the chimp probably will be dead by morning."

"Get him on that trailer!" This was the old John, taking command of the situation. I had never loved him so much as I did in that moment. A lot of money—and John did not have very much. But he would pay it all to try to save a sick little chimp. . . .

We worked over Jimmy all night. The vet who took care of most of the animals at the zoo said he had about a thousand-to-one chance of pulling through. The defeated look had come into John's face again, as if he felt everything must go wrong for him. I couldn't stand it. On an impulse I went to him, and touched his cheek.

"John, you can save him. You can do anything you want to. I've always known that. When I was thirteen I used to think you were a kind of god. Animals worshipped you. Even that black wolf you tamed. Remember? He had been so wild—and you got him so that he tagged after you like a dog. . . . I worshipped you too, John. I always will. . . ."

I had not meant to say that last. But I could not help myself. Almost without will our lips met. For a moment we stood very close together, I holding my breath, waiting for what I was sure would come. Then John said hoarsely, "Sorry, Bets. (*Continued on page 77*)

Johnnie comes

Bitterness and misunderstanding may mar the home-coming of your serviceman if you are not fully prepared to help him re-establish himself in normal living

THERE isn't a soldier anywhere who doesn't dream about coming home. Believe me, I know how you dream about it.

I dreamed too. No, that's wrong. It's not dreaming exactly. It's thinking. It's thinking constantly of the things you took so much for granted. At night, in some muddy hole, you'd think about a real, honest-to-goodness bed with clean white sheets and the warmth you could never seem to get where you were. When you ate, you always thought of the way tables looked at home, white linen, sparkling dishes and shining silver. And the food—you thought a lot about that.

No, it's not dreaming. It's an obsession with every man at the front, the constant comparison between the uncomfortable, sleepless, changing present and the sane, safe and comfortable life he has left behind him. I think every soldier at some time has sent this prayer climbing up the steep: Dear God, let me get home all right and I'll never gripe again!

Well, I got home. I got home, and everything looked the same but it wasn't the same. I wasn't the same either, I guess. And this is no gripe. It's an attempt to tell you how the soldier you know may feel when he comes home.

A funny thing happens when you've fought in the war. You change. You grow up fast and get tougher—not mean, but able to take lots of things you couldn't take before. You get so you can stand on your own two feet. You learn that the lives of lots of men may depend on how well you can stand on your own feet. I learned that. All the men who've seen action and met the enemy have learned it the hard way and well.

Yet, all the time you're learning this, when you think about home, you think about its being the same as when you left. You think about how it will be. You think about the things you'll say and do. You think about it a lot. Then you come home and it isn't like that at all. This is how it is. This is how it's been for lots of the soldiers I know.

Men discharged for dependency reasons are perhaps the luckiest ones. Most people are anxious to help them locate jobs and places to live. There are always a few people who make remarks about their being goldbricks and getting out of the Army on false pretenses but not many. Such people usually have someone in the Army themselves and are a little jealous. Some people, of course, are too anxious to help, and that too can be bad. After awhile, these people begin to make the boys feel foolish or as if they need charity. Still, men in this classification are pretty lucky and get jobs without too much trouble or fuss. Most people understand and are kind.

But thousands of men are being discharged every month from the Armed Forces, and very few of them are released because of dependencies. The majority are men who have seen service in combat and who have been wounded, or men who have suffered what is called "battle fatigue," or men who have turned out to be phychologically unsuited to the job of soldiering. This last category is a tough one to be in, tough in all ways.

In the Army there are jokes about "Section 8," which is what the psychopathic wards in G. I. hospitals are called. It seems to me there are always jokes everywhere about psychopathic wards. It also seems to me that this is nothing to joke about, especially in the Army, because I know that many of the men who find themselves in Section 8—for observation, or because of battle fatigue—are not crazy by a long shot. The Army doctors don't think they're crazy or irresponsible and neither do their buddies. They don't get along in the Army, sure, and they are nervous and undependable under stress. But don't many civilians go to pieces when they're in the wrong job? And remember the Army is a plenty tough job.

A Section 8 discharge, however, seems to be the worst kind to get. Like a guy I know. I'll call him Joe because that's not his name. Joe was a nice guy, not a goldbrick, and sincere about soldiering. But the first time he went into actual battle maneuvers he cracked—and not because he was a coward. The simulated chaos of battle conditions confused and bewildered him. He tried. He tried so hard he bit his lip through and sobbed and cursed himself at the same time. He had a job to do and fell down on it. The knowledge of his failure coupled with the shock he received broke him completely.

Joe was sent to the hospital and was put in Section 8. After awhile he was discharged. To tell the truth, most of his Company was glad for him. He had no business in the Army in the first place. They didn't think he was mentally deranged or insane. He just couldn't take it.

I ran into Joe a couple of weeks ago in New York. That was a funny place for him to be, because his home was in the Middle West. Joe was bucking that Section 8 discharge. His employers had questioned him when he went for his old job—and they regretted it very much but there was no job for anyone with—to put it mildly—an unbalanced mind. Joe's a quiet guy and he took that. He had to take a lot more of the same thing though, before he finally landed a job with a sensible employer who realized that the Army wouldn't release anyone who was insane, or incompetent, or dangerous.

That's a bad thing, that attitude toward Section 8 discharges. When I think of all the people in civilian life who are being psychoanalyzed and brag about it and tell you about their maladjustments and phobias all the time and hold down responsible jobs without anyone questioning them, I get mad. The men discharged from the Army because they couldn't make the

home

By STACY HARRIS

AS TOLD TO THE EDITOR

necessary mental adjustments shouldn't be punished for something that isn't their fault. Some people can't make adjustments as easily as others. Some people never can become adjusted to certain things. And other people, who can make adjustments, use so much effort and so much nervous strain that they break down in the end too.

In an Army chosen the way ours has been, there are bound to be mistakes in selection and, if it takes a psychiatrist to weed them out later and leads to Section 8 discharges, the men so discharged shouldn't be penalized for having tried and failed. These men are not insane. Many of them are a lot saner than some of those civilians who are running around being psychoanalyzed. They're perfectly capable of doing their old work, or learning something new. The only thing they can't take is being looked upon as mentally incompetent. And if too many people go on treating them as though they were to be shunned and feared, they are liable to become unbalanced. Who wouldn't?

When I think of Joe and of another guy I know who got a medical discharge and had such a hard time getting a job that he even went so far as to make himself out a hero in order to get a chance, I begin to think there's a lot of work for us here at home to do. It shouldn't be necessary for veterans to struggle so hard and to fight against so many odds in order to win for themselves a little self-respect and get back their places in civilian life. After all, they went into the Army willingly and were ready to do anything they could. You don't need me to tell you what they've done. We owe them all at least what they left behind if not a whole lot more.

Not that they want gratitude. There's nothing a returning serviceman hates so much as gushing gratitude. They hate sentimentality. They don't like having people make a fuss about them. They don't like people acting idioti-

STACY HARRIS knows that, to a returned soldier, home may be only a series of disturbing problems instead of the haven about which he has dreamed. Judged 4F by the U.S. Army, Harris got overseas as an American Field Service volunteer, and then finished out the African campaign with the British and Free French Armies. Wounded, decorated and discharged, he is now heard in many favorite NBC dramas.

cally as though they thought each individual soldier had won the war singlehanded. They're smarter than that. They know what they did and what it was worth. All they want is to get back to normal living, to what they left to fight for—as quickly as they've a right to expect.

I know a swell fellow, a mechanic, who was wounded and discharged. He got back to normal living but it took doing. He'd lost his left arm. He's grown used to the idea, and the way people react to it, by now. He talked about it to me at one time, though.

"It was bad in the beginning," he told me. "A mechanic needs his hands, both of them. I couldn't figure what the hell I was going to do. It kind of made me feel like I wasn't all of a man. That's a lousy feeling. And after I was discharged, I'd walk down the street and people would look at me and sometimes I'd hear things they'd say and I'd want to slug them. My wife was good about it though. I worried about her the most, I guess. I used to lie on that hospital bed and think of how her face would look when she saw me again and I'd go cold inside. But when she got her first look at me, it was all right. She looked in my face and I could see that she was glad and happy that I was back and she patted my shoulder and said we'd fix it all right. That girl of mine worked with me. She didn't just talk. And now I don't miss it as much as I thought I would."

HE TALKED more too. He said the hardest thing to stand was pity, people pitying him and doing things for him they wouldn't do for other men. The pity, the pampering, would bring back that feeling about not being a man any more. And he hated that. Almost as much, he hated the jovial people who slapped him on the back and pretended not to notice anything wrong. "An arm's a big thing not to notice," he said. "Hell, they've led normal lives. Why don't they just act that way? That's all I ask."

Everybody who comes back from the war isn't going to be wounded though. There will be lots of men returned, the vast majority of whom have nothing external to show for their long time away. They'll look pretty much the same as when they went away, maybe a little older, a little more serious. But they won't be the same. And it won't be anything they can change. You here at home will have to change. Your part of his war starts the day he comes back into his home. Make sure he'll be glad to be back, and stay.

You'll be different to him too, of course. Things will have been happening to all of you. But it would be a big mistake to try to tell any of our returned soldiers how tough the war has been on civilians. It hasn't been so tough, not nearly as tough as in many other countries. And even if it had been ten times as bad, no one at home could ever match what they've been through.

We ought to be getting ready for this job now. Some civilians are already getting ready because they realize how important it is. Down in Louisiana, they're planning one hundred local information and referral centers, where homecoming servicemen can get advice on anything from educational benefits under Public Law 346 to help in finding jobs and places to live. The Louisiana State Department of Education, the Civil Service, Veterans' Organizations and labor unions, Office of Civilian Defense and Department of Veterans Affairs are all cooperating to make the plan work. In Connecticut, seventy-five local committees are already functioning, giving advice on job opportunities and aids and benefits, applying their help to war workers as well as veterans. In Fort Smith, Arkansas, the community counselling center is housed and financed by the local school system and also aids workers as well as veterans. Kansas City, Missouri, is planning a big downtown center to take care of all servicemen. In Freeport, Illinois, the Chief of Police is chairman in charge of help to all veterans with offices right in the City Hall.

This is a beginning, but only a small one. Many more communities are going to have to get together and plan for the future before this problem is solved. The fighting men have been away taking care of the interests, the well-being and the safety of the people back home. We've got to do a real job of seeing to it that they're not let down when they come home, that it will have seemed worth while to have fought. Making sure there will be jobs for them and that they will be able to find those jobs and get to them is something all of us have to do together, in larger or smaller groups.

As individuals, there are many things we must be ready to do, too. You've got to remember they've been through something you haven't, something you can't really understand or feel, no matter how strong your imaginations and emotions may be. You'll have to expect them to be changed. You'll have to learn how to behave toward them.

This isn't something I thought up by myself. The Army and your government are very concerned about it. I can see why they are concerned.

The Army has made a list of rules that I think all civilians should learn by heart—and take to heart. Here is the list:

1. Be natural—don't strain and gush. Your man may be changed, but he's still a human being and wants to be treated like one.

2. Treat him as a responsible citizen. Now that he's home, he has a big civilian job to do. Don't patronize him because he's been away and doesn't know what's been going on. He'll have ideas.

3. Don't pamper him and don't pity him. He's entitled to real consideration but he probably knows more about standing on his own feet than you do.

4. Don't kill him with sympathy. He needs real help, not sentimental tears. Genuine kindness and genuine recognition of his contribution are the best attitude.

5. Don't urge him to talk. He'll talk if and when he wants to. Let him lead. Remember, you're not the only civilian who's curious.

6. Keep your poise. Don't be startled. If he's been crippled don't be either too curious nor too unnoticing. He knows you'll notice but don't stare. Try to be kind.

7. Be realistic. If he wants to talk about his problems and future, don't tell him he doesn't need to worry. The GI Bill gives him a lot of help but he'll still have to compete with civilians and other veterans for a long-term success.

8. Develop serenity of spirit. This applies to those close to the veteran. He may have thought you were wonderful—try as hard as you know how to be just that.

9. Don't brag about how well you've done. If he asks, tell him, but remember, he may think—and in some cases justly—that the war has given stay-at-homes an advantage.

10. Don't kick about how tough it's been at home. It hasn't been and he knows it. Just let him know most of us have done everything we've been asked to do and have wanted to do more.

11. Help him in every way you can. Be sure he knows his rights, his opportunities for education, his preference for his old job. Help get your community organized.

12. And remember that *you* face problems of adjustment too. Your non-war job may not pay as well. It won't be as easy to get a job. The veteran has a prior right to any of ours—he did give up time and opportunity.

Make no mistake about this. When all the Johnnies come home, we'll be hard put to help them back into the kind of life they fought for. It's going to take patience and understanding, kindness and work. It's going to be up to us to make home really the thing they have been thinking about while they were away. Home to them is something wonderful and great—a good place they've thought about and fought for. It's up to us to see that they find that place. It's up to us to start thinking and planning now to face what may be ahead for all of us.

Mary thought it was dislike for Jack that kept him in her memory for seven years, but the real reason turned out to be a very different one

"Where my heart is—"

By MARY LIVINGSTONE BENNY

JACK BENNY hurt my feelings the first time I met him—so painfully that it took me over seven years to stop hating him.

He was twenty-four on the occasion of that first meeting; I was twelve, the "awkward age," my long legs looking even longer between short skirt and short socks, my eyes bugging even bigger than they were under the foot-high hair ribbon with which mother had tied back my long, stiff curls.

He had come to our house in Vancouver to visit me—expressly me. (No one told me then that it was all a joke. Zeppo Marx, leaving the vaudeville theatre where Jack and the Marx brothers were sharing top billing to call on my older sister, Babe, thought he would have some fun when Jack—a stranger in town and lonesome—asked him if his date had a sister. "Sure thing," replied Zeppo invitingly, "and a *looker!*" Jack came along expecting a date with a gorgeous girl, and his "date" turned out to be me!)

He was very polite. Extraordinarily polite under the circumstances, as I realized later. He flattered mother—told her that Zeppo had raved about her cooking, and he simply couldn't resist crashing our little dinner party. He joked with me—and I felt very grown-up and important.

Then mother spoiled everything.

"My daughter," she said, "is a violinist too."

Poor Jack had to urge me to play.

For me, it was a big moment. I had been studying hard, practicing two hours every day since I was ten—and here, for the first time, I had an opportunity to demonstrate my talent before a *professional* violinist.

I played "Caprice Viennois"—quite

well, I thought—and feeling very much like a virtuoso. Mother beamed. Zeppo and Babe were smilingly polite and patient. But Jack had had enough of his "blind date." In the middle of my most difficult cadenza—he yawned!

I stopped playing in the middle of a bar. I looked at him, choking with rage. Then I threw down my violin, and fled from the room in tears.

I CAME back, on mother's orders, but I was through with Jack. I spoke when I was spoken to, but I hated him. Jack tried to wheedle me back into a good humor. He even offered me passes to the next afternoon's matinee.

I brightened a bit, on hearing that. I saw a chance to get even.

"How many can I have?" I asked.

He pulled all he had out of his pocket. There were six.

"Thank you," I said, grabbing them all. Then I lapsed into a sulky silence.

The next day my five best friends and I were sitting in the front row when Jack's act went on. We all had ice cream cones and bags of noisy candy. Jack came out and played his violin, and cracked his usual jokes. Candy papers crackled throughout the musical numbers, and all the jokes fell flat. For the front row—by pre-arrangement—greeted the most hilarious routines with stony, deadpan silence. It was contagious. The whole house seemed disinterested. I was satisfied. That would teach Jack Benny to yawn in the middle of another artist's act!

I didn't see Jack after that to learn if my revenge had scored. I didn't see him, as a matter of fact, for seven years. But I carried on my one-sided feud with him just the same. As the years went by, as I grew up and Jack grew more and more famous, I forgot the reason for my anger, but I didn't forget that I hated Jack.

If a friend casually mentioned the name of Jack Benny I'd snort, "Oh, I know *him*. He's terrible."

When Babe—in the theatre now herself—would write that Jack was coming up in the world, that he was a big star now, I would shrivel. "Why people fall for that ham I'll never know," I'd complain to anyone who'd listen.

It served me right that when I finally saw him again, Jack should prove to be anything but the rude and ungracious "ham" I remembered—that he should be handsome, and famous, and *fun*, and that I should fall head over heels in love with him.

The scene of that next meeting was Los Angeles, where my family had moved from Vancouver and where I had finished high school and taken my first job, selling hosiery at the May company. When Babe wrote that Jack was coming to Los Angeles and probably would look me up, I was scornful. But when I passed the theatre where he was to appear and saw electricians putting the name of Jack Benny up in lights, my heart quickened. A queer thing to happen after seven years of grudge-nursing, but then women are fickle—and hate is awfully close to tenderer emotions.

My sudden excitement was chilled with a second thought. "He's a big-shot now," I reminded myself, "why should he bother with me?"

But that very afternoon, I looked up to greet a customer at my counter at the store and looked straight into the laughing eyes of Mr. Benny.

"Hello, kid-sister," he said, "been eating any ice cream cones in theatres lately?"

My revenge had scored. But instead of being triumphant after all these years—I was ashamed. I blushed to the roots of my wind-blown bob. Suddenly I knew that I had never really hated him—that I had only tried to cover up the fact that I had tried too hard to make him like me, and was desperately put out and unhappy because he was only bored with my best efforts. How childish and foolish my "feud" with him seemed now.

"I understand," I said, "that your career has survived my hazing. Babe writes me that you are in the big league now."

"Come to the theatre, why don't you," he said, "and see for yourself." Once again, after seven years, he was thrusting passes into my hand.

"I'll come," I promised, "and this time I'll laugh."

"If you laugh," he said, "I'll take you out dancing after the show."

WE DID go out that night, and every night during Jack's week in Los Angeles. One night we would go dancing, the next we'd go to the beach—ride the roller coasters screaming like idiots, and throw balls at milk bottles. It was all very hilarious and exciting for a girl who had been chained to a dull job at a hosiery counter, and I liked Jack. I liked him very much. Then, just as I'd made this interesting discovery, Jack's run ended, and he had to move on to the next town.

"I'll miss you," I told him, my chin trembling, as he stood in our doorway, saying goodbye.

"I'll miss you too, doll," he said. Already he had found a nick-name for me. "But that's the way it is in an actor's life. Just gets to like one place, when he has to shove off to another. Just like a sailor."

For some reason, that hurt.

"And just like a sailor, I suppose," I retorted, "he has a girl in every port?"

He laughed. And then, after a moment he took my hand and told me very seriously, "No, doll. Not many girls. That's why I'm so grateful to you. It's been fun to know you. We've had lots of laughs. I hope we'll meet again soon. But if we don't, thanks a lot."

With that, he left me.

The old resentment surged back. So that was the way it was! Just an interlude in an actor's life. New towns, new friends. Lots of laughs. Thanks, kid; thanks a lot.

I tried to tell myself I was glad he was gone. I was getting too fond of him, and—I pretended—an actor's life was not for me. Hotel rooms, dirty trains. Ughh! I wanted some permanence to my life!

I tried to forget him. I worked hard at my job. I went out with the boys I knew, most of whom were working at jobs just as dull and unglamorous as mine, tried to convince myself that being with them was just as stimulating as being with Jack. But it wasn't. I didn't feel about them the way I had before Jack had come—and gone.

But, I told myself, I was nothing to Jack. He had said as much himself. "If I don't see you again," he had said, "thanks a lot."

I was miserable. Then Christmas came, and with it a beautiful gift from Jack—the loveliest gift I had ever had, a diamond wrist watch. And in the box was a note from Jack asking me not to forget my "sailor."

Forget him! If he thought about me at all—even this much—I would follow him to the ends of the earth, and I'd marry him, or die trying. The gift had come from Chicago, where Jack was starring in "Great Temptations." I was lucky, for once, because my sister Babe was playing a small part in the same show. I wrote her that I wanted to come to Chicago. "I miss you so, I just have to see you," I wrote—rather transparently, I am afraid. In any event, she urged me to come on, and I took the next train.

As chance would have it—well, carefully arranged chance, let us say—I ran into Jack backstage at the theatre the very first night I was in the city.

"What a delightful surprise," I lied, blushing.

"Delightful for me," he said, and the look in his eyes made me turn to jelly inside. "Now that you're here, how about going dancing with me tonight?"

That was Friday. We went dancing that night, and the next. By Sunday we were engaged. On Tuesday we were married.

I don't know how it happened—all I know is that I wanted it to happen so much, that it had to happen.

Jack proposed to me in his father's house in Waukegan, where we had driven on Sunday afternoon so I could meet his family. Then we dropped in at the Waukegan hotel to call on Jack's old friend, Julius Sinykin.

I LOVED Julius. By vocation, he was the town's leading clothing merchant, but by avocation—temperament, ambition, and heart's desire—he was of the theatre.

When Jack was a boy, bursting with ambitions which his family and friends found hard to understand, Julius alone encouraged him. He got him his first theatrical job—playing the violin in the pit of Waukegan's Barison Theatre, and then hounded the manager until the youngster Julius *knew* was talented was allowed to appear on—not under—the stage.

Jack was a little nervous as he took me to the top floor of the hotel to Julius' apartment. He wanted me to like his old friend as much as he did. How—after seeing Julius in his home—could I help it? His "suite" was two rooms—every inch of the walls covered with "Benny-ana." (*Continued on page* 76)

MARY LIVINGSTONE and JACK BENNY, and JOANNIE too, might have missed the complete family happiness they now share. For there was a time when Mary was afraid that Jack was not going to ask her to marry him, and so she tried to tell herself that the life of an actor, with its hotel rooms and dirty trains, was not for her. She wanted permanence in her life! But somehow, when Jack did propose, Mary forgot all that—forgot it until ten years later Jack reminded her that what she wanted most was a family and a real home. Now the Bennys have both, and they also have the Jack Benny Show, broadcast every Sunday on the NBC network, at 7:30 P.M., EWT.

I thought that the meeting of hands, the excitement of a glance, were all of love

Janie reached out roughly, greedily, for love, as a small child reaches for a new, entrancing toy. But a child's greed can never understand a lover's heart

Glimpse of Heaven

PROBABLY in the process of becoming emotionally mature, every woman in the world makes at least one mistake which brings pain and heartache, not only to herself, but to other persons dear to her. There doesn't seem to be any way of avoiding this kind of trouble, of managing to get it second-hand, from somebody else's experience. The kind of mistake I made has been made a thousand thousand times before, and yet no amount of reading or hearing or thinking about it could have saved me from making it myself. I know that now, although in my first bewilderment I remember wishing, so bitterly wishing, that some all-wise guardian spirit had taken me aside and warned me "Janie, please stop and think. You'll be hurt, Janie, and the people you love will be hurt."

No, it would have done no good—I wouldn't have listened, or understood. So in a way the mistake had to be made, before I could grow up. Oh, I thought I was grown-up—what young girl, just falling in love, doesn't think so? I thought I was perfectly capable of recognizing my love, and of being recognized by him—and after that, what trouble could there be? After that, things would fall into a pattern of happiness, quite simply. I was too young, you see, to realize that no two people can come together without touching in some way the lives of people around them. Sometimes these other lives are made happier. But sometimes they may be wounded, disrupted so badly that they can never be put together again. Part of maturity, I think, is learning to examine your feelings, learning to weigh them so that you will never take the chance of upsetting another life for some fleeting, thoughtless, shallow whim of your own.

All of the delightful experiences of my childhood are tied up with Mary, who lived in Elmwood's biggest, whitest house just kitty-corner from our little brown one.

I guess the very earliest impression ever stamped on my brain is a picture of Mary and the tree-lined street where we lived. I was about four, so I suppose Mary must have been 14—a graceful, quiet-voiced person even in her teens. That tiny splotch of time capsuled forever in my memory arrested Mary and me sitting in her yard beside a pansy bed. And she was naming the flower faces.

"This one is Yellow Nose, Janie—he's been poking his nose in the dandelion's business. And here's Black Eye—he didn't look where he was going. And, then, here's Petal Soft—she's smooth and lovely and gives pleasure to everyone just by being what she is."

"Why, that's you," I exclaimed suddenly looking from the flower to her.

She smiled and I knew that I had pleased her. Then, she explained that there were some persons who couldn't see the faces. They were the Unbelievers who didn't recognize the scenes Jack Frost painted on their windows or hear Santa's sleighbells on Christmas Eve. But she assured me that Fate had given me a magic gift—an enchanted blessing that would enable me to see the beauty and the whimsy and the *fun* in life. I remember how I flew home on wings of joy that day, anxious to return again to this petal-soft girl who was intimately acquainted with beauty and magic.

On my sixth birthday, Mary had a party for me at her house. I remember how proud I was when she carried in the dazzling, three-layer cake—a surprise cake, with our fortunes baked right in the bites we took.

Joannie Edwards found a ring in her piece, and Mary said, "You will be the first to marry, Joannie. Some day a fine, handsome man will come on a white horse, and you will be happy forever."

Tommy Chadwick found a penny in his slice, and she prophesied, "You'll be a wealthy man, Tommy—a very rich man with castles and ships and gold."

And, then, I bit into a thimble and Mary laughed and said, "The little people winked when they gave you that, Janie. You're much too pretty to be an old maid. Maybe it means that you'll have to work for happiness—but that's all right."

Oh, I remember so much about Mary—her simple wisdom, her surprises, the games she taught me ("Always play fair, Janie—otherwise, you'll never have fun when you win"), the doll clothes she fashioned.

Then there's another day in our lives which clings to my memory, too—the day of Mary's father's funeral and the winding procession which stretched from one end of Main Street to the other.

After that Mary and her mother went away from the big house, down to the other end of Walnut to a little house not much bigger than the one we lived in. And, I cried all night because I thought I was losing Mary—that she was going out of my life as she left our neighborhood. But she hadn't been gone a week until she called and said, "I miss you, Janie—come to see me."

I hesitated before entering their plain, little square house that first time. This was no castle for a princess. Perhaps, the magic would be gone.

But when I stepped into that warm book-lined living room, I realized that houses don't make any difference at all. People can (*Continued on page* 58)

HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER

A new ballad that will take its place among your old favorites after you've heard Roy Rogers sing it on his Tuesday night show

Lyrics by
NED WASHINGTON

Music by
HOAGY CARMICHAEL

Chorus

HANDS A-CROSS THE BOR - DER, Hands that reach my heart Are stir - ring ten - der

mem - o - ries; And the touch of them will haunt me for-

ev - er, Dream so much of them I'm nev-er at ease;

I've held your HANDS A-CROSS THE BOR - DER, Since we've been a - part, But

now I want to see things through; Back where dreams are made to

or - der in our old Ren-dez - vous, HANDS A-CROSS THE BOR - DER

Call-ing me to you. you.

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ROY ROGERS, King of the Cowboys . . . who, like all little boys, idolized the old Western stars, and grew up to become a greater idol than any of them to another generation of little boys—and girls . . . who really knows ranches because he was raised around them (he lives, with his wife and two little girls, on a huge one at Encino, California) . . . who, with his horse Trigger and his gay, tender guitar, brings a special gift to Americans, preserving for us the color, the romance, the excitement, all the rich background of the old West, which might drift from our memories if it were not for his movies and his radio program, heard Tuesdays, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T., Mutual.

Afraid...!

Grey fear covered the sky, hold

The power, the shining truth—Ted must be made to understand it!

THE STORY:

I KNEW, that night at the hospital, that there would never again be any peace for Ted or for me. Ted's crazy, strangled voice died away, and a silence followed, a silence that was worse, somehow, than anything that had gone before. No one had heard the struggle, and Ted, for all his passion, had spoken quietly; the hospital staff had not been aroused. The three of us were moveless, wooden images, and the only live thing in the room was the terrible, helpless pity in Wade's eyes.

Then Ted turned his head and said in a tired voice, "Come on, Mary," and started out the door.

I didn't move. In all the stunned emptiness of my mind there was no reason, no impulse to action, but only a sense of final, dreadful fulfillment. It had come, the thing I'd been afraid of when I first met Ted—not that I had foreseen Billy's death, but I had been afraid of something like it, something that would wake in Ted his sleeping spirit of violence and revenge.

"You'd better go." The whispered words came from Wade. With one bandaged hand at his reddened throat, he looked at me and inclined his head toward the door. "He needs you."

I looked at him in mute gratitude, and as I left the room the tears in my eyes were for Wade, who had loved Billy, too, and who perhaps had more to bear than any of us.

Ted was waiting for me in the corridor. He started when I came up to him, and as docilely as a child he followed me out of the building. Docilely, too, he took the right-hand seat in the car and let me—for the first time in all our driving about together—take the wheel. Only once he roused himself, and that was at the side road that led to our house. "Go on to the field," he ordered.

"To the field?" I repeated stupidly.

He explained. "They'll be going out to look for the plane."

Sudden wild hope leaped inside me. "Ted, do you think there's a chance—"

The look he gave me was cruel in its finality. "There's no chance at all. Bill's gone, as sure as Wade killed him."

"Ted!" All of my horror was in that one word. Ted knew it, but he made no effort to retract what he had said, no effort to reassure me. He only

ng Mary's heart earthbound. But she and Ted had wings, once—could they find them again?

looked at me, and then down the dark highway. I knew then how utterly useless it was to hope that he could see things my way, how completely different we were. Ted was taking this tragedy as personally as he took everything else. To him, Wade and not circumstances was responsible for Billy's death; he must make Wade pay. I knew that, too, although I tried to push the knowledge away, tried to tell myself that it was only shock that had made him act as he had at the hospital, speak as he had spoken now. We rode on down the highway, not speaking, separated as we had never before been separated.

The lights of the airport glared harshly as we turned into it. People came up to us, some openly sympathetic, some hiding their sympathy under a grim practicality, according to their natures. Someone loaned Ted a jacket, since he was still wearing the light shirt in which he had run from the house. Someone told me that neither of us would be expected at work the next day or two, especially since our vacation was to begin . . . the vacation on which we were to have taken Bill east.

I got back into the car, and Ted came over to me, put his hand on mine. "They think they've located the plane," he said. "I shouldn't be gone long. But in case I am, maybe you'd better go to your folks."

I nodded, and before he turned away, he kissed me—a kiss that was oddly like a farewell, especially meaningful even under these grave circumstances. I've often thought since then that his mind was clearer and his thoughts surer that night than in any of the months that followed, and that he knew what was coming and was offering me my freedom so that I shouldn't have to go through it with him. But I'll never know surely, because I didn't go to my parents that night. I intended to; I didn't want to face the long uncertain hours alone, but when I came to the side road that led off the highway toward our house, I turned into it without thinking. The house was still lighted as we had left it, and the travel folders were scattered in a semi-circle on the livingroom floor, and Bill's sweater, the blue sweater he was forever forgetting, was draped over a chair. These innocent things struck like blows at my aching heart, and I was glad then that I had come home. It would have been far more cruel if Ted had seen them.

That night and the next day passed, somehow. I remember that I sat for a long time holding Billy's sweater, my heart twisted to the breaking point—and yet I couldn't cry. I kept seeing Ted's dark face, naked-looking and terrible as it had been at the hospital, seeing the red prints of his fingers on Wade's throat, and fear swallowed my sorrow. Toward morning I had sense enough to pick up the folders and put the sweater away so that Ted wouldn't see them, and then I dozed for a while, until the telephone began to ring. It kept on ringing, incessantly it seemed, and I answered it each time, thinking that Ted might be calling; but it was always someone else. My parents called. They had heard of the accident over the radio, and they were hurt to think that I hadn't turned to them immediately. I answered them almost shortly; I was ashamed of myself for it afterward, but I'd had to be short with them. Always, I'd talked over everything with them, and I was afraid now that if I said more than a few words, I would blurt out all that was in my mind, and they would be shocked and repelled. Friends at the airport called, and friends in town, and finally I let the telephone ring unanswered while I slept.

TED came home that evening. I had awakened, and bathed and put on a fresh housedress, and I was getting dinner, not because I expected him or because I was hungry, but because I had to have something to do. I was setting the dining room table when I saw him coming up the front walk, and my heart stopped at the exhausted, beaten look of him, at the tired, shambling gait that was so unlike his long, free stride. I thought, "They found the plane. . . ." Then, irrelevantly, I wondered why he had taken the front way. Usually he came around the back, knowing that I would be in the kitchen at dinner time. Then, when I went to open the door for him, I knew that he had not expected to find me there at all. The look on his face told me as much; it was a look of incredulity and shame and pathetic gratitude.

He stopped on the walk, looking up at me. Then he came forward—hurrying now, no longer dragging one foot behind the other—and took me in his arms and held me as if I were all that he had to hold to in the world.

"I frightened you," he said after a while.

"Yes," I said, "you did."

"I'm sorry," he said humbly. "I—You know I don't want to do anything foolish, Mary."

I stiffened, even while my arms tightened around him. *Foolish,* he'd said, not *wrong.* He wasn't forgiving Wade. He was merely saying that he would withhold his hand because retaliation would be unwise. In the next moment I melted toward him. Ted couldn't help feeling as he did toward Wade. He had never been taught to feel differently, to think from any side but his own. Even this much of an admission from him was a step in the right direction. Surely, he had passed the critical point, and from now on his wound would begin to heal. . . .

But Ted wasn't past the crisis, although it was several days before I realized it. There was a great deal to do—tasks that were hard and yet good for us, because they kept us from thinking of ourselves and of our loss. There was the funeral, and all of the arrangements for it, and the cancellation of our travel tickets, and the notifying of Billy's school. And there were our friends, who telephoned and came to see us and who were as hard to face as the grim tasks, but who were good for us for the same reason. When Ted and I were alone together we didn't talk except about practical things; to speak of what lay close to our hearts hurt too much.

One morning toward the end of our "vacation" I couldn't help speaking of it. We were at breakfast, the hour of the day that had always been so full of sunlight and laughter. The sun still splashed over the kitchen floor, but there was no laughter, no banter over who was to drive me to work. Ted had the morning paper before him—he hadn't turned a page in a quarter of an hour—and I sat staring out the window because I had either to look there or at Ted's paper or at Billy's empty place. Suddenly I heard myself saying, "I wish we could go away."

Ted's paper came down. "Why?" he asked harshly. "Are you afraid?"

I looked around, startled. I hadn't been afraid, just then. I had been thinking that if there were painful memories for me here, there must be more painful ones for Ted, and that it would be (*Continued on page* 98)

SUITABLE SUBSTITUTES

Fish, cheese, vegetables, nuts—all of these, and many other foods, can be prepared with imagination and variety, and combined into Lenten meals that your family will find delicious at any time of year.

I HAVE collected for this month's article recipes for dishes to serve during Lent. Fish, almost endless in variety and in variety of preparation, heads the list, of course, and following closely in popularity are cheese, eggs, beans, all so high in protein that they are adaptable for year-round good eating as well as for the Lenten season.

Baked Stuffed Fish

1½ cups coarsely broken soda crackers
1 small onion, minced
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
¼ tsp. basil, marjoram or thyme (optional)
1 tbl. minced sweet pickle
¼ cup melted margarine

Use mackerel, bass, white fish, etc. A 3-pound fish, after cleaning, will serve 4 or 5 persons. Mix stuffing ingredients in order named, insert in lengthwise slit in fish. Tie firmly enough to hold stuffing in place, dot with margarine, and bake on shallow baking dish, which has been rubbed with margarine, in 325 degree oven until done, about 1 hour.

Baked Fish Cutlet or Steak

1½ lb. cutlets about 1 inch thick
1 tbl. salt
1 cup milk
1 cup cracker crumbs

Haddock, swordfish, etc. are good prepared this way. Add salt to milk and soak fish in it for about 20 minutes. Drain and dredge with cracker crumbs. Place in shallow baking dish, brush melted margarine over top and bake in 325 degree oven until tender, 20 to 30 minutes.

Shellfish Fritters

18 shellfish
1 cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
⅔ cup water
2 tbls. melted margarine
1 egg white

Use either oysters or clams, raw, or cooked or canned shrimp. Mix together flour, salt and pepper, stir in water, then melted margarine. Beat egg white stiff and fold in. Dip fish into batter and fry in deep fat at 365 degrees or panfry in melted margarine. Allow 5 to 6 minutes for raw clams or oysters, 2 to 3 minutes for cooked shrimp.

Fish Souffle

1 tbl. margarine
1 tbl. flour
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
⅔ cup milk
4 eggs, separated
1 cup flaked cooked fish

Melt margarine over low heat, blend in flour, salt and pepper. Add milk and cook slowly, stirring constantly to prevent lumpiness, until sauce is thick. Cool. When sauce is cool, beat in egg yolks, then stir in fish. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Pour into baking dish which has been rubbed with margarine (use one which is deep enough to allow the souffle to rise) and bake in 350 degree oven until firm and golden brown, about 20 minutes. Follow same directions for cheese souffle, substituting grated cheese for fish.

Nut and Spinach Mold

4 cups cooked spinach
1 cup chopped nut meats
½ cup crumbs
½ tsp. salt
Pinch pepper
3 eggs

Drain spinach thoroughly and chop fine. Add crumbs and nut meats. Beat

Continued on page 89)

BY KATE SMITH

RADIO MIRROR'S FOOD COUNCELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Sunday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, at 7:00 EWT.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30	Blue:	Sylvia Marlowe, Harpsichordist
		8:45	CBS:	The Symphonettes
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	World News Roundup
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Blue Correspondents at Home and Abroad
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
5:00	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
6:15	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Commando Mary
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Words and Music
		11:00	MBS:	Pauline Alpert
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	AAF Symphonic Flight Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Marion Loveridge
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	The Eternal Light
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Concert Orchestra, direction Josef Stopak
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Stradivari Orch., Paul Lavalle
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Transatlantic Call
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy
	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	George Hicks From Europe
10:45	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow (from London)
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Sammy Kaye's Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Chicago Round Table
11:00	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Matinee Theater, Victor Jory
11:00		2:00	NBC:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	John Charles Thomas
		2:30	Blue:	National Vespers
		2:55	CBS:	Olive Downes
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	New York Philharmonic Symphony
		3:00	Blue:	Charlotte Greenwood Show
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Army Hour
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Ethel Barrymore as "Miss Hattie"
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Darts for Dough
		4:30	Blue:	Andrews Sister Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Nelson Eddy
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Music America Loves
2:00		5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Mary Small Revue
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS:	Upton Close
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
		5:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera Presents
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Fannie Brice
8:00		6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Kate Smith
4:15	5:15	7:15	Blue:	Don Gardiner, News
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
		7:45	MBS:	Samuel Grafton
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Greenfield Village Chapel
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Edgar Bergen
8:30	7:00		CBS:	Blondie
		8:00	MBS:	Mediation Board
		8:15	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson, News
		8:30	Blue:	Joe E. Brown
8:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	One Man's Family
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Readers Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashion Revival
7:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	Hollywood Mystery Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Texaco Star Theater, James Melton
8:15	8:30	9:45	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	The Life of Riley
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Comedy Theater, Harold Lloyd
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	We The People
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Bill Costello
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Vera Brodsky, pianist
	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Cesar Saerchinger
10:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Pacific Story

A BEAUTY GREW IN BROOKLYN . . .

Make all the disparaging remarks you like about Brooklyn, but when it can produce girls like lovely, five-foot-five, bright-eyed Charlotte Manson, the radio actress, for our side of the argument—take a back seat, please!

Charlotte was born in Brooklyn and did most of her growing up there. Of course, by the time she went to Hunter College, she had pretty well made up her mind what she wanted to do with her life, and as preparation for her ambition joined the dramatic club.

With her B.S. degree tucked under her arm, Charlotte got her first professional job—which means paying job—as an extra in a movie which called for a lot of screaming. She did so well with her assignment that she later discovered the casting director had her listed in his little black book as an expert "screamer."

Charlotte didn't have to look for jobs much after that. In 1939, she was auditioned by NBC to play the role of the Glamour Girl in Parade of Progress and won the part in competition with over two hundred girls, some of them seasoned radio actresses.

After that, it was easier and easier. CBS was looking for someone to play a debutante in Society Girl and tried very hard to find an honest-to-Cartier's deb who could read lines. It turned out that the best they could do was sign Charlotte, who was not in the Social Register, but who happened to look amazingly like Brenda Diana Duff Frazier—remember her? Charlotte's been busy ever since. She's appeared regularly on shows like Myrt and Marge, Hilltop House, Gangbusters and a number of Arch Oboler's plays. In 1940, she was signed to play the lead in Stepmother and played the part for more than eighteen months. The role of Rose Kransky in the Guiding Light show, from Chicago, which she played next, attracted so much attention that Hollywood scouts traveled to Chicago to interview her. Arrangements were made for her to go to the West Coast and be screen tested as soon as her job was over. But when that job was done, she got another one too good to turn down—and so it has gone on, from serials like Romance of Helen Trent and Amanda of Honeymoon Hill to thrillers like Counter-spy, Gangbusters and Nick Carter.

Hollywood's still a beckoning will-o'-the-wisp, but Charlotte doesn't want to rush into things. She wants very much to make her mark in the theatre before taking her chances on the movies. Meanwhile, she works hard and takes her work seriously. She's very tense and concentrated in front of a microphone and never gets out of the character she has assumed for the moment.

MONDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winter
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
7:45	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Lisa Sergio
	10:10	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:10	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
3:30	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
8:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Navy Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:00	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life—Drama
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Ethel and Albert
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis, News
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	"I'll Buy That"
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along Club
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Tim Healy
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	P.W.	T.	CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Hedda Hopper's Hollywood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone From Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Blind Date
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Lux Radio Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Happy Island—Ed Wynn
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Information Please
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Guy Lombardo
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Johnny Morgan Show
		10:30	Blue:	Melody in the Night
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Dr. I. Q.

TUESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
	8:00	8:30	Blue:	News
		9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
		9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:15	10:15	NBC:	News of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	On Target—Variety
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	The Women's Exchange
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:30	CBS:	High Places
	2:45	3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
		3:45	Blue:	"Yours Alone"
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:40	4:45	CBS:	The Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	CBS:	Swing Along Club
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Ross Sisters
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
9:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Capt. Healy
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News—Joseph C. Harsch
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	News
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:30	Blue:	The Green Hornet
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
9:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Dick Haymes
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Theater of Romance
8:30	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
		8:30	Blue:	Alan Young Show
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	A Date with Judy
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Big Town
5:55	7:30	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	7:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gracie Fields Show
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mystery Theater
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Inner Sanctum
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	This Is My Best
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	9:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John S. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Listen, the Women
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Service to the Front
9:30		10:15		
10:30		10:30	CBS:	Congress Speaks
7:30	10:30		NBC:	Hildegarde
	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Casey, Press Photographer
		11:30	NBC:	Words at War

A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE . . .

She has risen to fame singing tunes of the horse-and-buggy days, but Beatrice Kay, star of NBC's Gaslight Gayeties, is young, modern and completely 1945.

Beatrice was born in New York City, but that doesn't mean anything, because she was taken touring by her parents when she was still an infant. Her father, who had given up the study of medicine in favor of stage direction, was always busy on the road. Her mother was a theatrical costume designer and also always busy on the road.

Luckily for Beatrice, considering the kind of life she lived, there was—and still is—a Professional Children's School. She was educated there and at Mount Kisco "Prep," where some of her schoolmates were Gene Raymond, Helen Chandler, Ruby Keeler and Milton Berle.

Through with school, Beatrice really went seriously to work. She appeared successively in stock, vaudeville and musical comedy until she was stricken with a severe case of laryngitis. She had to rest, then, and was warned by a throat specialist that she must stop singing for at least a year because of a thickening of her vocal chords. That was a fine thing to slap at a girl who literally had to sing for her supper. Caught in that kind of a trap, Beatrice did the only thing she could do—she took her chances and went right on singing. Gradually, her voice developed an odd, raspy quality that was decidedly not right for the operetta career she had been hoping for.

Having taken her chances and lost, Beatrice didn't let herself get discouraged or tragic. She decided to do what she could with her new voice. She sang her first old-time song at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe in New York and not long after that was signed for a radio program featuring tunes of the 1900's.

Don't get the idea that Beatrice is trying to be funny when she sings those old songs. Her rendition of old-time ballads is the result of hours of study. She has a huge collection of old sheet music and has studied the period thoroughly. She listens for hours to Edison cylinder records of Anna Held, Maggie Kline, Eva Tanguay and others whose songs she sings. She doesn't imitate anyone, but she does try to capture the mood of the singers who introduced the songs. She also calls on her memory, having as a child heard many of the famous stars whose songs she does on the air.

And to show that Beatrice has succeeded in capturing a real old-time flavor, there's her fan mail. Many people write to tell her how young she sounds for an "old-timer." There are also lots of people who claim her voice hasn't changed a bit since they heard her many years ago.

Beatrice is married and, when not on tour or in Hollywood, she and her husband, Sylvan Green, live a quiet life between broadcasts in their 200-year-old house in Closter, New Jersey.

WEDNESDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:10	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
8:15	9:30	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:15	10:15	NBC:	News of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:40	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road to Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
	10:45	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	U. S. Air Force Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	1:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Three Pianos
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
		2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
12:15	1:15	2:15	Blue:	The Mystery Chef
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies, Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Tena and Tim
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
3:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voohris
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:34	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Bill Costello
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Encore Appearance
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
		7:00	Blue:	On Stage Everybody
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Ted Malone, from Overseas
9:15	7:00	8-99	MNS:	Cal Tinney
9:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Mr. and Mrs. North
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
	7:30	8:30	MBS:	Take a Card
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	David Harding—Counterspy
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	"Carton of Cheer"—Henny Youngman—Carol Bruce
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Keep Up With the World
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Frank Sinatra
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Which Is Which
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	College of Musical Knowledge
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Hire's Program
7:30			CBS:	Milton Berle
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	The Colonel
		10:30	Blue:	Scramby-Amby Quiz

THURSDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T	C.W.T.			
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:30	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life Is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
		10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Amanda
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:40	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Sky High
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:40	12:45	1:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:10	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Irene Beasley
		3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
		4:30	CBS:	Milton Herth Trio
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
		4:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and the Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
		5:45	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	World News
	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan America
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	On Your Mark—Ted Husing
	5:30	6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:55		6:55	CBS:	Meaning of the News
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Supper Club
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Chesterfield Time, Johnnie Johnston
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
		7:45	Blue:	Chester Bowles
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Mr. Keen
6:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Bob Burns
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Suspense
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Frank Morgan
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Sheriff
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting}
9:00		8:30	NBC:	Dinah Shore
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Kraft Music Hall
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Corliss Archer
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Joan Davis, Jack Haley
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Teller
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fred Waring Show
7:00		10:00	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
7:15	9:15	10:15		
7:30	9:45	10:30	CBS:	Here's to Romance
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	March of Time
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	John Daly, News

REAL OLD TIMER . . .

According to Harry McNaughton, It Pays To Be Ignorant—you hear it on Fridays at 9 in the evening over the CBS network—is a unique show, because in it four comedians work together without cutting each other's throats.

Mr. McNaughton ought to know. He's been in show business a long time. What's more, so were his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather. Harry McNaughton was born in Surbiton, Surrey, England, and was attending Sussex College when the first World War broke out. Harry left school and enlisted at the age of 19. He was in the Army three years and nine months. His unhappiest memory of that time was being taken prisoner at St. Quentin. His happiest memory was escaping exactly six hours later and taking twelve other prisoners with him. He knew the terrain and was able to guide the party back to their own lines.

McNaughton was demobilized on February 15, 1919. On March 17th, less than a month later, he opened in Bruce Bairnfeather's classic play "The Better 'Ole." In that month, all McNaughton had to do was get a rest, learn over a hundred pages of dialogue, five songs and three dance routines—after getting over to the United States.

The run of the play was followed by a spell of movie making for Samuel Goldwyn. The years that followed were years of being a part of theatre history. McNaughton appeared with all the greats of Broadway and worked for all the famous producers—the Schuberts, George M. Cohan, Al Woods, the Selwyns and the rest. He was in three Winter Garden Revues with Mistinguette and Alice Delysia. And, of course, he appeared in the Ziegfield Follies.

McNaughton specializes in giving audiences a picture of an Englishman just as he should be played and not a caricature. This you know if you remember him in the many pictures in which he's appeared, having worked for all the major studios. And remember him as "Bottle" on the Phil Baker program?

Harry McNaughton's wife, the former Marion Turpie, was born at St. Andrews, Scotland. If you're a sports fan, you'll recognize that name. That's where the game of golf was originated. Mrs. McNaughton is the second ranking golfer of the United States. McNaughton's great hope is that he will live long enough to learn to play well enough to beat her at the game. He swings a pretty mean club, himself. Last year, he qualified for the State championships at Lake Placid with an 80.

McNaughton likes working in radio. It keeps him on his toes. He's very conscious of being able to reach millions of people every time he steps before the microphone, more people on each program than he could ever reach in a lifetime on the stage.

FRIDAY

Eastern War Time

P.W.T.	C.W.T.			
		8:15	Blue:	Your Life Today
		8:15	NBC:	Do You Remember
		8:30	Blue:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Mirth and Madness
	2:15	9:15	CBS:	American School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	This Life is Mine
6:45		9:45	NBC:	Alice Cornell
8:15	9:10	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	My True Story
		10:00	NBC:	Lora Lawton
		10:15	NBC:	News of the World
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Light of the World
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters
		10:30	Blue:	Cliff Edwards, Songs
		10:30	NBC:	Finders Keepers
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	The Listening Post
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
3:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Rosemary
12:30	10:10	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Gilbert Martyn
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Bob Johnston & Ilene Woods
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
		12:00	Blue:	Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
		12:30	NBC:	U. S. Marine Band
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Makers
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Blue Correspondents Abroad
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Bernardine Flynn, News
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Joyce Jordan
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	John B. Kennedy, News
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Two on a Clue
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Today's Children
11:30	1:00	2:30	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Ladies Be Seated
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Woman in White
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Perry Mason Stories
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	Mary Marlin
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Morton Downey
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	A Woman of America
		3:15	Blue:	Appointment With Life
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
		3:15	CBS:	Tena and Tim
	2:30	3:30	CBS:	High Places
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	Blue:	Yours Alone
		3:45	CBS:	Bob Trout
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
12:45	2:45	4:00	Blue:	Westbrook Van Voorhis
	3:00	4:00	CBS:	Service Time
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
		4:15	Blue:	Don Norman Show
1:25		4:30	CBS:	Milt Herth Trio
3:00		4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:30	2:30	4:30	Blue:	I'll Buy That
1:30	3:45	4:45	CBS:	Sing Along Club
		4:45	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Sing Along
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
		5:15	CBS:	Feature Story, Bob Trout
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Dick Tracy
	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Terry Allen and The Three Sisters
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:15	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
5:45	5:45	5:15	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45		5:15	CBS:	Wilderness Road
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
		6:00	Blue:	Kiernan's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS:	To Your Good Health
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC:	Serenade to America
	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Sally Moore, Contralto
		6:40	NBC:	Bill Stern
		6:45	NBC:	Lowell Thomas
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Joseph C. Harsch, Wash., D. C
8:00			CBS:	Jack Kirkwood
	10:00	7:00	CBS:	I Love a Mystery
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Chesterfield Music Shop
	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Show
		7:15	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	News of the World
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Friday on Broadway
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	The Aldrich Family
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	"Stars of the Future"
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Highways in Melody—Paul Lavalle
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Duffy's Tavern
		8:30	CBS:	Adventures of the Thin Man
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bill Henry
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	It Pays To Be Ignorant
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	People Are Funny
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Coronet Story Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Amos and Andy
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Durante and Moore
7:30		10:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
7:30		10:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
		10:30	Blue:	The Doctor Talks It Over

SATURDAY

P.W.T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News of the World
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:15	NBC:	Richard Leibert, Organist
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-Shopping
		8:30	Blue:	United Nations News, Review
		8:45	CBS:	Margaret Brien
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Home Is What You Make It
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	The Garden Gate
		9:30	CBS:	Country Journal
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	David Shoop Orchestra
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Grantland Rice, Sports Stories
11:00	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	What's Cooking—Variety
9:00	9:40	10:45	NBC:	Alex Drier
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Land of the Lost
		11:00	NBC:	First Piano Quartet
8:05		11:05	CBS:	Let's Pretend
		11:30	Blue:	Transatlantic Quiz—London-New York
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Fashions in Rations
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	The Land of the Lost
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Smilin' Ed McConnell
		11:45	Blue:	Chatham Shopper
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Kay Armen, Songs
	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Atlantic Spotlight
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Eddie Condon's Jazz Concert
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Rhythms For Saturday
		1:30	Blue:	Soldiers With Wings
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	The Baxters
	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Report from Washington
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	John Mac Vane From London
		2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	These Are Our Men
	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Of Men and Books
		2:15	CBS:	Adventures in Science
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	Musiciana
		2:30	CBS:	Carolina Hayride
		3:00	NBC:	Symphony
		3:00	CBS:	The Land is Bright
12:00	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Syncopation Piece
		3:30	CBS:	Job For Tomorrow
1:00		4:00	CBS:	Report from Washington
		4:15	CBS:	Report from Overseas
1:35	3:35	4:30	CBS:	Assignment Home
		4:30	NBC:	Music on Display
		4:45	CBS:	Report from London
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	Grand Hotel
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Concert Orchestra
		5:00	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	John W. Vandercook
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Philadelphia Orchestra
3:30	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Curt Massey, Vagabonds
2:45	4:45	5:45	Blue:	Hello, Sweetheart
3:15		6:00	NBC:	I Sustain the Wings
	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	People's Platform
3:15	5:15	6:15	Blue:	Storyland Theater
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:55	5:55	6:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	World's Great Novels
		7:15	Blue:	Leland Stowe
	7:00	7:30	CBS:	Mrs. Miniver
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
4:30	6:30	8:00	Blue:	Early American Dance Music
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Danny Kaye
		8:00	NBC:	Gaslight Gayeties with Beatrice Kay
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Boston Symphony Orchestra
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	F.B.I. In Peace and War
		8:30	MBS:	Cisco Kid
8:00		8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequence
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Bob Trout
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
		9:55	Blue:	Coronet Quiz
		10:00	Blue:	The Man Called X—Herbert Marshall
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Palmolive Party
		10:15	CBS:	Al Pearce
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Grand Ole Opry
11:05	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Talks
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News
	11:15	11:30	Blue:	Hoosier Hop

COVER GIRL

Mysterious lady of radio is beautifully-gowned Hildegarde, who rose to fame because a king insisted on hearing her sing

By ELEANOR HARRIS

IN JUNE of this year a new radio star opened for business—and by this time she is 10th in radio popularity in these United States, and she is earning $10,000 a week. (Combined earnings from her radio show and her nightly singing at the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel in New York City.) The new-born star is Hildegarde, and the smash-hit program is The Raleigh Room, heard Tuesdays at 10:30 PM EWT, directly after Bob Hope. And thereby hangs a tale, a tale stamped "Made in America."

But first let us tell you about the heroine of the story. If you want to see her, you would have to go either to the Persian Room or her broadcasting studio—for she vanishes like dew in the sunshine except during her public appearances. Once at either place, you'd see an intimate nightclub setting: a couple of dozen white-clothed tables surrounding a tiny dance floor. From the ceiling, two pin-point flood lights pick out Hildegarde—who is seated at a piano, with her meticulously waved blonde head bent over the keyboard, and her lovely figure draped in a custom-built $300 evening gown in any one of a dozen subtle shades. As she sang her intimate songs in her amazingly flexible voice, you'd watch the many flirtatious, gay, charming expressions for which she's famous cross her face. She must be in her mid-thirties, but you'd be ready to swear on any handy Bible that she was 25. She'd sing current hit songs, and past hit songs, and her own special theme song, "Darling, Je Vous Aime Beaucoup." Waiting in a distant doorway you'd see her manager, dark, shrewd, friendly Anna Sosenko, and together they would melt into oblivion until Hildegarde's next appearance in public.

Now you have seen Hildegarde—the darling of cafe society, the reigning song princess of smart nightclubs for the past eight years. You have also seen a mystery woman, whose history is only revealed in flashes. But the flashes make up the Story of Hildegarde—and as we said before, the story is certainly one stamped with the American rags-to-riches trademark.

She was born Hildegarde Loretta Sell, in Milwaukee. Her father was a harness maker, and she began her musical career by playing in the school orchestra at St. Johns Cathedral School in Milwaukee. After graduation she played the organ in her neighborhood movie theater, accompanying the silent pictures of those days. But a year of that was enough; and finally she went off on numerous vaudeville tours to accompany singers on the piano. It was on a one-night stopover in Camden, New Jersey, at a small boarding house that she met its owner—Anna Sosenko. A year later, Anna became Hildegarde's manager; and for fourteen years they have come up together, step by step, into the prominence they have today. They have never had a written contract, either; Anna, by spoken agreement, gets half of what Hildegarde makes. But when they first went into partnership, (*Continued on page* 56)

She's Engaged to a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force *She's Lovely!*

HER RING—an upraised center diamond flanked by smaller diamonds on intricate design in gold.

FRANCES KING, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., of the old Hudson River family—another lovely Pond's bride-to-be. Her engagement to H. Paul Richards, of the R.C.A.F., was announced last May

Pretty as a picture—and a complexion so petal-*clear* you'd think Frances' beauty was just happenstance.

But Frances herself says, very positively, she *keeps* it that way with her faithful Pond's devotions.

"Skin *needs* regular care," she declares. "I love my daily and nightly Pond's Cold-Creamings. They make my skin feel glorious."

HOW FRANCES BEAUTY-CARES FOR HER FACE WITH POND'S

First—she *smooths* snowy Pond's Cold Cream all over face and throat, pats it with brisk finger tips to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off well.

Next—she *rinses* with more luscious-soft Pond's, plying her white-tipped fingers around nose, mouth, cheeks, forehead. Tissues off. "This double-creaming is *important*," Frances says, "makes skin *extra* clean, *extra* soft."

Use Pond's Frances' way—every morning, every night. Daytime, too, for clean-ups. You'll find it's no accident engaged girls like Frances, noted society beauties, love this soft-smooth beauty care.

Get a *big* jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. You'll like being able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in the luxurious, *big* jar.

SHE'S A DARLING! Frances is petite, with wistful brown eyes and skin baby-soft! "I keep it nice with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's such a *grand* cream!"

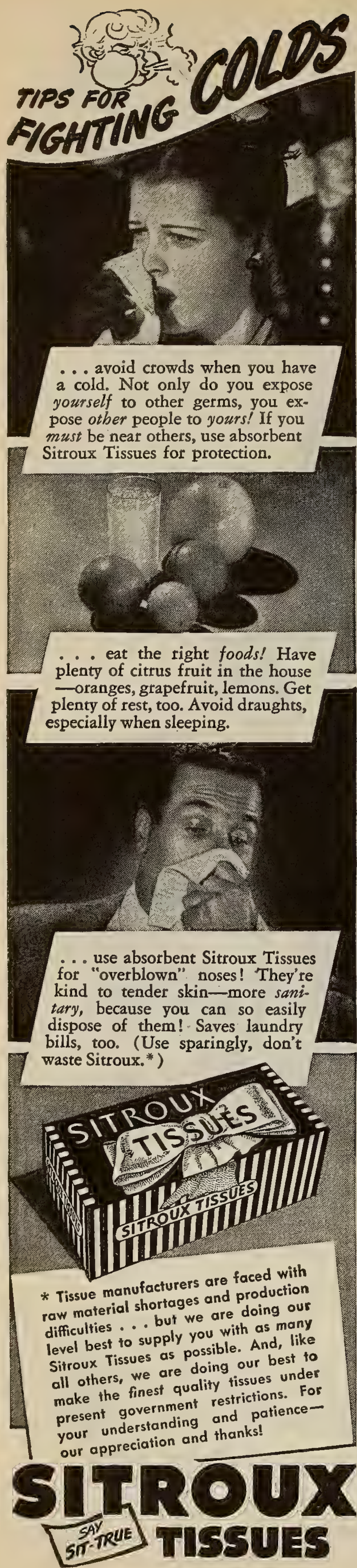
ON HIS FURLOUGHS Paul and Frances are inseparable. While he is away she serves, too—in the Red Cross, at the canteen, the Halloran Hospital.

TODAY—many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

She uses Pond's

A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

- MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III
- LADY BRIGID KING-TENISON
- MRS. GERALDINE SPRECKELS
- MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, JR.
- MRS. JAMES J. CABOT



Cover Girl

(*Continued from page* 54)

that half was often nothing at all!

Shortly after they met, Hildegarde ceased piano-playing in favor of song-plugging for a music publisher. Shortly after that, she began singing at a New York hotel; and then she and Anna pushed off to try their luck in England and Paris. They owned a few cheap dresses, packed in a couple of cheap suitcases; and for three years of obscurity they weren't able to add anything else to their belongings. Hildegarde was playing double solitaire in her hotel room far oftener than she was singing in cafes—though America never knew that; for clever Anna spent any spare money they had on cables to the United States raving about the "Incomparable Hildegarde" and her triumphs in Europe. And finally, she had a true triumph . . . all due to a King.

Hildegarde had been singing for two weeks at the Cafe de Paris in London, with no notable success. One night, of course, King Gustave of Sweden had been in to hear her; but he had simply drifted in as he would at any time. So when her two weeks were up, the manager invited her to depart. She did; and the following night King Gustave was back—demanding to know where the blonde singer had gone? Naturally, the manager broke all speed records to the telephone, called Hildegarde back that very night . . . and overnight she became a famous hit. A King had given her her start!

BACK in the United States a few months later, she was received with cheers of exaltation by everyone. She began rotating from one swank "in-time" spot to another—the Persian Room at New York's Plaza Hotel; the Oval Room at Boston's Copley-Plaza; the Embassy Room of Washington's Statler Hotel; the Empire Room of Chicago's Palmer House. Always she was a sure sell-out. Already the fanatic Hildegarde followers had formed, and her fame spread as her song repertoire increased. What helped the Hildegarde legend immensely was the atmosphere in which she surrounded herself—thanks to the advice of Anna.

Never before, in nightclubs, had a singer "staged" herself so effectively. Never before had delicate spotlights picked out anyone in such a fashion as to throw huge silhouettes of her profile on two walls of the room. Never before had a singer planned such eye-catching dresses, some of them unusual and exotic enough to start new trends in styles. And never before had a singer had such an air of mystery —much of it born of Anna's rule (also new to the nightclub business): "Never be seen by the public except when performing—never, never sit at friends' tables between shows."

Hildegarde's fame grew with her ability to handle her audiences, too—a noisy drunk prompts her to interrupt her song, smile at him indulgently, and say, "The gentlemen's room is down the hall and to your left" . . . and then continue, with unbroken rhythm, her song. This always quashes the drunk and wows the audience. And it fits right in with Hildegarde's informal, intimate type of singing, almost as if she were a glamorous friend singing in your home instead of a paid entertainer in a public place.

It was the "Beat the Band" program that first brought her to the airwaves, as m.c. of the show. Soon after, "The Raleigh Room" was born, starring Hildegarde. And again, Anna and Hildegarde upset tradition. Instead of having the usual studio audience sitting in a radio theater, with Hildegarde before a microphone on the stage, they insisted on a regular nightclub set—complete with snowy-clothed tables and guests, with only the drinks missing. And, as in her nightclub stint, Hildegarde is planted with piano in the middle of the spotlit dance floor—her gown lustrous, her perfume haunting, and, as she puts it, "this personality of the show" going out over the air to the great radio public of America.

Hildegarde, the mysterious darling of the swank city spots, has become the mysterious darling of the land—and again with a new technique which may spread to a thousand other radio shows. The whole country is now humming, "Darling, je vous aime Hildegarde"—and while the French may be confusing, it's clear that Hildegarde has taken over.

All the Girls Are Pretty

(*Continued from page* 16)

clean and do their cooking for them.

Carlos can't get over the fact that some of the prettiest girls he's met have been able to broil a steak and put together a salad, and still look bewitching while doing it.

Carlos is keeping his eyes open—trying to find out how American girls do it. He's asked a lot of them direct questions, and if any of the girls from his homeland want to know our beauty secrets Carlos will tell them plenty about diet and exercise and fresh air and lots of sleep—and having an interest in something outside one's self. These are the factors, he has decided, which make the girls of the United States the prettiest in the world, and that last item is the most important of all!

While he has been checking up on American girls, American girls have been discovering Carlos. He's not unaware of the excitement he causes in feminine hearts wherever he goes. Sinatra himself isn't welcomed with more audible sighs or limper looks. But he's not spoiled by it—for Carlos, unused to feminine pulchritude in such large doses, is sighing right back. "They have such magnificent figures!" he exclaims, and then adds, with gentle reproof, "but how can they wear slacks? It is a pity—to cover up such beautiful legs!"

Carlos was singing at the Waldorf when a talent scout came along and scooped him up for Hollywood and movies. Thus far he's been seen in two pictures and more are in the making, and of course he's heard every Thursday night on NBC with Frank Morgan. But Carlos still has one eye on the Metropolitan—and one on American girls, the most beautiful in the world!

"Love is a lot of Little things!"

Famous Star gives advice on how to win romance and hold it!

"Every girl knows that in love *everything*'s important! What you wear, what you say, how you *look*," says charming Anne Baxter. "So don't be careless, don't risk losing the loveliness that wins Romance and *holds* it!"

IN RECENT TESTS of Lux Toilet Soap facials, actually 3 out of 4 complexions improved in a short time!

Starring in
20th Century-Fox's
"A ROYAL SCANDAL"

ANNE BAXTER

"Don't toss a Coin

to decide whether or not you take a Lux Soap beauty bath before your date. Make daintiness *sure*."

"Don't believe a word of it

when temptation whispers: You're much too tired for beauty care tonight. Regular Active-lather facials with Lux Soap take just a few moments—and they really make skin softer, smoother—*lovelier*."

"You get your Man

—and you *hold* him, too, when you take the *right* beauty care. I use Lux Soap every single day —for my complexion, and as a *bath* soap, too."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it—*This Beauty Care really makes skin lovelier!*

Yes—

YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND HERE'S THE SECRET—a make-up *miracle* awaits you in the new *duo-tone* Rouge by Princess Pat. As you apply it, mysteriously and amazingly the color seems to come from within the skin—bringing out new hidden beauty. Your color looks so real, no one could believe that you use rouge at all!

LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR! There's an amazing 'lift' to Princess Pat Rouge that gives you fresh confidence in your beauty—bids you be irresistible—and if you feel irresistible, well, naturally, you *are!*

THE RIGHT WAY TO ROUGE

For the most lasting and natural effect:

- Apply rouge *before* powdering.
- Smile into mirror. Note that the cheek raises. Apply rouge to the raised area in the form of a > pointing toward the nose.
- Blend with finger tips outward in all directions. Notice that Princess Pat Rouge leaves no edges.
- Put a touch of rouge to each ear lobe and point of chin.
- Now, apply Princess Pat Face Powder.

ONLY PRINCESS PAT ROUGE has the *duo-tone* secret—an undertone and overtone are blended in each shade. See it perform its beauty miracle on YOU! Until you do, you'll never know how lovely you really can be.

And Lips to Match—

Key your lips perfectly to your cheeks—the effect is stunning! You'll love the smoothness of Princess Pat Lipstick and its amazing power to stay on. The shades are simply heavenly! Wherever you buy cosmetics you'll find Princess Pat Rouge, Lipstick and Powder. Get yours today.

$1, 25c, 10c

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M

PRINCESS PAT

Glimpse of Heaven

Continued from page 45

be kind and courteous and thoughtful wherever they live. Mary was and always would be a—well, a great lady. And my heart was glad.

AND when her mother became ill—that didn't change Mary, either. She just went on proving with that blazing courage of hers that circumstances don't matter—it's what you do about them that counts. After her mother's second stroke, when Mrs. Benton had to be in bed all the time, Mary was busy taking care of her and going to high school, too, but she still had time for me. And never did I see her show the strain of the life she was living—never did I see her nervous or short-tempered. She seemed to have serene faith always—a shining belief that the world was all right and that she would find happiness. And that faith never dimmed during the long, hard years of her mother's invalidism.

When they moved from Elmwood so that Mary could go to business college in Cartersville, I was afraid once more that I was losing her. But that wasn't true. Fate was weaving the threads of our lives into a pattern—a design of great beauty and certain pain—a queer pattern twisted with admiration and love and almost unbearable heartache.

By the time I was in high school Mary had finished business college and was supporting her mother by teaching shorthand in that Cartersville school. She meant even more to me in this period than before—with the just-right gifts she sent me, the letters of pride she mailed when I achieved some special scholastic goal, her faith in me always, pointing out the better path, the wiser decision.

Somehow, I never had considered Mary's falling in love and getting married. She was much too good for any of the men I knew in Elmwood—too great a lady for marriage as I knew it—a bustling home and noisy children and pressing bills. To me, Mary still was a princess in an ivory tower of beauty and books and serenity. And, besides that, I'd heard Mother say so often, "It's too bad Mary's waited so long. She'll never get married. When you earn your own living until you're thirty, you're too independent for any man."

But, sometimes, Dad argued with her. "I don't know," he'd say. "Mary's a mighty pretty girl, and sweet, too. Some smart fellow would have found that out years ago if she hadn't had her mother there. And it isn't too late yet—just you wait."

But there wasn't any indication of a man's having wedged his way into her heart when I got her note which read:

"Janie, dear:

You've been out of high school almost two years—and you worry me because I'm afraid that you're wasting time working in the drugstore there. Not that I'm not proud of your job—but I think you can do better.

Would you like to come to live with me when our new term starts in January? You can stay here and go to business college. And, perhaps, after a year of school, you can get a job right here.

Love,

Mary.

P. S.: I need you, Janie. I'm so very lonely now that Mother has gone away."

Three months later I boarded the train for Cartersville—for my new home with Mary. And, once again, I was filled with foreboding—I was afraid that the years of worry and work and financial strain would have left a mark on Mary. I was frightened that in witnessing the stabbing of her hopes—in arriving at the age of thirty (which seemed old to me)—she would have lost the old enchantment.

But when I saw her coming toward me on the station platform—a tall, graceful woman, unhurried among the bustling travelers, I was delighted to see that the old magic still was there. She was prettier than I had ever seen her, with a rich new beauty which had about it an alert, alive quality, a sparkle that she had never had before.

I SENSED immediately that new meaning had come into her life—that the joys she had looked for so trustingly had been placed at her feet. Everything about her—her walk, her smile, her blue-bright eyes—were signposts to happiness.

"Mary, darling," I whispered, kissing her soft cheek, "you're so pretty."

Oh, it was good to be here—to realize that I would spend hours each day

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with this woman with the smiling eyes, the fine mind, the depth of understanding. And it was good to see her sparkling like the dew that had glinted on the velvet lawn of the Elmwood home where she was born. I grew warm as I looked into her eyes, as blue as the larkspur in that long-ago garden, and touched her slim hand.

She didn't tell me about Jerry until we were in her sunny, pleasant apartment and she was setting the table with its gleaming silver and immaculate linen for three.

"Judy, I've asked Jerry to come for dinner tonight—this first night—because I can't wait for you to know each other." Jerry—her voice changed when she said his name, matched the new glow in her face. "I want you to like him, and I know you will. He's very important to me, darling—and I want him to be to you."

"Who is Jerry—how long have you known him?" I asked, and my voice was tight with jealousy. Yes, jealousy—the sudden rush of resentment I had always felt when my Mary would give her smile, her thoughtfulness to another of her friends for however brief a moment. She had always chided me for it, gently, and explained that possessiveness was a small, mean, unworthy feeling—and I would try to get over it, because Mary said it was wrong. It disappeared now, too, because never in the world could I have resented anything that brought Mary such happiness that her smile, always lovely, took wings.

IT was just two months, she told me, since they had met. Jerry had been in the Army for two years before that, had seen service overseas, had been wounded and discharged.

"After his discharge from the Army, he came to business college to brush up on his accounting before going back into business. I was immediately attracted to him—and—well, he was lonely and lost—and so was I—and—"

"And you're not lonely any more," I finished for her. Any vestige of resentment against Jerry was gone now, replaced by an eager curiosity. This was the end of the story—the "happy ever afterward" part, and I was glad. This was the pot of gold under the rainbow—the dream Mary deserved to realize. What would he be like? I mentally pictured her going quietly down through the years with a tall, older, grey-haired man. I could see them in the life to come, quietly discussing books, spending long evenings listening to Mary's records.

And, then, when Jerry came, he didn't fit into that picture of mine at all. He was buoyant and young and happy just at being alive. He was younger than Mary by two years. And he was so high-spirited and full of laughter and fun that he seemed even younger than 28. He seemed more my age than Mary's.

Mary's eyes shone as she introduced us.

"Janie, this is Jerry. I want you to love him, too."

I wonder, sometimes, if our lives would have become so muddled if we—Jerry and I—hadn't gone to that movie that first evening. Because that's when I began thinking wrong, I'm sure. I had never before known two people in love—two people close to my own age, that is—and I had no way of knowing how they would act. What was more important, I had no way of knowing how they would feel, no way of recognizing the deep, quiet tie be-

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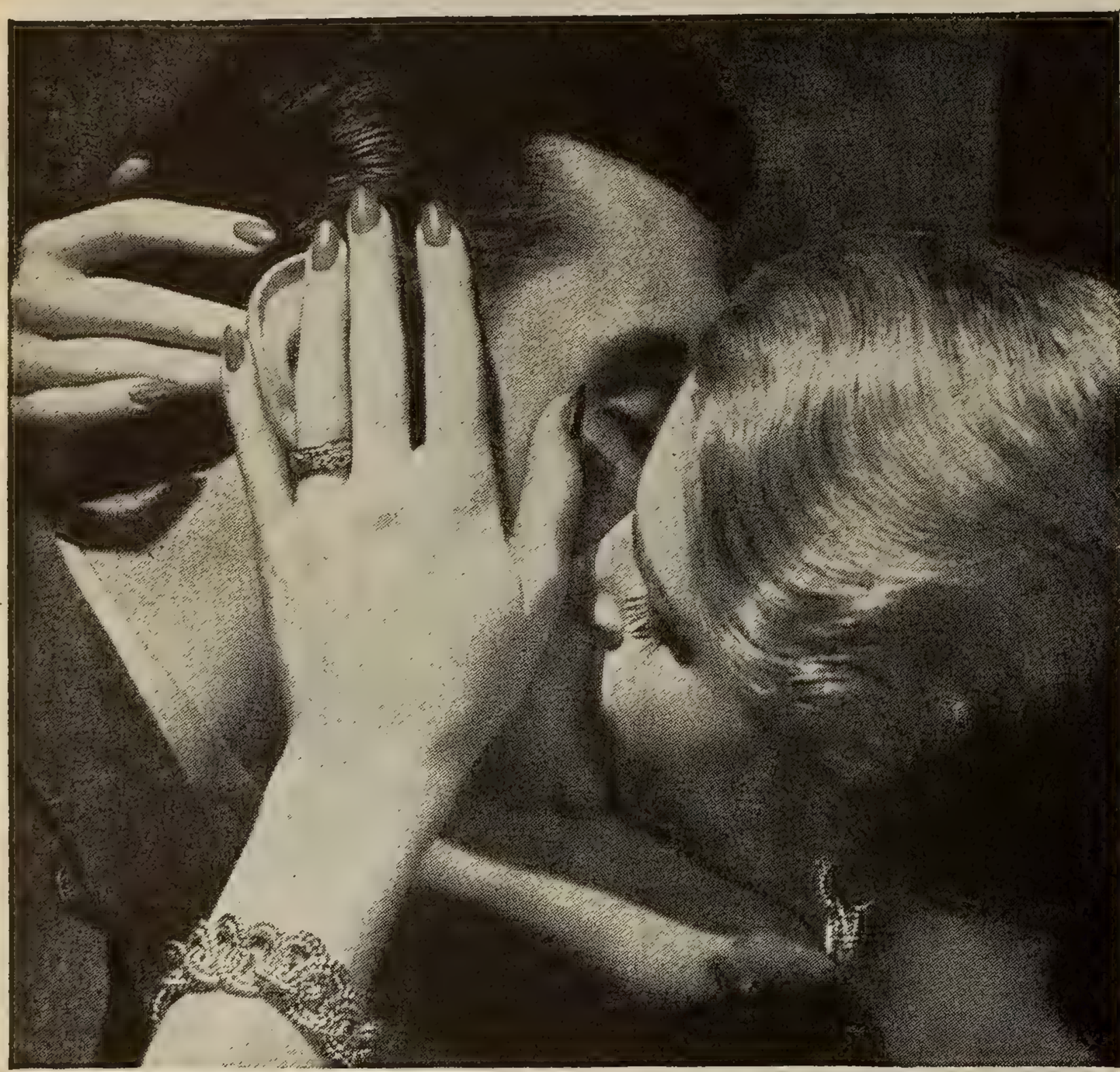

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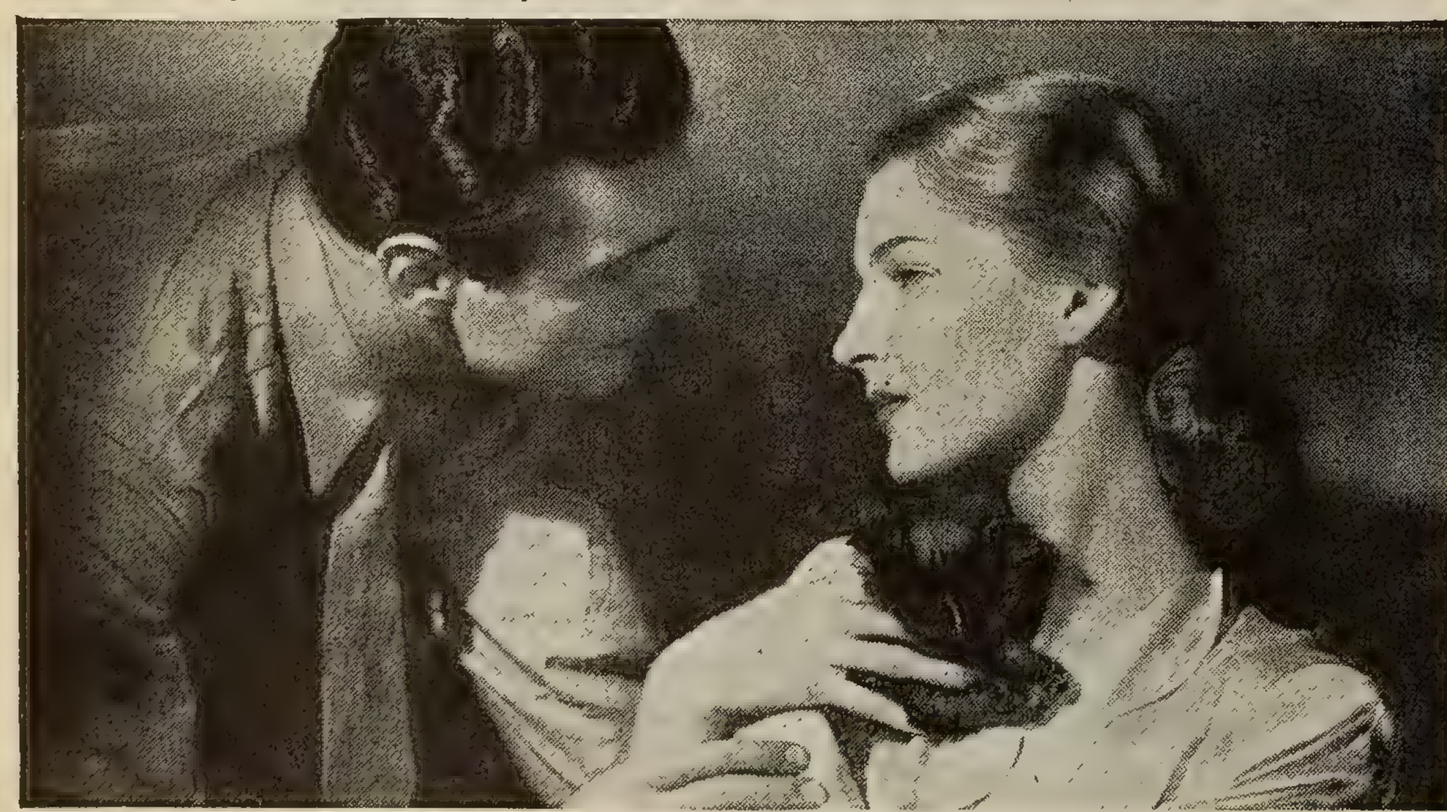

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neath the surface of passion. I thought that the touching of hands, the meeting of lips, the excitement of a glance, were everything. Some girls, even at that age, know that these things are only a small, almost an accidental, part of really mature feeling. But I was not very grown-up, and I had no knowledge by which to measure my immature ideas.

Mary had some papers she had to go over, and after dinner she suggested that Jerry and I walk down to the Times, where an old picture was being re-run. I looked shyly at Jerry, and he grinned. "She really does want us to get to know each other better, doesn't she—sends us off to a movie where we can't even talk! But we'll be friends anyway, won't we, Janie?"

"I hope so," I laughed back. "I'm very anxious to."

Jerry slipped his hand under my arm and started me toward the door. "Come on, then," he urged. "It's a five-minute walk to the movie—I'm sure we can be old friends by then!"

We were more than old friends by the time we were seated in the theater. I felt that Jerry was an exciting new friend, someone I wanted very much to like me not only because of Mary, but for myself.

SOMETIMES, movies affect you in funny ways. Anyway, the one that night did me. It was an old picture—an intense drama—the story of a beautiful, brilliant older woman in love with a younger man, a man with the same gaiety and charm and excitement that characterized Jerry. As I watched the graceful movements and quiet charm of the heroine, I began to admire her for the same things I admired in Mary. And, as the story continued, I confused the heroine with Mary, until the story, itself, became Mary's life. And then, as the plot progressed, as the younger man switched his affection to a soft, desirable girl younger than he, I began to tingle with excitement. Because, you see, I was in the story now, too—playing the role of a young, innocent girl in love with a handsome stranger already engaged to an older woman. The girl's kisses became my kisses—her arms around the dark-eyed man were my arms. My arm resting beside Jerry's in the theater tingled—the flesh burned where it touched his. I was thinking of Jerry in connection with me—thinking of his lips on mine. And I was more excited than I had ever been before in my life.

When we emerged from the dark theater, I looked at Jerry with awakened interest. I was considering him now not as the man who would share his life with my closest friend, but as a very attractive person who could fill any girl's heart with singing happiness—who could put a song in mine.

Apparently, Jerry had missed the implications in the movie. Somehow, he did not seem to see that the screen story tied in with ours. Because when we returned to Mary for hot chocolate in front of her glowing fireplace, Jerry was just the same as he had been at dinner—charming and gay and attentive to both of us. Yet sometimes, when I looked at him, I noticed that there was a little cloud of concern behind the sunlight in his smile. And I wondered if he were thinking of the problems he might face if he married a woman older than himself. You see, that age difference impressed me. In Elmwood women took pride in marrying men at least two or three years older than themselves. A woman older

than her husband was considered to be in a difficult kind of situation.

But after he had gone that night, after he had smiled and waved goodnight to both of us, Mary explained his restlessness as an aftermath of his years at war. "The war is hard on men as sensitive—as inherently kind and good as Jerry," she explained. "When I first knew him, I thought he was terribly bitter. I was afraid of his moods—and I worried about him."

"How much you must have changed him," I told her with honest praise.

She smiled with real pleasure. "He is happier all the time. Every day I can see a change—"

"You give him peace," I said and was surprised that I could see so clearly why Jerry had been attracted to this quiet, self-contained girl. And, then, for a minute, I felt pity for her. Because I thought I could predict something else—that Jerry, normal again, no longer so frantically in need of peace and understanding—craving, instead, fun and excitement and youth and gaiety—might turn from Mary to someone younger than himself. And I was afraid that I might be that girl—fearful of the outcome and yet fascinated by the strange emotion that shook me even as the thought came to me.

I WONDER now if I could have fought that emotion—if I could have prevented myself from falling in love with Jerry. I could stop now before being drawn into an emotional web of that kind, but I am no longer an inexperienced girl. I have grown up. At that time I was not strong, not blessed with intuitive wisdom. You see, wisdom so often comes from experience—experience which reveals even as it terrifies, and teaches as it wounds.

No, I guess I couldn't have avoided falling in love with him, then—he was so handsome, so kind, so thoughtful. He was different from anyone I had ever known except Mary. I know now that he was very like her—that his easy charm, his courtesy, his thoughtfulness were what attracted me to him just as those traits in Mary made me worship her. Oh, he laughed aloud where Mary merely smiled with her blue eyes—he talked a great deal and Mary very little—but their thinking ran along parallel lines, and they were in complete agreement on all the important things. They were like musicians in a great symphony orchestra. They were thinking the same way even if they were not playing at the same time. And that's why I loved him—because I saw in him what I saw in Mary—his responsiveness, his love for beauty, his fine mind—and his physical attractiveness.

I wonder that Mary didn't anticipate what happened to me. She realized my youth, my ignorance of love. I was as unacquainted with love and desire and the attraction of a man for a woman as any untutored schoolgirl. The boys I had gone to high school with were gangling schoolboys interested in football and hockey and baseball. And then after that, when I worked in the Elmwood Drug Store, war robbed me of normal youth—took away the boys I would be dating. So I was starved for the affection of someone in the opposite sex. And, Jerry, because he was kind—because he gave me friendship and affection—became too important to me. And Mary, noticing my interest in him, urged us to be together, and thus fed the fire of my love. Only a woman with a clean, unsuspicious mind could

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have made the mistake that Mary made.

Usually, I walked home from business college with Jerry. We were through classes at 3:30 and Mary didn't finish until almost five. Every night we walked the three or four blocks together. And Jerry came into the lamplit, chintz-brightened living room with me to light the fire for Mary's homecoming—so that the cozy room would glow like a dark ruby when Mary came in from the still, cold twilight.

One day, after he had lighted the fire, and I had slipped our simple, one-dish dinner into the oven, Jerry switched on the radio and flooded the apartment with sentimental dance music. Without speaking, we walked together and moved in easy rhythm around the room. The sensuous music pulsed through me, mixing with an emotion that pounded through my blood—one that frightened me even as I sought to prolong it. I was afraid and thrilled and ashamed all in one moment . . . and then my need for love shut out all other emotions. I swayed closer to him as he guided me gently—as our bodies moved as one.

AND then, suddenly, he seemed to sense what I was feeling. His arms stiffened and dropped quickly to his sides. He turned from me abruptly.

But I was loathe to give up this moment—to say goodbye to love just as it brushed me with its magic wings. I stood staring at him, my eyes shining, my lips moist. For a minute, I thought he was coming back to me—that his lips would close over mine in the twilight—that he would forget everything except the spell of the music, the need that was compelling me toward him. But he didn't. He walked instead to the window. And as he stood there, I suddenly realized how close I had come to hurting Mary, and the pounding of my heart quieted slowly. Mary, to whom I owed so many things—childish happiness, advice and help and wisdom, and now my home, my education, a whole new future. The magic went out of the moment, and when Jerry turned from the window we became, once again, two people who were waiting together for one they both loved to come home.

But I didn't sleep that night. The vagrant, accidental moment had grown like a fairy-tale tree, until now it was larger in my mind than all the rest of the world. I sensed that Jerry was capable of giving me a happiness I had never known, and I wanted that happiness, wanted it enough to reach out wilfully, blindly, to claim it for myself. There was no Mary, no friendship, no reason left in this sudden insistent need.

And so the next night, when we waited for Mary in the livingroom, it was I who switched on the radio and waited, defiantly, expectantly, for him to turn toward me.

Once again the lilting, insinuating rhythm wrapped us round. Once again we moved together in a resistlesss pattern of grace and closeness. And this time there was no question in my mind, no doubt—nothing at all except desperate need. This time, Jerry did not fight the force that was welding our bodies as though we were magnetized. This time his lips came down over mine in a kiss that set my heart hammering madly under his.

"Jerry, Jerry," I whispered, "I love you so . . ."

He put me away from him and I could feel his answering whisper in my

hair. "Janie . . . this is wrong, it's impossible. Try to forget it, please!"

I flung back my head and tried to make his eyes meet mine. "Forget?" I questioned. "Why should I . . . what is impossible? I—" He placed his finger gently over my lips.

"No, Janie, don't say it. It isn't true. I'm so terribly sorry this happened."

"I'm not sorry," I said quickly. "I'm glad. Because now I know you love me too—I know it!"

His voice was more than troubled now, it was almost harsh.

"Jane, listen," he commanded sternly. "You must forget this. It didn't mean anything. You must know that. We forgot—that's all."

"I'll never forget," I whispered, coming close to him again. "I love you."

"No, Janie, you don't love me—you love *love*. And, someday, you'll find it."

"But I have found it—in you."

"Jane, you mustn't make this important," he insisted, and I knew he was thinking of Mary and the hurt that this would bring to her.

But I was hurt, too, I wanted to tell him—and afraid. Afraid that this man could not be mine. "Don't make it important!" I wanted to scream. "That's like telling me not to make my eyes important or my arms or my heart. This is the most wonderful thing that ever has happened to me, and you're telling me not to make it important."

And then Mary came in.

JERRY kissed her when she opened the door. And, without his saying a word, I knew that he was apologizing to her for having been drawn even for a moment to another woman. And I knew that his silent apology was mixed with a quiet reverence. I could see all that in his kiss. I could—but Mary couldn't. She was surprised and a little flustered at his kissing her for the first time in front of me. And then she said, "You don't know how wonderful it is to walk in here and find the two persons I love best waiting for me. I feel that I've never been alive until now—I'm so happy."

Jerry looked at me and his eyes said plainer than words ever could, "You see, Jane. Could you tarnish a bright and shining love like this? Could you be the one to blacken her faith in us?"

And, at that moment, I agreed with him. No matter what heartache it cost me, I vowed again to protect her happiness.

But that night, when I lay awake long after Mary went to sleep in the next room, I remembered the magic of Jerry's lips on mine—thought of his strong arms holding me close—remembered the music which had stirred our senses, whipping our desire with its rhythm. Again I was conscious of my need for him. I decided then that he did not really love Mary—that he was only loyal and appreciative of the help she'd given him. My wild love for him was making me create crazy dreams—dreams that had no place for Mary.

But once again at breakfast, as I watched Mary's slim, graceful hands pouring coffee, when I listened to her unhurried voice making plans for my week-end, when I heard her honestly berate herself for not giving me more time and pleasure, I was terribly ashamed that it was I—the girl she was befriending—who was threatening her happiness even as she planned mine.

With strong purpose, I avoided Jerry

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that next week—making excuses to Mary for not walking home with him, telling her that I had typing exercises to make up. Often during that week Jerry came to eat with us, but I said little to him and he said almost nothing to me. Mary led the conversation. Sometimes I could feel Jerry's eyes on me—and once I surprised him looking at me with an expression I could not understand. It had admiration in it—that look—but it also had mute apology and some pity.

As I looked at him, as I felt desire mounting inside of me, as I thought of kissing him again, I knew that this situation could not go on. Either I must be free to declare my love, or I must go away—I must not go on feeling the pain of seeing him with Mary. I thought of getting a job and renting a room away from Mary's pleasant apartment. That would be the kind thing to do—and this painful dishonesty was hurting me almost as much as the knowledge of our deception would hurt Mary.

But, right then, I hated to think of leaving. Even an occasional glimpse of Jerry was better than never seeing him at all.

In the days that followed I had to fight to keep from admitting my love to Mary. For as long as I could remember, she had been my confidante. In my letters, I had poured out my problems and she had solved them by return mail. But now that I had the greatest problem I had ever known, I could not talk to her because it involved her. So I did not talk to her about it—but I did talk once more to Jerry.

ONE night, after we had walked home through the dusk as in the first delightful days of my stay with Mary, Jerry and I were once again alone in the apartment. As he helped me off with my coat, I asked, "Jerry—what are we going to do?"

He pretended to misunderstand me. And then he thought better of that and said, "Janie, you're not—why, surely you can't be thinking of the other night. I told you not to."

I turned to him, my face close to his. "Did you forget?" I whispered softly.

"No," he admitted, his voice husky with emotion. "No—I didn't forget."

And then his lips were on mine, shutting out the room—the world—and Mary. We were two persons—a man and a woman—being pulled together by an almost inescapable force.

"You do love me, Jerry," I said softly, triumphantly. It wasn't that I ceased to love Mary—it was just that this terrible longing for Jerry was shutting her out of my mind, just as surely as if I were breathing in an anesthetic which was closing my eyes to honesty, loyalty and true friendship.

And, once again, Jerry put me away from him.

"Janie—" he began, in the old troubled way.

I didn't want to listen to him—and so I curved closer to him, kissing him softly on his rigid jaw line.

"Do you like that?" I asked.

"Of course," he admitted huskily. "You're soft and sweet and very appealing. And you flatter me by feeling this way." And he added reflectively, almost unwillingly, "Who knows—if I'd never known Mary—why—"

"But, Jerry," I said. "You love me—not Mary. You know you do. And feeling this way, you can't marry her—you—"

"Poor little Janie," he said with honest pity, as he turned and walked slowly to the window. I joined him there, staring out at a world of bare branches and gray skies—a world gone suddenly bleak. We were still standing there—the light to our backs—when Mary appeared at the top of the flight of steps that led into the little courtyard of the building. Her whole body anticipated happiness—she was shining with expectancy as she lifted her face to the window where we stood.

I could feel a change come over Jerry. Without ever moving, he left me. He went away as surely as if he had walked from the room and met Mary in front of the apartment. He was with her as she started down the steps and he was loving her dearly.

It was when she waved at him that she fell.

It came very suddenly. She hesitated just a minute—raised her arm in a gay salute—and slipped on the ice-covered brick.

And, immediately, Jerry was out the door on his way to her. I knew, as I stood in stunned, frightened silence, that this time Jerry had left me forever—that our twilight love scenes were over for all time. No matter what happened to Mary—whether or not she would ever smile or wave or love Jerry again—the spell between Jerry and me was broken.

I watched him when he picked her up. His movements were loving, tender—I grew warm just watching him cradle her slimness in his strong arms, whisper encouragement into her hair.

I HELPED him put her on the davenport when he carried her inside. At first I thought she was dead—she was so shockingly white and still, with a strange, definite stillness that chilled the firelit room. When her hand finally moved, it gave me a new lease on life—gave me relief from shocking fear that Jerry's happiness was gone with Mary's accident.

Mary had regained consciousness before Dr. Kelly got there—had come back to the world to look again at Jerry with steady, believing eyes.

"Darling," I heard her whisper to him. "I knew when you picked me up—knew you were taking care of me."

"You'll always know," he said. "Because that's how long I'll love you—always—and be yours alone." And there was strong promise and honesty mingled with the new gentleness in his voice.

As I stood there in the dim room watching their love flame anew, I knew that this was as it should be—Jerry and Mary, forever.

And, somehow, as this knowledge came to me—when I recognized that this love was meant to be, I wasn't sad and hurt or even bewildered, any more. I was glad—happy in their reflected happiness—deeply grateful for this new insight into the real and true beauty of the man-and-woman relationship at its finest. The spark of infatuation which had blazed between Jerry and me was as dead as the ashes under the fireplace grate.

Jerry and I stood in the small kitchen while Dr. Kelly examined Mary to determine the extent of the slight concussion she had suffered.

I was terribly uneasy, desperately anxious to let Jerry know what had happened inside me, to tell him I was changed.

I wanted to say, "Jerry—forgive me for involving you in that emotion of mine. Forgive me my selfishness—my

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greed. I don't know what happened to me, except that in you I became aware of the attraction between male and female for the first time. I knew puppy love at 20 instead of at 15."

But I couldn't mention our interlude while Jerry was so tense and anxious about Mary. I couldn't remind him then of his temporary infidelity to his true love.

But, finally, I could stand it no longer. I had to have him know that I loved Mary, too.

I'M glad she fell," I blurted. "Otherwise, we might—well, if she hadn't fallen, we—"

Jerry smiled tenderly as if he realized how hard this was for me.

"Otherwise—?" he said slowly. "No, Janie, if she hadn't been hurt—if she hadn't fallen, we would have found this out, anyway. We would have discovered pretty soon that what you and I felt wasn't love. But we might have hurt Mary worse than she's hurt now, before we woke up."

He breathed out quickly and there was a little shudder in the sound that it made. I knew he was thinking of Mary and of the tragedy which could have come into her life. And then he turned his thoughts away from her and centered them on me. And when he spoke, his voice was very kind, as if he were a wise and fond uncle who would care for me in a paternal sort of way, always.

"Do you remember my telling you that you were in love with love, Janie?" he asked softly.

I nodded dumbly, tears stinging my lashes.

"Well, I was thinking then of your being young and romantic and perhaps a little silly. But—now—well, I want you to love love. And I want you to wait for it.

Because anyone who is honest will tell you that true love is the greatest force in the world. It's worth waiting for, Janie."

He frowned and I knew that he was groping for just the right words so that I would understand.

"What I'm trying to say, Janie, is that love—love like mine for Mary," his voice dropped lower and became very soft and gentle, "well—it's worth paying any price for—it's worth patience. And, Janie, when it comes—why, hang on to it with both your hands and all your heart." Now his voice was serious and apologetic, pulling the curtain on our temporary emotional insanity. "And, Janie—don't do anything to jeopardize a love like that—ever."

He was thinking then of his momentary excitement, his lack of will power with me that afternoon. And I knew without his explanation that he was glad that Fate had stepped in quickly—had saved him from losing this brilliant shining light in his life.

It wasn't hard to guess the direction of his thoughts because mine were going the same way. Our thoughts were as close now as our lips had been that afternoon. We were joining in a mutual prayer of thanks that a lovely, shining thing had not been sacrificed for a petty, fleeting one.

AND I knew something else as I stood there. I realized that if I waited patiently—if I expected love and beauty the way Mary had always looked forward to it—it would come to me even as it came to her, a glowing brilliant invitation to happiness after years of drabness. And, when it came, it would come not wildly, like a tempestuous March wind, but gently and softly as the first soft breeze of spring. All of this I knew along with the sure realization that when it did come—this promise of love—I would be ready to face it squarely and to hold it close to my heart forever.

Poetry, read by Franklyn MacCormack, is a very effective part of the broadcasts of the Hymns of All Churches Choir, over NBC.

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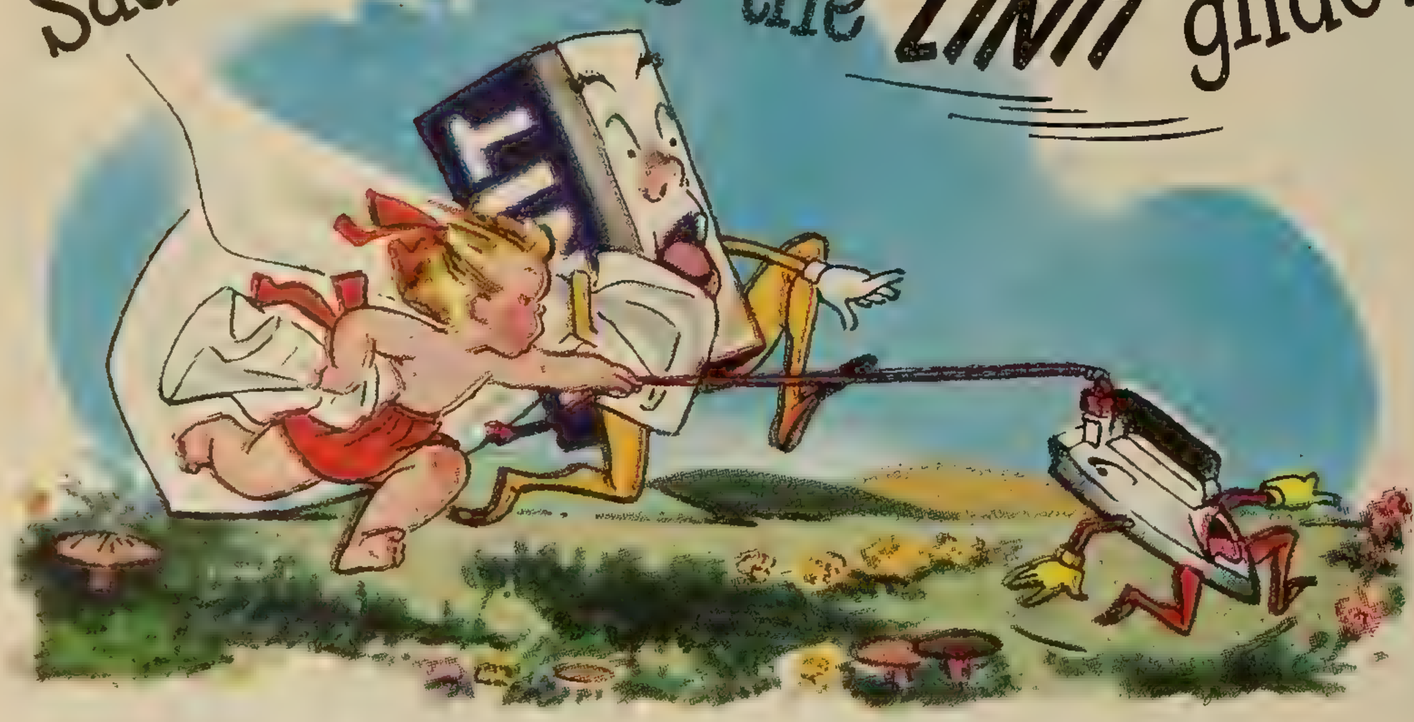
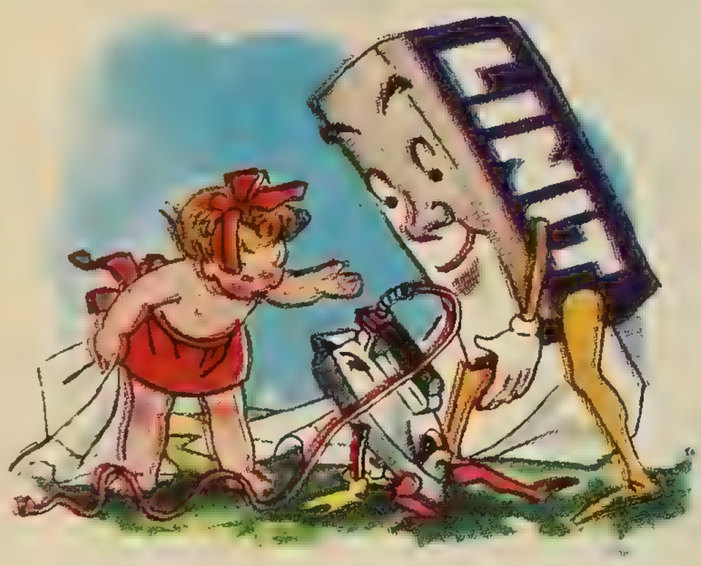
Sad Iron learns the LINIT glide!



© Corn Products Sales Co.

"I strike!" hisses Sad Iron, "See if I don't!
Me iron those sheets? I simply *won't!*
Your pillow-slips can keep their crinkles
Before I'll beauty-treat their wrinkles!"

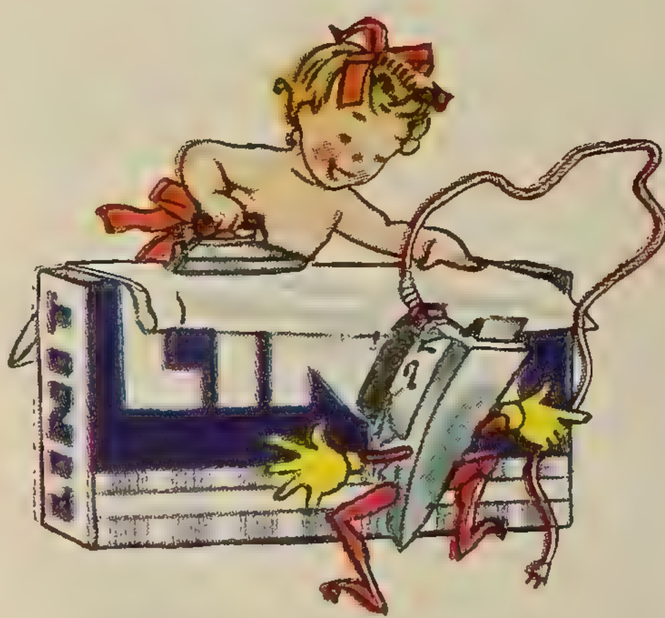
"Come meet Master Linit!" says Miss Sunny Monday,
"a fine, speedy starch who makes washday a fun day!



"We'll whizz through our work
with the greatest of ease
With Linit to glide us!
Attention please!

"I suds and I rinse—then
here's Master Linit!
I'm proud to present the
Starch of the Minute!

"He blends water and Linit,
each half in a cup.
Then adds boiling water.
Just a minute is up!"



Sad Iron, now happy, says,
"My work will be bliss!
60 seconds with Linit makes
a wash fit to Kiss!"

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Furlough

Continued from page 25

my jeep ride down to the harbor. And I never will.

Once our boat cleared the docks, my bleak mood lifted and I realized for the first time how very tired I was, and how very glad to be leaving the blood and muck and grime behind.

In the daylight, my conviction of the night before that I was deserting seemed ridiculous. I had worked hard. As Dr. Dekker had said, I deserved my leave. With a surge of relief and happiness I prepared to enjoy it.

The boat was clean, surgically clean—even if it was crowded. After a hot bath and a long, dreamless sleep between crisp, clean sheets, I felt almost normal.

I had one clean uniform in my duffle bag. I smoothed out the creases and put it on. I scraped the last of the New Guinea mud off my shoes, and made a stab at a finger-wave and a manicure.

"You're no Powers model," I told my reflection in the cabin mirror, "but you'll do."

I was hungry. I made my way up to the deck, and found the officers' mess.

"You've missed breakfast and lunch, Lieutenant Rand," a pleasant young officer told me, "and you're almost late for dinner. Where on earth have you been?"

I WAS dirty and sleepy and hungry when I came on board." I confessed "Now I'm just hungry."

We made the trip to Hawaii in six days, brightly lighted and full steam ahead, for our ship was faster than anything the Japanese could set on our trail. The contrast with my trip out—from San Francisco to Australia—was breathtaking. Then, in an old, leaky tub, black as pitch, and jammed with troops and equipment, we had zigzagged for days out of our course eluding the then-triumphant Japs.

In Honolulu I found a room had been reserved for me at a hotel which before the war had been the mecca for the richest dilletantes in the world. Now it was filled with army and navy personnel on leave, airmen with fifty missions under their belts, and soldiers and sailors recuperating after months in action.

A white strip of beach stretched invitingly right under my bedroom window. Late summer sun—no relative of the sun I had left behind in New Guinea—made ocean bathing as pleasant as the hot tubs I plunged into at least three times a day.

My summer uniforms, immaculately clean and freshly pressed, were so far removed from the faded dungarees and heavy boots which were the regulation costume in the jungle, that I felt chic—almost pretty, and in Honolulu there was no barbed wire.

Men looked at me as we passed in the street. Not shattered men who looked to me for help—for cold compresses or pain-killing morphine—but whole, healthy men who looked at me, and admired me, because I was female—and attractive.

Confidence soared back into my veins like life-giving plasma. Now, I felt, I was ready to go home.

At the transportation office my soaring spirits received their first dash of icy water.

No plane space was available to the mainland for personnel on leave.

Continued on page 70

"...the power behind the home"

"...Gran'ma told me that Karo has been a stand-by in her house for 35 years . . . and Mom says she's been serving Karo in hundreds of ways ever since she and Dad were married.

Me...I began life on Karo. Right now, I get Karo in some way every day...it makes so many foods taste swell...and don't Doctors say it's good for growing children...'cause it's so rich in dextrose, food-energy sugar?

How do I look, Folks...strong and healthy?"

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Foods for growing children made more nutritious and delicious with Karo

KARO ON CEREALS—DELICIOUS! Blue Label Karo provides necessary energy sugar which young children, as well as babies, need abundantly. Karo supplies the sweets required by your growing child, without forming the "sweeth-tooth" habit. Let youngsters pour from their own pitcher of Karo. It's good for them. *Also* . . . children need no coaxing to drink milk fortified with Karo.

TEMPTING BAKED CUSTARD. Whip together 3 *large eggs;* add ½ *cup Blue Label Karo, pinch salt,* 1 *tsp. vanilla.* Stir in 2¼ *cups hot milk,* mix well. Place ½ *tbsp. Karo,* in each of 6 custard cups. Fill with custard mixture; place in a pan of warm water, bake in slow oven (300 to 325°F.) for 45 minutes. Also Karo is delicious on corn starch or rice puddings, rennet and gelatin desserts.

ICHER FLAVORED BAKED APPLES. Place 6 *cored apples* in baking dish. Put 1 *tbsp. Karo* in each apple. Mix ½ *cup Blue Label Karo* and ½ *cup water* and baste over apples as they bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 45 minutes. Pears, bananas, peaches may be baked deliciously with 2 parts Karo to 1 of water.

OMPH FOR STEWED FRUITS! Blue Label Karo improves texture and adds flavor to dried, stewed fruits such as prunes, peaches, pears, apples, apricots. Simmer ½ *lb. dried fruit* with 1½ *cups water,* ¼ *cup Karo,* in covered pan till tender. Serves 4.

Karo is rich in dextrose...food-energy sugar

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CUTEX

Continued from page 68

"But I was told . . ." I began.

"Sorry, Lieutenant," the officer in charge replied. "But these orders have just come down. Can't tell you when they will be lifted. Lots of gold braid buzzing back and forth all of a sudden."

"Then," I asked, "how about a boat?"

There was nothing available at the moment, he said, but he would let me know.

I was miserable. It was unfair, I thought. Here I was, almost home—and stuck at the very last lap. Why, my leave could be over and done with before I ever got out of Hawaii—and heavens only knew where I would be sent afterwards.

I walked back to the hotel, feeling trapped and cheated. My eyes were downcast, so I didn't know if any of the men who passed me looked at me admiringly. I didn't care. I wanted to go home.

There was a message in my box at the hotel. I was mystified. I knew no one in Honolulu. I tore open the envelope and read a scribbled note.

"It's not the Top o' the Mark," it read, "but I know a nice Officers' Club in town. Will you have dinner with me tonight?" It was signed: "Henry Dekker."

So his name was Henry. I had never known. After twenty-six months of working by his side I had known only that he was "H. V. Dekker, M.O."

I FORGOT the cancelled plane reservation, the dimming prospects of seeing the Top o' the Mark. I dressed for the evening as though Honolulu were the town I had been aching to "do." And, all of a sudden, it was.

Dr. Dekker was as resplendent in his summer uniform as I guess I was. We stared at one another open-mouthed for a moment. And then, rather abashed, we laughed.

"I didn't believe it for a moment," he confessed.

"Neither did I," I stammered.

We walked to the Officers' Club, which was not far from my hotel, and his hand held my arm in a strong grip. I was strangely excited by the touch—and mystified by my own excitement. I had watched those hands at work for twenty-six months—admired their cool efficiency—but never before had they affected my own blood pressure.

I searched for mundane things to talk about.

"I'm glad you've been relieved," I said.

"I'm not relieved," he told me. "Reassigned. Headquarters has decided we've learned some surgical tricks working under battle conditions that the new men might as well learn before they get into combat. I'm going home to train them."

"How wonderful," I gasped. Then I told him how my furlough plans had gone astray.

"They told me just to wait until I hear from the Transportation office," I said, "and you know what that means. I'll be spending my entire leave in Honolulu."

"I'm on leave too," he said. "Six weeks . . . before reporting for my new assignment. I'll spend them here—with you—unless you can break out of here somehow."

There was my heart—pounding again, the way I thought it had forgotten how to pound.

"But you were so anxious to see San Francisco again," I protested.

"I was anxious to show *you* San Francisco," he corrected me, smiling.

We had found our way to a candlelit table in a corner of the dark little club. Dr. Dekker pushed two bamboo chairs close together.

"What is there to do in Honolulu?" he asked, re-opening the conversation, "now that we're going to be spending our leaves together?"

"But surely," I felt I must object, "you have a family—someone—waiting to see you."

"I am a lone wolf," he said firmly.

"Oh, Henry," I said, using his first name without thinking, "don't try to be nice to me. I'm not used to it."

He looked at me for a long moment before he answered. And then he said, "I'm trying to be nice to *me*. I'm not used to it either. And my friends call me Hank."

It was a wonderful night. For the whole night had gone by before Hank took me home to the clean sheets and warm bath which had been all I had of dream stuff only a few hours before.

We had cocktails at the Officers' Club, a real Hawaiian dinner at a friendly little lu-au after black-out, and then found another club where we could talk and dance until dawn.

I couldn't believe that this warm-hearted gentle Hank the evening had revealed to me was the same man as the H. V. Dekker, M.O., I had known so intimately—and yet not known at all—for more than two years.

I LAY awake for hours after he had gone, trying to remember H. V. Dekker, M.O., trying to identify that man—who had seemed a coldly efficient machine—with my Hank.

Already, he was *my* Hank. He didn't know it, and iron horses couldn't drag it out of me unless he asked, but I knew I was in love with him, and would be, no matter how brief this meeting, as long as I lived.

There *were* wisps of identification that connected the two men—the doctor, and the man I loved.

H. V. Dekker, M.O., had been gentle, too—beneath the strain and fatigue. I remembered our first night on the beach, the horrible night when Ann was killed and I took her place with the lighted lantern.

Dr. Dekker had gone on operating, apparently oblivious to the fact that a beautiful young girl lay dead at his feet. But when the operation was finished, I recalled, he had picked up Ann's body, ever so gently, his face drawn with emotion, and carried it to a quiet place under the trees where our other fallen comrades lay.

The demands on his strength and courage were almost insuperable that night—but he worked the whole night through, a table on the sandy beach his operating room, its walls the jungle and its roof the wide open sky. Japanese snipers were all around us, and the night was wild with noise and horror.

He did his job unflinchingly. He paid me and the six other nurses who remained the supreme compliment of taking it for granted that we would do ours. When dawn came, and with it a relief medical corps from the boats off shore, he thanked us courteously for "sticking it."

It had been easier after awhile. Our troops cemented the beachhead and moved inland. After a few days our improvised surgery was protected from the sun and rain at least by a tent. There were wards—of a sort—with a semblance of cover. Later we had a

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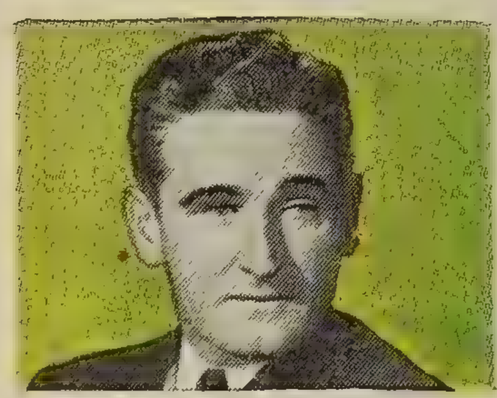
How Powers Models bring out *natural* sparkling beauty in their hair

Miss Exilona Savre—whose lustrous, shining locks are so typical of Powers Models who wash their hair with Kreml Shampoo

John Robert Powers' Advice to His "Million Dollar" Models



John Robert Powers is one of the greatest authorities on feminine beauty in America. And to every Powers Model he says: "Use only Kreml Shampoo if you want your hair to be naturally silken-soft, easier to set and aglow with its own brilliant highlights."

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There are no harsh caustics or chemicals in Kreml Shampoo. Instead it's a *mild, gentle* Shampoo with a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out like a breeze and never leaves any excess dull, soapy film.

Also excellent for shampooing children's hair. So buy the large family size.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

real hospital—with a tin roof the rain sang on. But the work was no less, and the horror no less. We came to take death and destruction for granted only because we would have gone mad otherwise.

I remembered how tired Hank had looked—for it had been Hank, even if a haggard and driven Hank—on the night I left. And I wondered aloud how I could have failed to see then what was so clear to me now—that he was the only man in the world I wanted.

I didn't deserve that he should love me too—when for two years I had stood at his elbow, listened to his voice, watched his beautiful hands, and not known.

But he did love me. He told me so the next day.

We were lying on the beach at Waikiki revelling in the warm sun, content to be lazy, to look ahead into our unplanned, hazy, but happy future.

Hank reached over my hand.

"Please don't think this is sudden, Marjorie," he said, "It really isn't. I've known I would ask you this for almost two years. Marjorie—will you marry me?"

"You've known?" I gasped. "For two years?"

AND then I told him that I was in love, too—but in love with the Hank I had only just come to know. I confessed that it had happened to me—falling in love with him—only last night.

He understood, bless him.

"It is hard to think of love in the midst of war," he said. "For love is life—and war is death. There were times when I was too tired, too sick at heart, even to want *you*, darling. But my heart filed you away—to be remembered when life was worth living once more."

He turned my mouth up to his then, and we kissed for the first time—and the nightmare of New Guinea was dissolved, the grim, efficient H. V. Dekker, M.O., disappeared in a flood of love and hope, never to be real to me again.

Life was good, and Hank was warm and real—and home, a real home, waited for us in a happy, mud-less, bloodless world.

I saw everything through a strange, wonderful mist of happiness, after that. All the neatness and efficiency I had learned through twenty-six months of war melted quite away, and I was an eager young girl again, wanting nothing more in the whole world than to be, every moment of my time, with the man I loved.

It was fortunate for us that Hank's efficiency, so much greater than mine, was proportionately harder for him to lose. He had to make all the decisions, all the plans. My transportation was still delayed, and at last, as time slipped stealthily through our fingers, Hank suggested that we waste no more of it, and be married here in Honolulu.

Nothing could have suited me better. I was living in a world of wonder, a world of violent reaction to all that I had known and seen, and our marriage seemed the only thing needed to make the wonders of that world complete.

A naval captain, whom Hank had known in civilian life, performed the ceremony in a flower-filled room at the Officers' Club. And then Hank and I came back to the hotel together—and for many days nothing existed for us but the actual moment in which we were living, the star-hung loveliness of

Continued on page 75

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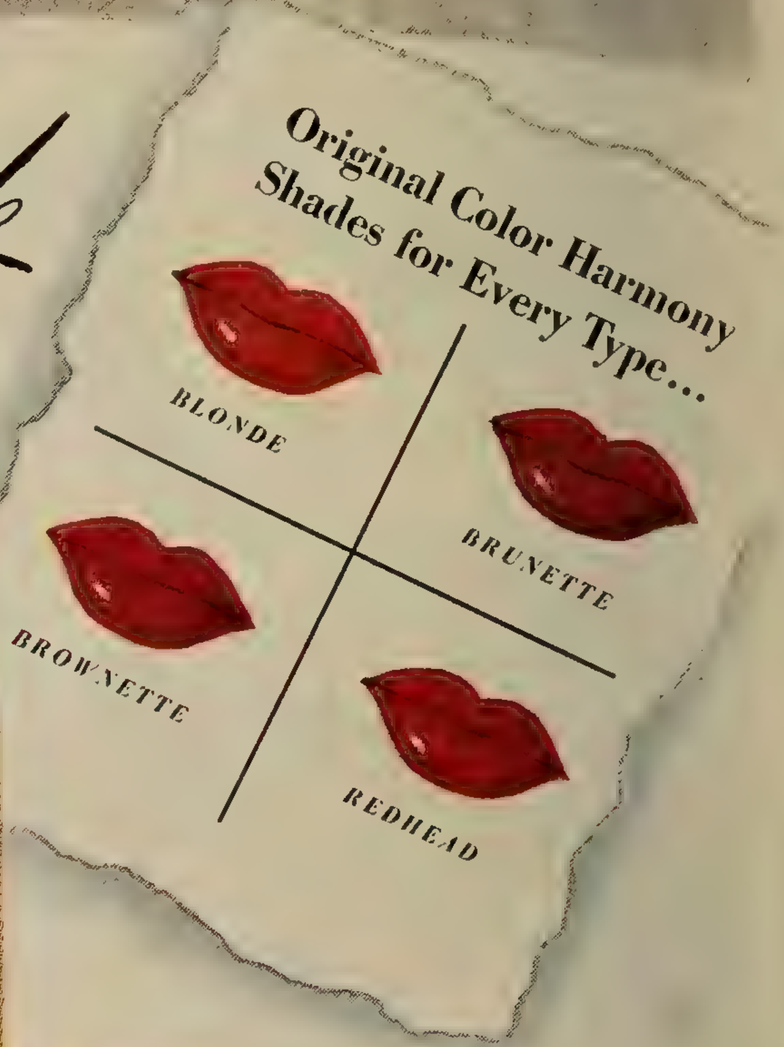

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IN COLOR HARMONY...WITH MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD FACE POWDER AND ROUGE

Continued from page 72

love. Neither the past nor the future had any reality. There was no such place as New Guinea behind us, no such place as San Francisco, and a sane, normal life, ahead. Honolulu was our world, and we the only two who peopled it.

But time, outside our tiny, personal, timeless universe, rolled too swiftly by. And at last we were forced to face facts and make plans. Hank decided that I must go with him to the mid-western hospital in the United States where he was being sent and would soon begin his new work.

"Your front-line experience is, in its way, as invaluable as mine, Marjorie," he told me. "I'll need your help—and I'll want it so badly!"

I KNEW that he was rationalizing—that any nurse who had seen duty in the war zones would have been as useful to him as I. But I wanted to go with him; I wanted never again to leave his side for a moment. If we could go together back to the States, work together, we could have a pleasant normal life, a home, now—without waiting until the war was won. I wanted that so terribly—life owed it to me, and to him, I told myself. We had done all that we could—it was up to others to take our places out there where the fighting was. We would be useful at home. We wouldn't be shirking.

And so Hank wrote to headquarters, asking for my re-assignment. "The Old Man will give us a break if he can," Hank told me hopefully. "It isn't regulation, but he knows what it's like in New Guinea. He'll feel that twenty-six months of it is enough for any girl—certainly he will, for he thought it was enough for me. That's partly why I was ordered home."

"How long before we can expect an answer?" I asked him.

"Oh, a couple of weeks should do it."

We decided to spend those two weeks in seeing as much of Hawaii as war restrictions permitted.

"Lord only knows," Hank said, "If we'll ever get out here again. When this is over I'll be a small town general practitioner again—and you'll be helping me. We'll be too busy setting broken arms and taking out tonsils and bringing babies into the world to think of vacations, especially in places like this. Most likely a week at a nearby lake will have to do us, then. So let's make the most of this, while we can! We'll forget we're waiting for orders—this is our honeymoon."

But we weren't allowed to forget. Days before Hank's letter could have reached the proper hands my new orders came. And they were not orders to proceed to the United States—to love and a home and a normal life with my husband—but to turn around and go back, west.

For a time we forgot ourselves, and slipped back into the efficiency of our doctor-nurse life once more. It seems strange that for a moment it didn't penetrate to us that this was the end of our plans and our hopes. Perhaps we didn't want it to, just yet. But whatever it was, the first thing those orders meant to us was that the big push was on. We were moving into the Philippines—we were going to get our own back, to strike a double blow for every moment of shame and heartache and terror that Corregidor had meant. That was why my transportation had been held up; that was why I was ordered back.

Hank looked up at me, and held my eyes. "It's come," he said. "We must be moving."

I nodded. "Yes, it's come. We're going back. Oh, what that will mean—" and then, suddenly, in the midst of it, I thought of what it would mean to us, personally—those orders that Hank held in his hand. It meant the end of all we had counted on—no, I told myself, not the end, but a long, long waiting. But I knew, too, that only if *every* trained nurse in the theater were needed—and needed urgently—would leaves have been cancelled. And I knew that the tiny, timeless universe—Hank's and mine—was gone for good. We couldn't slip back into it, now, for a moment. We were a doctor and a nurse again, and man and wife only secondly.

And so we sat, and stared at each other. We were sure, in our own minds, that I could get out of it, if we raised a fuss. I had spent twenty-six months in the war zones. Hank hadn't been joking when he said that I was suffering from "battle fatigue". A word of explanation to the assignment officer, a voucher from Hank, and I would have been sent on home. Those were the things that went through my mind, and through his, too, I know—but neither of us could voice them.

I remember how small, how forlorn my voice sounded, so that I had to repeat the words, trying to make them sound, the second time, more like a nurse, an Army officer. "I guess I'll have to go back, Hank. I guess I'll have to go back."

If only I could have forgotten New Guinea—the twisted body of Ann Llewellyn as it lay on the beach, the men who ran to shore singing through a hail of steel, the wounded who tried to smile when pain was worst, the nurses and doctors who worked when they were too tired to work. If only I could have forgotten those, I could have turned my face toward home easily, and followed Hank wherever he went. But I couldn't forget. It wasn't that I was brave. My heart was sick with fear. It was just that I couldn't forget, and remembering, there was nothing else to do but turn back, and once again do what I could.

HANK remembered, too. He didn't try to influence me. He didn't say a word about not going. He wanted me as much as I ached to stay with him, but he knew, too, that there was no choice. He knew I had to go back.

And I went, in three days. I went aboard a boat, and tried to smile at Hank, who had come to say goodbye. I waved to him through a mist of tears that I hid with the best smile I could muster.

Hank is back in America, now, working, trying, as I am, to be patient, to fill the long hours of waiting somehow.

I am in the Philippines, in a hospital so much like the one in New Guinea that I find it hard to believe that I have ever been away.

I am living in the midst of blood, and mud, and grime again. I know the hurt boys, the brave men, the indefatigable doctors and nurses again.

Is there a world where men are not in pain? Where women are not too tired? Where things are clean, and children play, unafraid, in the streets?

I know there is, for Hank is waiting for me in that world—the world to which I am going back some day.

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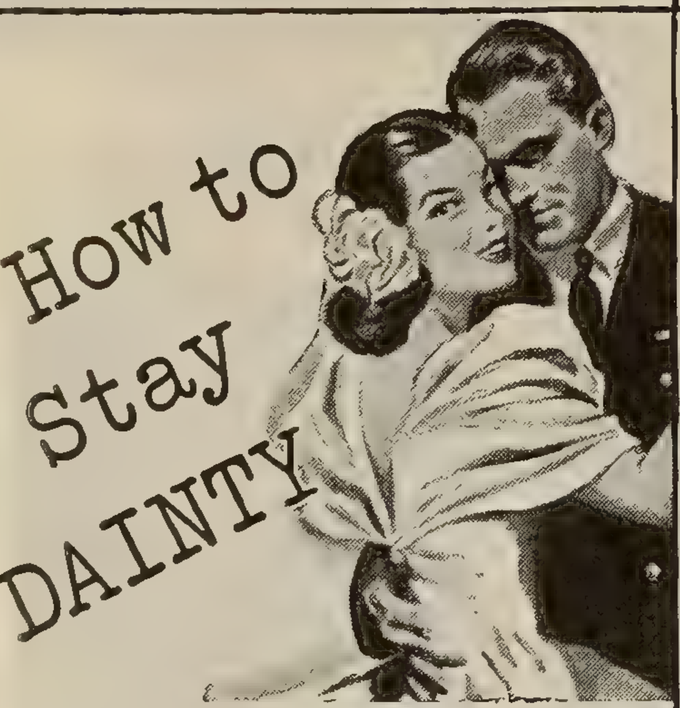

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FREE CATALOG

"Where My Heart Is—"

Continued from page 43

Photographs of Jack—in every role and every appearance from the first fiddling job at the Barison to the present day. Telegrams from Jack—framed. Everything in the apartment spoke of one man's love for Jack and faith in his future.

I asked Jack if we could be married there. Of course he, and Julius, agreed.

For a girl who honestly had wanted "permanence"—who hated hotel rooms and dirty trains as I had tried to pretend I did—the next five years would have been horrible. But I was blissfully happy—even on the one night stands—for I was with Jack.

HE did everything to make our vagabond life attractive to me, from the beginning. He even wrote me into the act. When, after a few years, radio rocketed into importance and Jack had the first chance in his career for a fairly normal life, he insisted that I have all the things I had "given up" for my life with him.

"Given up?" I said, startled. "Why, what on earth do you mean?" I honestly had forgotten my old yearnings for permanence.

"You always wanted a family and a real home," he reminded me, "and now—after ten years—you have everything in the world except what you've really wanted."

I didn't understand. Family—I had him. We knew that we could not hope for children. Home—why, home was where Jack was. Marriage, I told him, was being together. Convenience, comfort—things—what did they matter?

But he pressed his point, and now I am so glad he did. For now we have Joannie—she's nine now, and a beautiful little girl. We adopted her when she was a tiny baby.

And we have a home of our own—a permanent home—in Beverly Hills. Of course it has aspects of a gag factory, with Jack and four writers working all over the place six days a week—and using Joannie and me, to say nothing of the cook and the gardener, the postman and the grocery boy as guinea pigs for their jokes. But for me it's wonderful—it's home, permanence, security, everything. For it's where my heart is.

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The Right Girl

Continued from page 37

You're very sweet. You don't know how sweet. But I shouldn't have taken advantage of your sympathy."

"Sympathy!" I cried. *"If you call that sympathy . . . !"* I was so shaken I was trembling. He looked at me incredulously. Then a blessed wonder came into his eyes. He straightened. The defeated look was gone.

I started to speak—I don't know what I would have said—but the doorknob rattled, and Charlotte came in. How much had she seen? I didn't care. She had had her chance with John. It was my turn now.

What I did in the days that followed was inexcusable. I stopped being a girl then, and became a woman—a scheming, plotting woman. I used every possible wile to take John away from Charlotte. On the pretext of nursing Jimmy, I managed to spend long hours with John in the intimacy of the small stone house at the edge of the zoo where we were keeping the little chimp. I talked to him about his work, encouraged him to go on with it. Hung on his words. Often I found some excuse to be very close to him, putting my cheek next to his, or "accidentally" touching his hand and letting my fingers cling to his. Once, I tossed his cane away and put my arms around him, pretending to take a dance step.

HE went a little white. Then he entered into the spirit of it and, holding tightly to me, ventured a step or two on his own. "Wonderful!" I cried in excitement. And kissed him. Deliberately, I put everything into that kiss so that he could not mistake its import. He looked so startled that I laughed. Before he could say anything, I whirled and ran to Jimmy. "Look, John, he really *has* recovered! It's the first time he has eaten all his food and now he wants to play."

Jimmy's idea of play was to hurl himself, ball fashion, into our arms. First into John's and then into mine. John had to brace himself against the wall to do it because the little chimp was getting heavy. And finally, of course, it happened. He caught John off-balance and the two of them fell to the floor. John's face was twisted with agony.

"And I thought I was almost a man again!" At the savage bitterness in his voice my heart contracted. "A seventy-pound chimp knocks me over!"

A mask had fallen back across his features. A mask of self-mockery and despair. That spark of new-found confidence had vanished. I tried to help him up but he pushed me aside. Painfully, he dragged himself up on a chair. . . . Jimmy was back in his cage, sitting there huddled in fright. A cold fear was upon me too. It was as if John had withdrawn into a tight little world of his own, shutting me out.

That night I went to Charlotte's apartment. I had to find out how things stood between them. She was sitting in the bay window overlooking the park and zoo and she hardly turned her head when I entered. "Hello, Bets. I've been expecting you," she said.

I sat on the seat opposite her. Tense, waiting. After a moment I blurted out, "Charlotte, when are you and John going to be married?"

She looked at me steadily for a moment, as if she were trying to read

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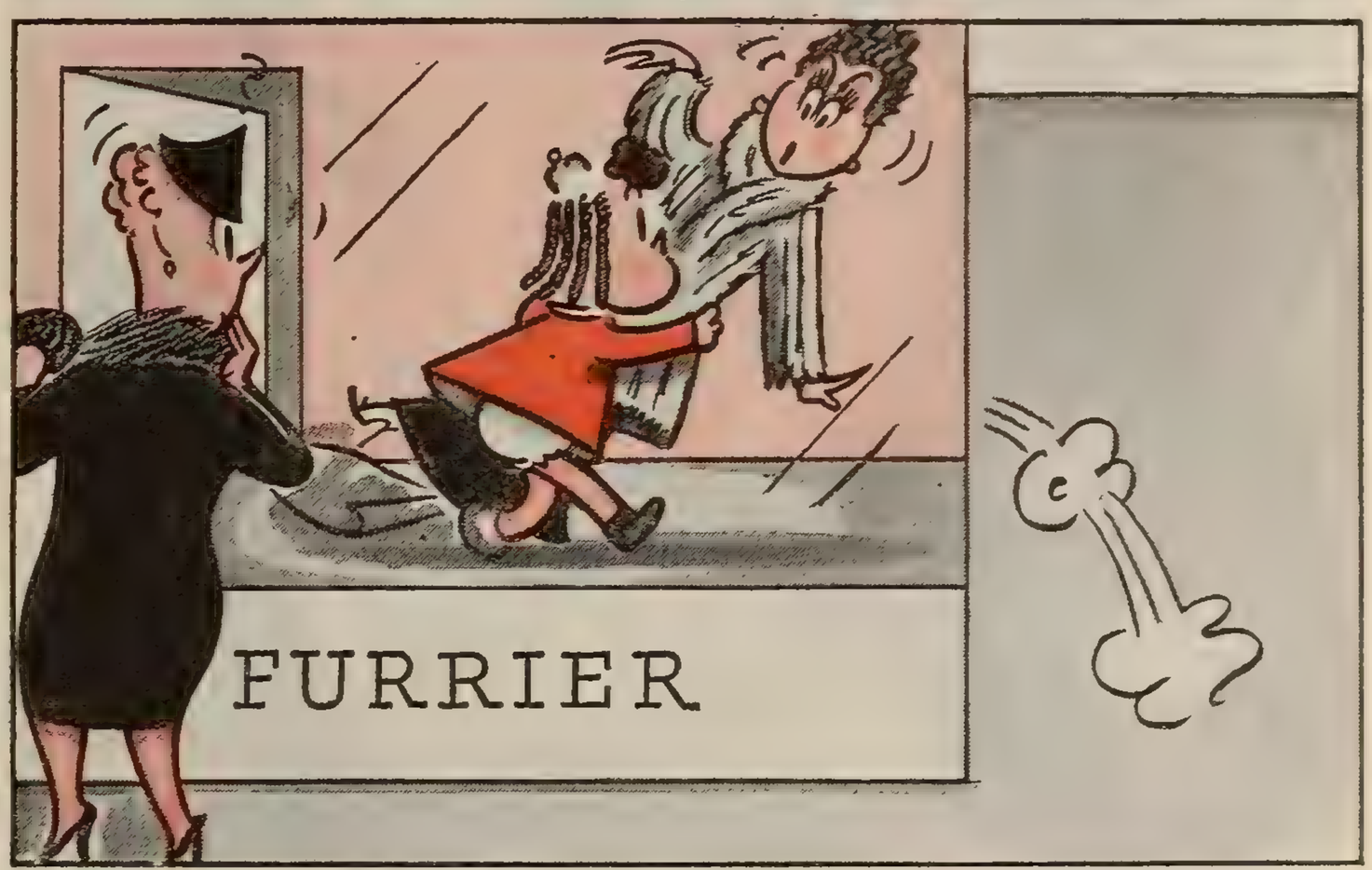

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something in my eyes—something that wasn't there. "We are not going to be. . . . I would have married him the day he returned if I had been sure it was—right. But I think I knew even then that I wasn't the one for him. Perhaps he has known me too long. I'm like an old shoe. Or more like an old crutch that he has come to be dependent on." She smiled a little and there was something heartbreaking in it.

"Charlotte!" I protested. "That can't be true!"

As if she had not heard she went on, "It isn't necessary to take him away from me, child. *What John needs is to be taken away from himself.* And I think you are the one to do it. You have the youth, the enthusiasm and sparkle. *If you loved a man enough, you could make him believe in himself all over again.* That is part of a woman's job anyway. But I had to wait until I was sure you were genuinely in love with John. I know now that you are. Whether or not you're grown-up enough to—to deserve his love, and to treat it as the precious thing it is, I don't know. But time will tell you that, Bets."

Hot shame suffused me. I had a wild desire to bury my head in her lap as I used to when I was a little girl. Would I ever be worthy of the trust she was giving me? Would my love ever be as fine and big as hers? I had acted so cheaply, in such a paltry fashion. "Charlotte, dear, forgive me," I whispered.

FOR what?" she said evenly. "For falling in love? For fighting for that love when you thought I was letting John down? And you did think that, didn't you?"

"Yes," I acknowledged. "I was stupid enough to think you were putting him off because he was—crippled."

Tears filled her eyes. "Bets, if John had lost both legs and both arms, he would still be the most wonderful man on earth to me. He is someone to grow up to, dear. Be sure that you do!"

She showed me her bags, packed and ready in her bedroom. Her train left in an hour. "I'm going to Washington first to consult with the Survey. Then I'm going West to do a job for them," she explained. Charlotte... I could see her going through the years leading that full, useful life of hers. And leaving her heart behind, here... I turned away blindly.

I tossed restlessly in my bed that night, unable to sleep. The wind had set up a fierce howling outside, banging the shutters and sweeping low the branches of the trees. I don't know when I first became conscious of it, that incipient smell of smoke. Suddenly I sat bolt upright. Through the window I caught sight of fire dancing below in the park.

"Dad!" I screamed, as I jumped out of bed. I whipped into some slacks and tennis shoes. Then I hammered on Dad's door. He was a sound sleeper and a precious minute was lost before I got him awake. We turned in the fire alarm, then raced for the zoo.

Already the flames had gained headway. The shrill cries of the animals held piteous terror. Some of the keepers had been aroused and were working in a frenzy to prod the lions into a transporting cage. "Unlock the cages, Bets!" Dad yelled. "All except the black panthers and tigers. We'll see to them."

Most of the animals were tamed anyway, so it didn't matter if they were freed. I could feel a hot searing breath on my face as I reached the cage where

Nemo was. I had no sooner unlocked the gate than the little animals scurried past me, Nemo in the lead. The zebras and wallabies came next. Lashed by the wind, the fire was sweeping through the trees and bushes and beginning to spill over the cages. Hot embers fell everywhere. A burning twig set fire to my sleeve once and scorched my arm before I could put it out.

On a little runway leading to the main aviary, I collided with a hurrying figure. *"John!"* I gasped.

"Jimmy's back there. He'll be roasted alive if we don't get to him." In the excitement of the moment, he had forgotten the artificial leg and was using it as if he'd had it all his life!

I started to run ahead. And then I stopped, for something more dreaded than fire was before me. Something evil and slimy, rearing its head, outlined against the fire. It was hideous beyond words. *It was the cobra-de-capello, a venomous hooded snake.*

Even as I stood there petrified, John had seen it, too, and brushed past me to strike at it with his cane. Again and again. Powerful strokes that left the creature writhing on the ground. Then he grabbed my arm. "Come on!"

WE found Jimmy crouched in his cage, almost overcome with smoke. The windows of the stone house were broken and already fiery branches were blowing in. John swung the poor little chimp up over his shoulder and started down the path. *"Run, Bets, run!"*

A great roar seemed to echo his words. We made it to the big Swan Lake just in time, and waded in.

Hours later, sitting exhausted in the cottage, John said abruptly, "Charlotte must have seen the fire. She could have helped. I guess she ran out on that too."

I had to tell him then. Even if it meant losing him. He had to know the truth about Charlotte. And if he followed her—if she had been wrong about the way he felt—than I'd have to take it. Something had happened to me tonight. I hoped, humbly, that it was the beginning of that growing-up-to-John process Charlotte had spoken of. I understood for the first time that love entails sacrifice too.

John listened quietly while I told him that Charlotte had left town—and why. "She'll be with the Survey Department in Washington, D. C., if you want to reach her," I finished.

For a long moment he said nothing. Then he stood up. "I'll call her there long distance. I have a lot to say to her. She's the greatest friend a man ever had. And the wisest... She knew that I loved you even before I realized it. I think that was part of what was wrong with me, Bets."

He came close and reached down for me. Without a word I went into his arms. This was the old John. My John. He would never wear that look of defeat again. That was my silent vow as I felt the beating of his heart against my own.

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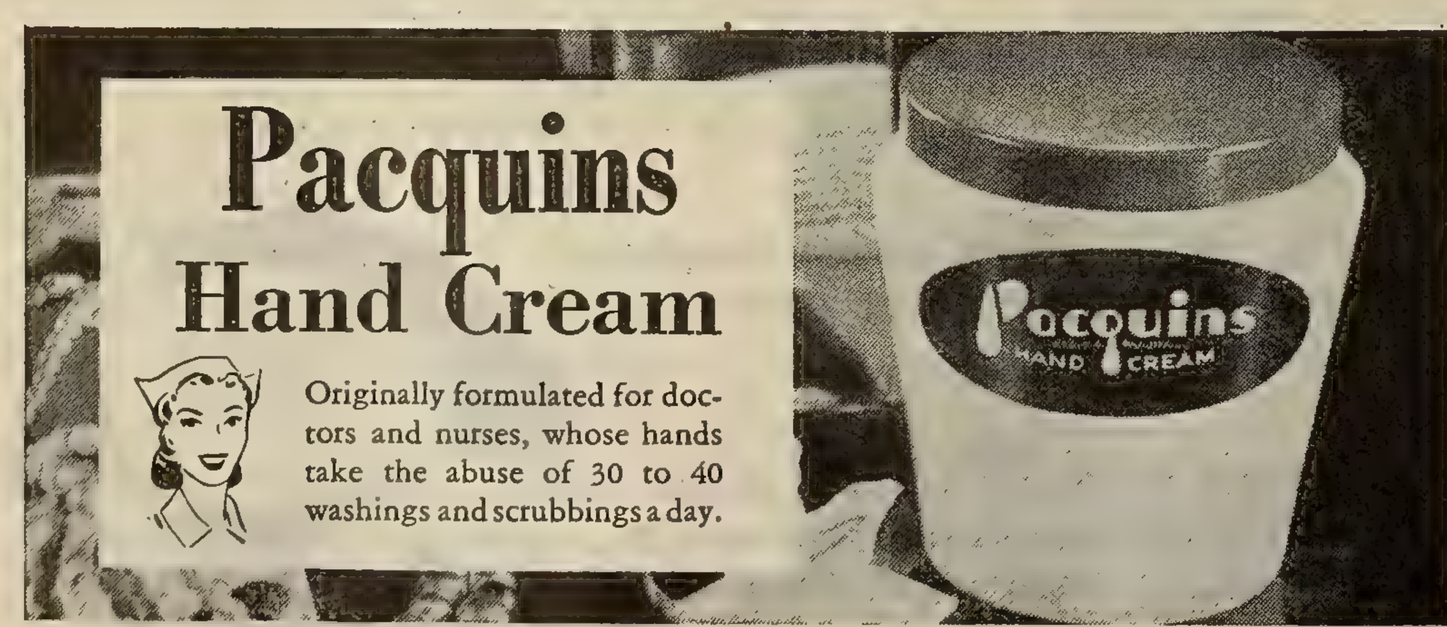

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Forever Yours

Continued from page 21

hadn't taken him in hand he'd still be a lowly pfc." The good-natured scuffle between them swung the world back into its safe orbit. They'd been heckling each other like this for as long as I could remember.

"Let's take a look at you, Mary. Let's see—same sweater—I think that goes back to the Sophomore picnic, wouldn't you say, Philip?—and that hair ribbon, vintage 1940, and—good Lord, gal . . . are you still wearing those ground grippers?" I looked down at my neat brown brogues in dismay. There had been a friendly banter in Henry's voice, but there had also been an undercurrent of malice.

"Just the same," I answered, slowly. "What did you think—that I'd changed into a glamour girl? Anyway, Philip likes me just the way I am."

While I dressed to go out, after dinner, I kept thinking of that . . . *Philip likes me the way I am* . . . and wondering at the little silence that fell, awkwardly, between the three of us, broken by Philip's hasty: "Sure. Put her in a flour sack—she's still my Mary." But it hadn't rung true.

I dressed with more than usual care. Soldiers coming home . . . of course they wanted to see their girls in something soft and feminine and frilly. Well, my new chocolate brown suit was soft and fitted, and the white blouse had a frou-frou of lace cascading under my chin. The color deepened my eyes; brought out the golden flecks in their brown depths. The suit was smart. And my brown kid pumps were new.

IT was worth the trouble to see the pleasure in Philip's eyes.

"You look lovely, Mary. Lovely and sweet and I'm proud of you." The warmth in his quiet, steady voice reached out to stroke me with a tingling delight. "Goodnight, Mr. Brockman—" to Dad who was blinking at us over his book, his hot milk beside him on the table.

"Goodnight, Philip. And have a good time, Mary. I'm glad to see you going out—you're working too hard, with those kids at the nursery and an old man like me to take care of." Dad had worked at the factory, as an accountant, a long time and, even now, with his bad heart, he had refused to shorten his hours.

Outside, I slipped my hand into Philip's. "Oh, I'm so glad you're back. I go around talking to myself out of sheer loneliness. Let's try and make these ten days just the way they used to be, Philip—picnics and tennis and swimming . . ."

"Swell. But I think I'd better tell you, Mary, that this may be our last furlough. We don't know for sure and I shouldn't be talking, perhaps, but I know it's safe with you."

Dismay made my steps falter. He held my arm tightly to help me over the street curb.

"Oh—Philip—no! Overseas—?"

"Yes. That's why, when Henry finds himself a date, I'd like for the two of us to slip away—early. I promised him we'd meet at the Old Mill, but I want to talk to you alone, later."

It would be tonight. Tonight Philip would ask me to marry him. We had ten whole days, and before he left I would be Mrs. Philip James. My dream of this afternoon was coming true, in

spite of the war and its changes!

"Is Henry bringing a girl?" It was the only thing I could think of to say.

"Who would he bring? The way Aunt Connie has always kept her eye on him, there isn't a girl in town he knows well enough to call up on the spur of the moment. No, he's stagging. He always does."

WE both laughed, remembering. Aunt Connie's "heart attacks," real or fancied, had a convenient way of coming on every time Henry had been about to involve himself with a girl. Not that Henry minded any more—he liked being footloose and fancy free.

The Old Mill used to be a hangout for our own little crowd, but now it, too, was bigger and more garish, and instead of the juke box a six-piece brass band hit it up from the crude stage. The noise was deafening as we entered and made our way through the crowded dance floor to the booth where we had spotted Henry's curly head.

"Over here!" Henry was beckoning. And, as we reached him . . . "I've been doing guard duty over this table and this beer for a half-hour—and nearly getting mobbed." We slid onto the benches and regarded the now-empty beer mugs with raised eyebrows.

"So you saved these for us—and drank them yourself, instead. A fine pal you are!" Philip mocked him.

Henry's thin, tanned face was flushed and his eyes sparkled. "Not by myself, my friends. I was going to save them for you—and a hard time I had getting them, too—but the most beautiful girl in the world came along and took pity on me— Ah, here she comes now—!"

I didn't have to turn my head. *The most beautiful girl*—somehow I *knew*.

"Stephanie, I want you to meet two of the nicest people in Tilbury. Philip James—Stephanie Vosper."

Philip had risen and was looking down at her, smiling, and when she lifted her hand to touch his sergeant's stripes, her dress pulled sharply across her flat midriff.

"Another Sergeant! I can see you earned those stripes! You don't get muscles like that from pushing a pen around on paper. And you're from Tilbury? I don't get it—you and Henry, here, are alive—everybody else here should have been buried years ago." Her pansy-blue eyes glowed with molten admiration and her hand on his arm was a caress.

Henry laughed. "And what's a pin-up girl like you doing here? My morale has gone up a hundred percent, Phil—I thought I was going to spend my furlough with a good book!" They all laughed. And then Henry turned to me.

"Stephanie—this is Mary Brockman, the kid next door."

HER eyes widened, then narrowed, in recognition. "Pleased to meet you," she said, awkwardly.

I tried to keep the furious anger out of my voice. What she'd said about Tilbury—and the way she looked at Philip! "How do you do, Miss Vosper. Won't you join us?—we'll do our best to entertain you, even though we are natives."

"Sure—thanks." Her words came out slowly, a frozen, embarrassed mumble. There was dead silence for a moment, and then Philip turned to me.

"Dance, Mary?" he asked, quietly. He smiled pleasantly at the other two. "Don't believe anything that he tells you, Stephanie!" The color came back to her face and she tossed her head with a trace of her former arrogance. "Oh, I'll watch him, Sergeant. I know how to handle boys like him."

We danced for a moment in silence.

"Mary," Philip broke the ice, "what was the idea of the snub for that kid? She seems like a nice, pretty girl and I think Henry really likes her."

I WAS too honest to pretend that I didn't know I had been condescending to Stephanie. "But, Philip—she was so rude about Tilbury. I don't like strangers tearing us down, and eight months ago you would have been angry, too." That wasn't the whole reason, but how could I say *I didn't like the way she looked at you?*

"Oh, honey! You've got to admit the town is pretty old-fashioned. I've seen lots of places in the Army and done my share of criticizing them, so I can hardly object when someone takes a crack at Tilbury, can I?"

That hurt. And it frightened me. Didn't Tilbury still mean to Philip what it did to me—peace and contentment and happiness? Were my dreams something that he had abandoned?

"But—" slowly, baffled— "What do Stephanie and I have in common, Philip?"

His answer sprang from a normal, masculine irritation. "Oh, Lord—I don't know. Whatever you girls talk about—clothes, or shopping or your hair, I guess."

Our clothes—the comparison was so sharp it would only embarrass her. But perhaps there were other things. Certainly I could compliment her, honestly, on her startling black cloud of

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hair. I would try it, anyway.

I did try when we went back. But Stephanie had recovered from my first rebuff and she did a thorough job of ignoring me. And pretense just wasn't in my make-up.

Her laughter was too shrill, I told myself. Her hand on Henry's arm, the looks she gave Philip were too open, too daring. Her talk was a curious jargon of the latest slang, of places she'd been, of people I didn't know. I might just as well have tried to make friends with a strange, exotic animal.

And I understood, as any woman does, the unabashed triumph in her eyes as she drew Philip's interest away from me. Triumph that blazed when Philip asked her to dance.

"I'd love to—I was watching you before and you've got what it takes to make a real dancer. I'll show you how to do this rhumba."

He protested a little but she paid no attention—swaying in front of him, her lithe body flowing with the music, her feet scarcely moving, her hands resting lightly on his shoulders. The Philip I had known would have been horribly embarrassed by this public lesson . . . but now he stood there, enjoying it, slowly catching on to the steps. They moved away.

"How about it, Mary? Shall we try, too?" But I shook my head. Without Stephanie sitting by him, Henry had lost his flushed, unreal gayety and was just the thin, moody boy I had always known. "Isn't she something?" he asked, fatuously, his eyes on the two figures moving in unison on the dance floor. "Did you ever see so much personality in one girl, before?" proudly.

I SAW something else. For the first time I was watching Philip as apart from myself—detached—a stranger I didn't know. I hadn't realized the poise of his broad shoulders and slim hips, the firm, gentle guidance of his hands, the hidden, disciplined forces in his nature which now seemed to surge to the surface under the witchery of the music. It was a revelation to me. He had none of the sinuous grace of the trained dancer, but in his big frame there was natural coordination of mind and muscle.

Others were stopping to watch. The two were alone in an oasis on the floor. Stephanie would have been an attraction anywhere—his solidity made a perfect complement for her. Untrained and unprofessional, there was a kind of spark between them, spontaneous, exciting.

The musicians, watching, quickened their tempo. I looked on in horrified fascination. Now they were like one person, although their bodies scarcely touched, even when the rhumba music grew wild and wanton. And it was as though a pagan fire blazed in Stephanie, making her movements untamed and sensual and breathtakingly beautiful.

Under the table my nails bit into my hands. Would they never stop—? I couldn't tear my eyes away.

The music was a crescendo now—and, with a flourish Stephanie whirled in front of Philip, caught his outstretched hand, and flung herself, poised, against him as the rhumba ended in a final, shattering burst of gourds and marimbas.

I drew a deep breath. I felt stifled, as if I needed air. There was applause, and the two were walking back to the booth, her face upturned to his laughing one.

Henry pretended to scowl. "What goes on? I've known this guy all my life and he's got two left feet—he can't dance! What did you do to him, Stephanie?"

Philip looked down at her. I could feel the tension still in him. "That was swell. Thank you, Stephanie."

For once her bold poise deserted her. "I—I love to dance. My brother says all my brains are in my feet—"

It didn't fool me. I could forgive her the spell she had thrown over Philip on the dance floor—I could even applaud the beauty of her rhythm—but I couldn't forgive her the deliberate personal intimacy she created between them.

It was late when we got home, but the sliver of moon that followed us shed a few pale beams through the wisteria tangle in one corner of the porch. It made a warm, secluded little nook. Here Philip had kissed me before when he used to bring me home—kisses that were sweet and tender and shy in the boy-and-girl wonder of it.

But tonight was different.

Tonight he took me in his arms almost violently, his lips on mine compelling and strong. My own response was startled and yielding. For a second we clung together . . .

"Mary, sweetheart," he whispered huskily against my cheek, "there's so little time for us—not nearly enough time—only ten days to know each other . . ."

BUT, Philip—we've known each other all our lives."

His answer was a short, exasperated little laugh. "Have we? Oh—I know you like Dorsey and you hate sad movies and you always get a rash when you eat strawberries. And you know I have a weakness for reading wild west stories. That's kid stuff, Mary. We have a lot to learn about each other. Like this . . ." and he bent his head to kiss me again. A kiss that left me breathless and shaken and frightened at the sky-rocket inside me. No, I didn't know this Philip! This was the man of the dance-floor—the man whose vital maleness had attracted even a Stephanie.

For just a second I was caught in the thrilling tide—and then, suddenly, something about the sky-rocket seemed tawdry, cheap. Something that came from the turbulence, the feverish expectancy that had been in the air at the Old Mill, stirred by the girl Stephanie. She had done this to Philip—! And, involuntarily, I stiffened, drew back. I wanted no part of it. We were going to be married, Philip and I. We had no need for stolen, excited caresses.

"Please, Philip," I asked in a low voice, "you know I don't like this sort of thing. Let me go."

He released me slowly, incredulously. "I'm sorry—I thought you—I didn't mean to frighten you." And now his voice was harsh. "It won't happen again."

And he was gone.

My room was a haven, but even its familiar welcome wasn't proof against my confusion. Philip's strange emergence from the boy I'd always known into this sure, confident, mature man—how did he fit into the picture I had dreamed this afternoon? It wasn't that he was older, somehow, but that he had changed so. His very approach to people and life was not the one I knew. It frightened me.

But surely nothing could really change the good, the quiet, the serene

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life we had always planned for ourselves some day . . . some day . . .

I struggled to keep that faith, but a vision of Stephanie, laughing, taunting, radiating her attraction, swam in my mind. The memory of her dancing with Philip, the glow in his eyes . . . and suddenly I knew I disliked her as intensely as Aunt Connie did. And for the same reason. What right did she have to come here and spoil things? Spoil this lovely, clean, precious thing that had been our relationship—Philip's and mine?

It was only when I was drifting, unhappily, off to sleep that I realized what more she had done—because of her Philip had forgotten that we were going to leave early. But tomorrow—tomorrow he'd ask me to marry him—

But he didn't. Not that day—nor any of the week that followed. A week in which we were never alone—a week in which Henry and Stephanie were always with us in the too-infrequent times we were together. I was hurt, and bewildered by the odd appraisal I caught in his eyes, in unguarded moments. I *knew* he had meant that we were to have been married this furlough—but what—*or who*—had changed his mind?

And then we quarreled.

BUT, Philip—it's impossible, inviting Stephanie on a picnic like ours. She'd be simply miserable among people who have known each other all their lives and talk the same language. It's of her I'm thinking. Dad and Aunt Connie will be along and you know how Aunt Connie acts about Henry's dates, as it is. And if he were to bring a girl like that—"

I could have bitten my tongue. Those last unfortunate words had darkened Philip's face in furious anger.

"I knew you were small-town, Mary, and I didn't mind because I'm small-town, too. But to be snobbish—! If you only knew how much Stephanie admires you and likes you and the swell things she says about you!"

That stung—Philip defending her. I felt helpless. I saw her cleverness in pretending and concealing her dislike, making Philip her champion. I was under no illusions about her admiration for me. But I didn't have that kind of cleverness.

"That's not fair, Philip. But I'm very fond of Aunt Connie and it's cruel to hurt her. She's going to suffer, anyway, when she finds out that Henry is going overseas. It seems to me the least he could do would be to make things pleasant for her now!"

"You mean he should forget about Stephanie and stay home evenings, I suppose. Mary, love is a very big thing. It's outside and above and separate from everything else—and yet it affects every other feeling you have. It's so big that it has little or nothing to do with a man's obligations or what his friends think he should or should not do. It comes first. Love has to come first—before a home or children or friends or even a way of living."

What did that have to do with Henry and Stephanie? Love—?

"It's so big," the intensity in his voice startled me, "that it calls for the very best and deepest in a man or woman—heart and mind and soul and body—you can't choose or select—it just hits you. And there's no hell like finding that the one you love doesn't feel the same way."

I was dazed. Was he speaking of Henry—? It had sounded more like a

revelation of a man's own personal suffering—his own torture—arguments he had used before, to himself! And an unnamed fear crowded into my heart, shaking its security. I hadn't known that he and Henry had been seeing Stephanie without me—what did Philip's words have to do with Henry and her—or with Philip and me?

When he spoke again his voice was lighter. "I wouldn't worry too much about Henry. You know how unpredictable he is. He forgets girls quickly and, besides, we're leaving on Sunday."

"I'll miss you—terribly." The words were hard to say. *Miss Philip?* To have him go off like this, with this strange, unreal, unspoken difference between us, our dreams lost somewhere in these short ten days—!

He touched my cheek, gently. "You're so sweet, Mary. Sweet and untouched and dear. Stay that way while I'm gone, won't you?"

Shyly I came to him. "Bring Stephanie to the picnic, Philip. I'll see that she's not embarrassed. I'll be nice to her—for your sake."

"What's wrong with her, for her own sake!" His anger was an explosion. "What do you have against Stephanie?"

"I haven't anything against her . . . except that she's a troublemaker. She's cheap and vulgar!"

I might just as well have slapped Philip. I couldn't help it—I had been goaded into it. I felt that she was everything I had said and more. And —dimly—that she was in some way responsible for our not being married, right now.

HE left me without a word, before I could stop him.

And there was no picnic after all. Somehow Aunt Connie had learned that Henry was shipping overseas and her heart attack was a real one. I could find time to be sorry for her, even in the midst of my own pain and confusion, because I knew how jealously devoted she was to him.

My hands were busy, taking care of her. But my mind was a ceaseless turmoil. I tried to think of other things —of Jimmie Styles and the Day Nursery—how overwhelmed the child had been with his new glasses and the world that had suddenly opened up before him—but always my thoughts came back to our quarrel and that today was Philip's last. He would leave on the Sunday morning one o'clock train.

When the late afternoon came and he still hadn't called I found myself unable to bear the four walls where the only sound was Aunt Connie's sobbing. The doctor had come. They wouldn't miss me.

The day was a match for my spirits. The spring warmth would give way suddenly, treacherously, to sharp, driving gusts of wind that chilled me through my thin jacket—and then they, in turn, would die to the soft, deceptive balminess of this sheltered spot I found behind the bole of an old oak tree. In its warmth, in spite of the rough bark beneath my cheek, I stayed for a moment, leaning against its strength. The path was a few feet away and it was pleasant here and I was hidden and the tears on my cheeks were my own personal sorrow.

I must have been hearing the voices for some seconds before I was fully conscious of them. Two people, I thought. I stood motionless. I didn't want to be seen.

I hadn't meant to listen. But the words came clearly, even though the

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two speakers were not yet in sight.

"I can't!" the words drifted across to me, sharp in excitement. It was a girl.

And I stiffened—something like terror freezing me to the spot. My heart plunged. I knew that voice—only now it was passionately, deeply emotional. The affectation was gone—stark desperation rode in Stephanie's voice.

I CAN'T!" she repeated, and now only snatches of her words came, as if she were having difficulty speaking . . . "love isn't enough . . . of course I do . . . you know I do . . . but . . . it's impossible . . ."

Was she pleading with Henry—protesting—! I knew Henry. Knew his light-hearted love-making and, for the first time, sympathy for her and anger against his thoughtless flirtations banished my hostility for her.

I could see her bright scarf now, between the trees. Her head was bent. And through the leaves I could see the flash of a Sergeant's chevrons on his khaki uniform. But I couldn't yet see Henry's face.

"Stephanie—listen to me! It doesn't make a damn bit of difference where you came from or who your family are or what other people think! Marriage is just two people—"

I don't think I fainted. A turn in the road hid them both and carried them out of hearing. But for a moment, the whole world had spun, the ground had rolled beneath my feet, there was a twisted, roaring rush of blood singing in my ears, and my heart had simply ceased to beat.

Not Henry!—no thin, jaunty figure at her side, but—

Philip!

My shaking hands finally steadied themselves on the tree and I looked at their torn palms with only a curious wonder. There was no sensation of pain. They had no connection with the rest of me. But I tried to concentrate on them—as if they had an importance I must solve. I was floating in a cool, detached sort of vacuum and my feet moved slowly, one in front of the other, down the path and homewards, automatically.

It had been Philip who had been speaking of marriage and pleading with —*Don't think of that! Don't*—but a part of my mind that wouldn't be controlled, that was still mechanically functioning, wondered: Why did she protest? How absurd!

I must have looked all right and sounded like myself, because Dad didn't seem to notice anything wrong. I explained that I wasn't well—I was getting a cold. And then I made my way to my room.

THE storm broke then. Broke with a suddenness and a violence that left me weak and shaken and bruised. I had come alive to pain that was indescribable and torment that was overwhelming. Philip—wanting to marry that girl—a girl who represented nothing of the life he cared about! I remembered his words of yesterday—"*You can't choose or select—it just hits you. And there's no hell like finding that the one you love doesn't feel the same way.*" He hadn't been speaking of Henry, but of himself. This love he spoke of—what a strange, horrible thing it must be to change him so completely! The storm of my weeping tore me apart. I had lost Philip, and with his love went the very meaning of my life and all

the dreams that had been my future.

And with all the agony that went with the loss of Philip there flowed an equal, bitter tide of resentment against Stephanie. It was not enough that she and her kind had come to Tilbury and taken away our peace and serenity and our pride in ourselves—she had stolen the one thing in life I really wanted. Stolen it, not because she wanted his love, but because it amused her to play one man off against another—

I HAD never known before that I could feel or be hurt so deeply. Philip had been right when he said I disliked sad movies. I'd always felt that the actors' emotions were too undisciplined—they were strange, ill-adjusted people. Now I knew there was no measuring stick for pain. No level for tears.

"Mary—" Dad's voice roused me. I saw that it was evening and my room was dark. "Mary—could you come down, dear? Philip's here to see you."

The words didn't register for a moment. And when they did it seemed grotesque, his coming to say goodbye. It was a code of manners that belonged to a saner, an orderly, rightful world that I no longer knew.

"I'm sorry you aren't feeling well, Mary." The darkness partly hid my swollen eyes but I was grateful for the excuse. His sympathy seemed mechanical, overwrought by the strain under which he was evidently laboring. I wondered, numbly, why he had bothered to come.

"I—I had to come." He answered my unspoken thought. "I tried to stay away because I knew it would make things harder for us both. It hasn't been easy, these past ten days." His hands jammed into his pockets, he paced restlessly up and down. "When I first came back, Mary, I meant to ask you to marry me, but even then I was doubtful whether it was right. This whole war is an upheaval and, when you're in it, you find yourself looking at things in a different light. I wasn't sure of myself. And I wasn't sure if it was fair to you—to ask you to marry me because we had both taken it for granted—and then to leave you. Suppose someone else came along who could make you feel more deeply, more strongly than I could? How would you feel, tied to me just because I was the boy you'd grown up with and gone to school with?" *Why was he taking this round-about way to tell me he had fallen in love with Stepanie?*

There was a drive of desperation in his voice. "It's like a river, Mary, that just flows along and then comes the war and the river gets dammed up. It has to find new outlets and channels. I won't be the same man when this war is over—I'm not the same as I was, even now."

"But when it comes to saying goodbye and to leaving everything I've ever known that was safe and secure—I guess I'm just like the rest. I'm weak enough to want to leave a hostage here—to have someone to come back to who is a link with all the dreams I've ever had."

I'VE had the license for a week. I even spoke to Reverend Harkness on the way over. I know I'm being selfish. I don't even know if you still care for me. But . . ." I could feel the tension behind his words. But I wasn't prepared for the shock of them—!

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"Mary—darling—will you marry me—tonight—before I leave?"

It was like waking out of a nightmare—a horrible nightmare—that had never really happened!

Stephanie couldn't have him! He had come back to me. He had turned to me, knowing that we were right for each other. His feeling for her had been a storm of infatuation, but the years that bound us together into one person wouldn't let him go. Perhaps I had misunderstood him this afternoon—perhaps I had imagined the whole thing! For now, nothing mattered except that Philip wanted to marry me.

These were incoherent thoughts, swept aside by the joy that flooded my tired and weakened body. Involuntarily I had stepped into his arms and my hands were on his shoulders.

"Oh—Philip! I'll marry you tonight—any time! And I'll be waiting for you when you come back."

It was like a dream—our wedding. And over as quickly as any dream. Dad went with us, took care of everything. There was nothing for me to do but stand by Philip's side and whisper my tremulous, joyful responses, and hear, in turn, his low voice: *"I, Philip James, take this woman—"*

And then we were at the railroad station. At that hour of the morning there were few passengers waiting and even those weren't interested in the familiar sight of a soldier and bride saying goodbye. Henry had shouted his fleeting congratulations and had dived into the vestibule to secure seats for both of them. It was cold, but warm drafts of steam escaped from beneath the train to eddy around our feet. I didn't need its warmth—I was sheltered in Philip's arms.

HIS lips on mine were tender and sweet. "Take care of yourself, Mary. I'll come back—back to you."

"I know you will," I promised him. He would come back and my dreams would come true—our house—the white fence—our children, playing on the sidewalk—

The trainman's warning cry drifted down to us. Reluctantly, Philip started up the steps. He waved to me. Then—suddenly—abruptly—he swung himself down and jumped to my side.

His hands were on my shoulders, and in them I could feel the tightening of his whole body. I could feel the cost to him, the pride and strength it took him to ask me, painfully—

"Will you do something for me after I'm gone, Mary?"

Instinctively everything in me cried out for him to stop. I didn't know what was coming—I didn't want to know—! The trainman tapped him on the shoulder. Philip was walking away, his words coming back to me over his shoulder—

"Mary—look after Stephanie—be nice to her for—for me!"

I wanted to scream. Even now he could think of her! And the truth seared me—he had come to me on the rebound, because she had refused him! And the stabbing, lashing hatred I felt in my heart for her made a mockery of our marriage!

Is Mary's longed-for, hoped-for marriage only a mockery after all? Whom does Philip carry away with him in his heart—Mary, his wife, or Stephanie, the stranger? Read the exciting second installment of Forever Yours in April RADIO ROMANCES, *formerly* RADIO MIRROR, *on sale March 16.*

Suitable Substitutes

Continued from page 50

salt and pepper into eggs and mix thoroughly with spinach. Turn into ring mold which has been rubbed with margarine and bake in 350 degree oven until firm, about 25 minutes. Unmold onto platter and fill center of ring with diced creamed potatoes or carrots or buttered beets.

Kidney Beans

1 lb. kidney beans
2 qts. water
1 tbl. salt
1 tbl. chili powder
1 bayleaf
1 clove garlic (optional)
1 onion
1 green pepper
1 red pepper
2 stalks celery
2 tbls. margarine

Soak beans overnight in cold water. The following day simmer in the same water, to which salt, chili powder and bayleaf have been added, until tender, 2 to 2½ hours. Mince garlic, chop fine onion, peppers and celery and sautee in margarine. Pour over beans at serving time. Dried lima, navy or blackeye beans or lentils may be prepared and served in the same way.

Another way to vary Lenten meals is to place emphasis on vegetables. Serve creamed eggs on an eggplant slice accompanied by zucchini, small onions and watercress for an appetizing version of the familiar vegetable and egg plate—especially good when the onions are topped with cheese crumbs.

Cheese Crumbs

2 tbls. margarine
½ cup crumbs
2 tbls. grated cheese

Melt margarine and sautee crumbs until light golden brown. Cool. Stir in grated cheese, sprinkle over tops of hot cooked onions and serve at once.

APRIL RADIO ROMANCES
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ON SALE
Friday, March 16th

Necessities of war have made transportation difficult. We find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO ROMANCES goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO ROMANCES for February will go on sale Wednesday, January 10th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. So please be patient!

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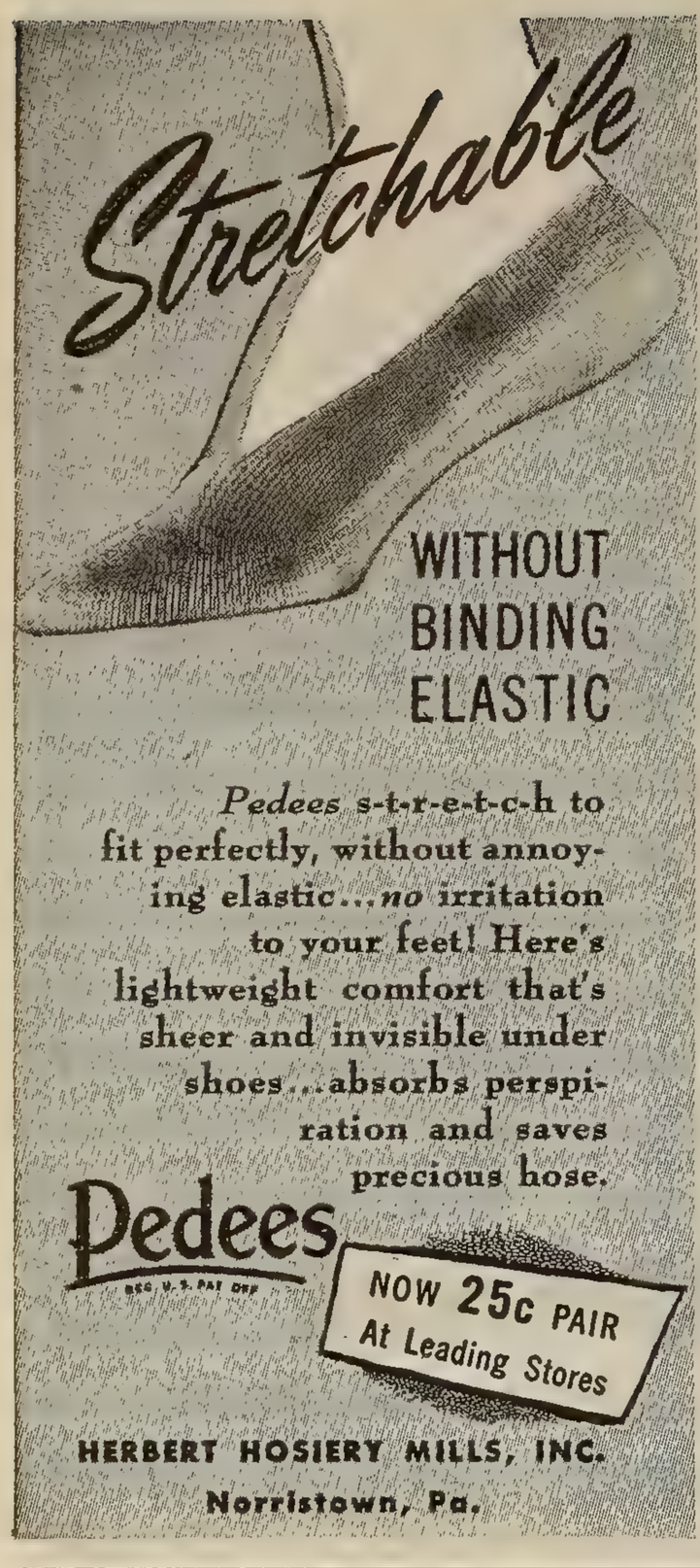

Beyond Tomorrow

Continued from page 28

for a couple of days alone while Mrs. Hazelton kept Robbie. At least, that was the way we planned it.

All during the party after the ceremony, Robbie was running around wild with excitement, into and on top of everything. He even rode his tricycle into the living room, yelling at the top of his lungs, "Lookit! Lookit *me!*" I tried to keep him quiet, but he was completely out of control. And no matter how much Mrs. Hazelton and I told him not to, he kept stuffing himself with cake. Finally she took him upstairs to the room he and I had lived in so long, where my bags were already packed waiting to be taken to my new home.

IN a little while she came back and drew me aside. "Delia, Robbie's sick. All that excitement and all that food—he's got some temperature and I've put him to bed."

Ted was across the room talking to the minister, so without saying anything to him I ran upstairs. My baby really was sick. He was burning with fever, and he kept crying, "Mummy, mummy. . . ." I was frantic with worry.

After a while, Ted came upstairs and I went out in the hall and closed the door. "Darling, I can't leave him tonight," I said. "He's really sick and he needs me."

Ted looked as if I'd struck him. "But Delia—he can't be very sick. Mrs. Hazelton loves him—she'll look after him. And this—this is our wedding day!"

"I know, Ted. But I *can't* leave him—"

"You could if you wanted to!" The words came out like a whip lash.

At first, I was furious. I started to answer in the same angry tone. And then I saw his hands. They were shaking uncontrollably—the first time that had happened since the day I met him. I remembered what he'd said—*when things get in my way, I seem to want to hit out—*

I felt torn between them. But, after all, Ted was a grown man, and Robbie was a child who was ill and needed his mother. Besides, if Ted and I couldn't have tonight together, there was still tomorrow and all the tomorrows. I tried to tell him that. I came close to him and put my arms around him and tried to tell him that. "If he were your child, you'd understand," I said finally, in desperation.

"Yes—if he were *mine,*" he answered bitterly.

AT last the trembling passed, and the bitterness. But there was something that shouldn't have been, some small rift in our togetherness, as Ted went alone to our new house and I spent my wedding night taking care of Robbie.

The next day the baby was well enough to leave, and I went to the home where Ted waited for me, for our belated honeymoon. We were wildly happy together, the fulfillment of our love was all I'd dreamed it could be—and yet that small rift remained. It was as if Robbie had come between

us; my duty to him had brought Ted and me close to quarreling on the very day that we were married. And our simple little honeymoon, which should have been perfect, had started delayed and marred by our anger. We both tried to forget it, tried to find the perfection we had missed. But the very fact that we *had* to try made the shadow of a strain fall between us.

THEN the so-brief honeymoon was over and we settled down into the routine of living. From the very first, things seemed to go against us. Not the big, important things that one can steel oneself to face and fight, that call for great courage or great sacrifice and that by their very bigness call out the utmost of one's strength. No, these were the small nagging things that wear away at your patience and fray your energy and jangle your nerves.

I'd never kept house before, and I found it hard. For one thing, with prices as they were, our money just seemed to disappear, no matter how I tried to economize. Then, with Ted working in his "office" in the living-room all day, there were three full meals to prepare; with clients coming to consult him, the house had to be kept neat and clean all the time, and Robbie kept as quiet as possible and out of the way. That was the hardest of all. Any three-year-old is rambunctious, I suppose, but because I'd had to be away from the child so much, I found him harder to manage. He wasn't used to minding me and he didn't.

Sometimes I found myself thinking I'd give anything if Ted didn't work at home. But whenever he broached the subject of moving downtown, I protested. "It's so much cheaper this way, darling. Office rents are expensive, and with prices so high and our needing so many things, how can we afford it?"

And Ted would reluctantly agree. But it wasn't easy for him either. He was working terribly hard, trying to get started. His wounds were all healed and he no longer wore the sling. But his nerves were not good, and he found the same difficulty in adjusting himself to civilian life that I guess almost every man who's been in the hell of war finds. The trembling didn't bother him much anymore, but many nights he awakened me by crying out in his sleep, re-living some scene of danger or horror, being back in the water strafed by the Japs, seeing a companion killed. At those times, I would turn on the light and hold him in my arms as if he were a child, until it passed. I seemed to love him most then, when his need for me was so instinctive and so great.

Nights were always our best time anyway. For then Robbie was asleep, the house was quiet, and there could be just the two of us alone together. But nights could be bad, too. After a particularly trying day when Robbie had been especially disobedient, when there had been a heavy washing or ironing, or when something had gone wrong with Ted's work—then we were each too tired to have much for the other. It was at those times that we needed most to go out to a movie or something, to relax. But unless we could get one of the neighbors to sit with the baby, we could never go.

Robbie adored Ted and wanted to follow him everywhere. No matter how often we told him that he must never, never go into Daddy's office, the

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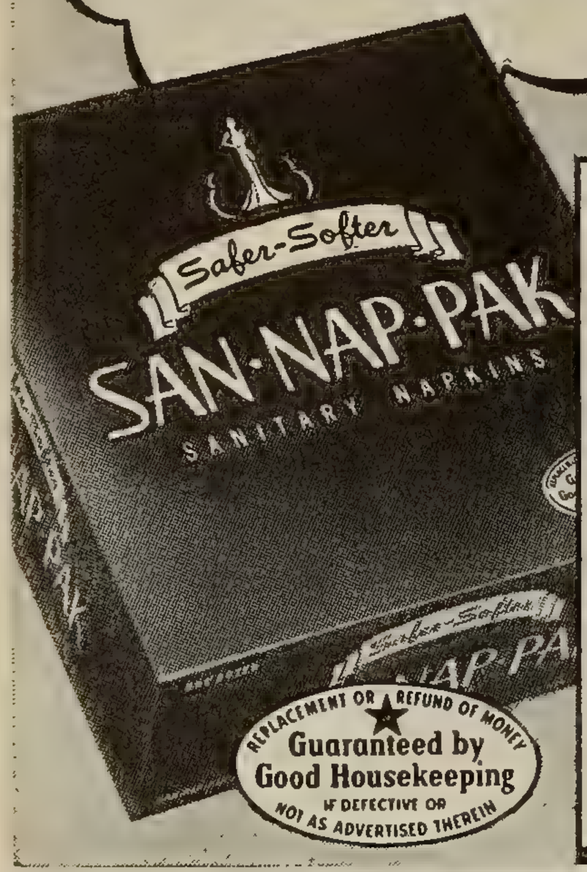

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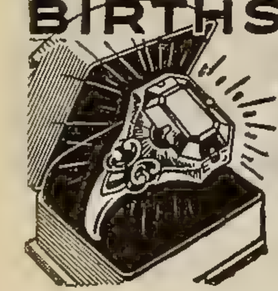

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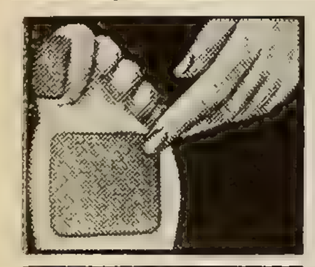

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place seemed to exert an unholy fascination for him. Once, after Ted had spent the whole day figuring out a complicated income tax for a client, Robbie went in when we weren't looking and tore up all the papers covered with Ted's careful figuring.

"Playin' office," Robbie assured me cheerfully when I rushed in and grabbed him. But the damage had been done, all that work had to be figured over, and Ted was furious.

"He ought to be spanked and sent to bed without his supper," he cried. "The kid knows he hasn't any business in that room."

BUT he didn't mean to do wrong," I pleaded. "He's so crazy about you he wants to do everything you do, and playing office is one of them."

"He may be playing, but I'm not. Don't you realize this means clothes and rent and food for us? It's my *work*, Delia. Believe me, if we ever have any kids of our own they're going to be brought up different!"

I said sharply, "I suppose *your* children will all be little angels." Then I began to cry. "You're so unfair—I do the best I can. You just expect too much. . . ."

After a minute, he came over and put his arms around me. "I'm sorry, honey," he said. "I know you do. It's only that this business is so darned important—not only to me but for you—and to see a whole day's work torn up—Well, there's nothing to do but go do it over." And he went on into the office.

I felt terribly sorry for Ted, tired as he was, having to work late that night. And I made Robbie promise he would never do such a thing again, explaining how hard it was for Daddy when he did mischief like that.

But that was all that I could do about it. Ted just didn't understand about children, I told myself; and, besides, he didn't realize how hard I had

When glamorous Templeton Fox goes on the air in the part of Ann in the NBC weekly serial Those We Love, she brings to her performance a background of experience not only in radio but in movies and the theater.

to work, too. It wasn't as if he were the only one.

People were kind to Ted, partly, I suppose, because he was a returned veteran and they wanted to help; but mostly because they liked him and he did good work. But still the money was slow coming in. There never seemed to be quite enough. And the small strain that had existed ever since our wedding day began, gradually, to grow under the pressure. I loved Ted passionately. He was all I'd ever wanted in a husband—but still there was the night, for instance, that an old shipmate of his was in town, and Ted went out with him, taking him to dinner and buying him a few drinks. When I learned how much that evening had cost, I was appalled.

"That would have been almost enough to buy that new snowsuit for Robbie I've been so crazy to get him!" I cried. "And you have to go and spend it like this. Why couldn't you have entertained him here instead of going off downtown?"

TED set down his coffee cup so hard it cracked. "That boy's off my ship. We went through hell together, and I wanted to see him alone because nobody who hasn't been through it himself can ever understand the way you feel and the things you've got to say. I certainly wasn't going to let him pay for anything his only night in town. As for Robbie—he's *got* a snowsuit he hasn't outgrown yet, and there's no reason on earth I can't spend something on myself once in a while. Every cent I earn you think ought to go for him. This is the first time since we've been married that I've ever—oh, what's the use in talking about it? You never understand." And he shoved back his chair and left the table.

Of course we made it up. We always did, with tears on my part, and kisses and mutual self-blame. But the quarrels grew more frequent, and sometimes it seemed as if their friction were wearing away something that should have been whole and fine, like water slowly eating at a stone. After each one, we'd swear it would never happen again, it *must* never happen again. But it did happen again—over money or, mostly, over Robbie, like the bitter quarrel we had the time he left the telephone off the hook and Ted missed an important call that would have meant a new client and a new small account. That one was harder to make up, and after it, resentments and unspoken accusations hovered over us like the clouds that gather in brooding stillness just before a storm.

That storm finally came, and it was the baby who brought it.

It was the end of a long, hot day—the kind of day that tries your temper anyway. I'd given Robbie his supper early and put him to bed. After our own, Ted and I were sitting out on the front porch trying to cool off. Suddenly a thump from the living-room made us both start. Ted looked at me, and then without a word, hurried inside. In a moment he came out. He had Robbie by one arm, and in the other hand he carried one of the bookkeeping ledgers that belonged to the Fitch company, whose books he had been auditing. Both the baby and the book were covered with ink.

"*Look at this,*" Ted said, and his voice was shaking with anger. "Look what this kid of yours has done now—he's smeared ink on practically every page so thick you can't see the figures! How

"My mother could have *spared me this heartbreak...*

If only she had told me these intimate physical facts!"

"WELL it's happened. Jim has left me and never was there a better husband! I felt it coming—first his 'indifference'—then a decided resentment.

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M

am I ever going to work on it now and how am I ever going to explain to Fitch—"

"Robbie!" I cried. "How could you do such a thing after Daddy's told you—"

The baby began to cry. "Helping Daddy," he bellowed. "I was helping Daddy—"

"Well, go straight in the house this minute." Then I turned to Ted. "He didn't mean any harm, Ted. He was only trying to help you. He thought—"

"According to you, he never means any harm," Ted shouted. "But look what happens. This is what I get for trying to bring up another man's kid. If he were my own—"

"Now look here!" Suddenly all the resentment of the last weeks boiled up in me. "You shouldn't have married me if you feel like that. You knew about Robbie from the first and said you loved him—"

THE trembling had come back, worse than I'd ever seen it. Ted's hands were shaking so he dropped the ledger. But this time it aroused no pity in me. I was too angry. And this time he was making no effort to control it. He looked as if he wanted to hit out at something—anything.

"And you knew how I felt about wanting a business of my own and a home. How can I have either one if you keep on taking his side against me? This isn't the first time he's messed up an account for me—but you don't think that's important. From the very day we were married, he's come between us."

"If he has, it's your own fault!" I cried. "You've never tried to understand him."

"Everything's always my fault. Well, it's not going to be any more. I can't stand this! I've got to get away where something's *mine*, not half another man's. It looks as if you were right when you said we shouldn't have gotten married—" He turned and started into the house.

"Ted! Where are you going?"

"Away!" He stopped and faced me. The light from the hall fell on his face, and what I saw frightened me dreadfully.

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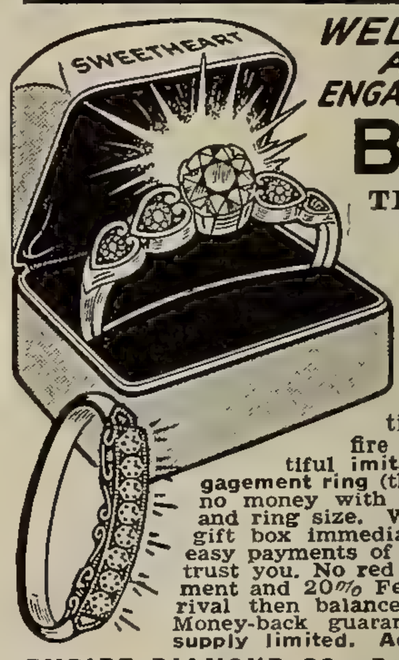

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It was chalk white and beaded with perspiration. His whole body was shaking as if with a chill. "Away from all this."

I stood where he'd left me. I couldn't believe it. He couldn't really mean to walk out and leave us like this. I was frightened and angry and bewildered. But anger was still uppermost. It hadn't been easy for me, either.

In a little while he came out, carrying his old duffle bag. So he really intended to go! Well, *I* wouldn't try to stop him. We just stood there and looked at each other, and it was as if we were enemies, measuring each other. "I'm going to Belknap," he said finally. "I'll get a job in the war plant there. I'll call Fitch and the others in the morning—there's time for them to get somebody else to do their books. And I'll send you some money—I've left enough on the dresser to tide you over." His voice was quite expressionless by now. He might have been reciting something.

It couldn't be happening. Yet it was. Without answering, I watched him walk down the steps and out to the dark street. I didn't move. *This is the end,* I was thinking over and over. *This is the end.*

THE next few weeks were the most wretched of my life. Even when Bob died, it hadn't been like this. That had had one kind of finality, this another. Then the world had stopped; now it kept on going but I had no place in it. I kept finding myself listening for Ted's voice from the living room, for his step in the hall, and waiting for his arms around me. Then a flood of anger would wash it all away, leaving only the memory of the things he'd said. How could I love anyone or miss anyone who felt that way about my baby?

It had all been a mistake from the very first. We'd had so little honest happiness—just moments snatched here and there when we had managed to find each other. The rest had been strain and worry and being tired and quarreling. It was better like this, to acknowledge our marriage a failure. I told myself I'd never ask Ted Chaney to come back.

I began to worry about Robbie. For the first time in the four years of his little life, he had lost his appetite and his high spirits. He moped around the house. "Where's Daddy?" he kept demanding.

"Daddy's going to Belknap, on business," I told him once. I didn't want to say more.

"Where's Belknap?"

"It's a town not far away from where grandma lives. Now eat your supper, darling."

It made my heart ache to see how the baby missed Ted. And it hardened it, too—against Ted. The idea of resenting a child just because it wasn't his!

And then one horrible, unforgettable morning Robbie disappeared.

One moment he was playing alone in the yard, the next he was gone. At first I didn't worry. He was somewhere in the neighborhood, I thought, playing with other children, though he was forbidden to leave the yard. But he wasn't. I went up and down the block, calling him, asking other mothers. Nobody had seen him. Noon came and passed.

Frantic thoughts of kidnapping filled my mind. He was such a friendly little soul, he was likely to walk off with anybody or get into a car with any stranger, although he'd been told not

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to a hundred times. Neighbors began to help me in the search. Finally we called the police.

There followed a night of the sharpest agony I've ever known. Questions, descriptions . . . four years old, brown hair, brown eyes, dressed in sailor suit . . . waiting, pain too deep for tears, prayers and despair. For there was no trace of Robbie anywhere. The earth might have swallowed him up. Through it all I longed for Ted, and put the longing from me. Robbie was not his child; he could not share my grief, and some sort of curious pride would not let me call him.

And then, at the hour when it seemed as if God had turned his face away, the telegram came. It said: ROBBIE SAFE WITH ME. DON'T WORRY. TED.

IT wasn't until afterwards that we pieced together the story of that trip —the brave quest of a little boy in search of his Daddy. And it was a miracle of coincidence, good luck, and providence.

Robbie had apparently just made up his mind to find Ted. He'd walked to the railroad station by himself. Daddy was near where grandma lived, and he went to grandma's on a train. So he got on a train—any train. The conductor thought he was travelling with a family in the day coach, they thought he was travelling with someone else, and no one was aware he was alone until the first big stop was reached. They found out when Robbie asked the conductor if this was Belknap where his Daddy was.

It wasn't, but fortunately Belknap wasn't far away. The station authorities notified the police, who elicited from Robbie the cheerful information that his father's name was Ted Chaney and that he'd come to see him. After working on it all night, they finally located Ted at the war plant and he hurried immediately to Robbie. Through it all, the baby was never frightened by all the questions and the

Here is Larry Douglas, handsome young vocalist on the Columbia Network program Here's to Romance, which is broadcast from coast to coast every Thursday night, 10:30 to 11:00 EWT.

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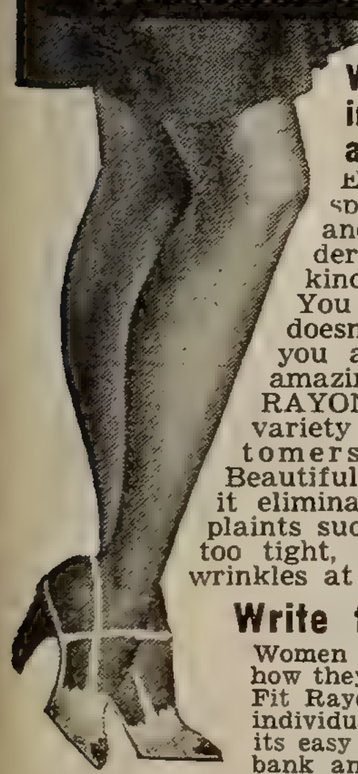

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strangers. He never cried. He just asserted calmly that he wanted to find his Daddy, and he did.

But at the time, the hows and whys made no difference to me. It was enough to know my baby was safe and to offer up thanks from a heart overflowing with gratitude.

A neighbor drove me to Belknap; waiting for a train would have meant unbearable delay. And it was as we drove up in front of the rooming house where Ted lived, and I saw them waiting for me together on the porch—it was then, in a split second of time, that the second miracle came. The first was Robbie's safety; this, in a blinding flash of clarity after the Gethsemane of waiting, was the sudden, sure knowledge of Ted and of myself. It was as if I were really seeing us—all of us—for the first time.

I held my baby in my arms and the tears, denied by anguish, came at last.

I turned to Ted. In humility and love, in asking forgiveness, I reached out for him. I had to tell him. I had to ask him to come back, to beg him if need be.

BUT Ted stopped me. "Wait," he said, and for the first time I saw tears in his eyes. "Wait, darling, I've got something to say to you. It's a funny kind of thing—but when I walked into the police station and saw that little fellow, all dressed up in his sailor suit, coming all that way alone to find me—well, it was as if I'd been given something that I'd wanted all my life. It was as if, for the first time, Robbie was mine and somehow you were mine too. And that the three of us had made something that belonged to us and couldn't be taken away. Only we hadn't known it—you and I—because other things kept getting in the way.

"One of the things was that all along, I was jealous of Bob. I reminded you of him and that's why you loved me. You were his wife, and Robbie was his child, and I was always sort of the outsider. And Robbie always kept getting in the way of—of *us*. Of our being alone together, and getting the business started, and everything. And then all of a sudden I saw what a heel I'd been and how I'd never given it a chance and just pulled out when the going got tough. And, honey, I knew then that if you'd take me back—"

"Don't!" I cried. "Let me say it. Let me ask you to come back. It's the only way I can show you how wrong I was, too."

And then the words didn't come any more because Ted's arms were holding me as if they'd never let me go, and his lips were on mine shutting out the past and offering only the future. And we clung together, *with* each other for the first time, until finally a little voice called us back and said:

"Mummy—daddy—let's go *home*."

We're back in the little frame house now. Only with a difference. Ted has a tiny cubicle of an office rented in a downtown building. No matter what the sacrifice as far as money goes, he has a right to that—a place of his own. And he's getting started all over again, healthier and stronger than he's ever been.

There's a new crib in Robbie's room, too, for the baby that will come in the spring. But no matter how eagerly Ted and I wait for that new baby, I have no fear for Robbie. Robbie is as much Ted's child as any will ever be. For we have learned, in the only way we could have learned, that we all belong to each other.

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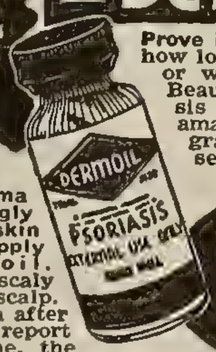

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Afraid!

Continued from page 49

good to get away for a while. But now as he spoke my throat tightened with alarm. "Should I be?" I asked.

His face went taut, and the bones stood out with the bleak, naked look. Then he lowered his eyes. "No," he muttered, "you shouldn't have to be."

He hadn't answered my question. Rather, he had answered it, and the answer was wrong, and it stirred other, more fearsome questions. Against my own will I persisted. "Ted," I said, "you can't blame Wade—"

"Why not?"

"It wasn't his fault."

"I think it was. He left him."

The savage assurance with which he spoke touched off a fighting anger within me. "You can't believe that!" I cried. "You've known Wade for years—you must have some faith in him. And in passing judgment upon him you're taking the place of God Himself—"

"Don't talk to me about faith and God," he said bitterly. "If there is a God, He took Bill's father away when he was a baby, and He took Bill's life away just when he was beginning to learn what it meant. And as for faith, you ought to know, Mary, that I'd be in a poor spot today if I'd sat around praying and hoping that the world would do right by me instead of getting out and shifting for myself—"

THERE was the uncrossable gulf between us again, the gulf of years and two totally different lives. I couldn't reach Ted, no matter how much I loved him. I was a sheltered woman, who'd never known anything but love and kindness, and Ted was a man who had been too close to life, who had had too much of hardship and struggle and disappointment, and now, this final tragedy.

We talked no more of Wade. But that afternoon Ted took the car and was gone a long time. When he came back, he brought with him a paper that was his release from Skyview, and the news that he had another job. "It's at Bluff City, for Central Airways. I'm due there in ten days. Do you think we can be moved by then?"

I was sure of it. I was so relieved that I would have agreed to anything, promised anything. I saw only that Ted would be as far as possible from Wade McCrary, that with Ted working for Central and Wade at Skyview, there was small chance of their meeting. I didn't stop to think that in leaving Skyview Ted was admitting that he did not trust himself.

I really believed that in leaving Skyview we were putting behind us our old life, and that the shadows that lay over it would, in time, shorten and disappear. I dismantled our honeymoon house in a fever of impatience to be out of it; I said goodby to my parents and to friends of years' standing with hardly a qualm. I would have left anyone, gone anywhere with Ted, if only there lay ahead of us the peace and the security that we had lost.

And at first, it seemed that Bluff City offered us just that. It was a beautiful city, located in the wide elbow of a river, backed in the distance by tall purple bluffs. There were bluffs facing it, too, across the river. We had our first view of them as we came in by train, following the curve of the stream,

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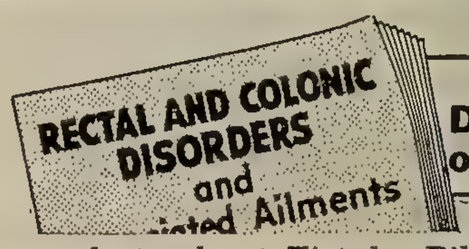

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and they were indescribably beautiful, gold-topped in the morning sun, mist-shrouded where they met the river.

I sat with my face turned to the train window, and I couldn't get enough of looking. "Beautiful—" I breathed, and Ted smiled wryly.

"Beautiful," he agreed, "and treacherous."

"What do you mean?"

"Where do you think the airport is?" I didn't know, and he went on, "It isn't way out of town, on a plain, like Skyview. It's nearby, a little south. That means it's in this big natural pocket between the bluffs, and low, so that when that pretty mist on the river turns into fog it spreads out over the field. Also, the bluffs, or something—no one's ever been able to figure out exactly what—make for a lot of tricky air currents. Worst place in the world for an airport," he finished critically.

"Then why did they ever build it here?"

He shrugged. "They probably didn't. Probably it started out with a few barnstormers using a field. Then when that was made illegal, someone got smart and took out a license. As aviation became more important, the town woke up to what it had, and local pride wouldn't let them sacrifice it to another location. Now with the war, and all the war industries here, it's essential. It's not dangerous," he added hastily, "not with modern methods of checking the weather and modern planes. But you never know when you start a trip if you're going to get back on schedule. It's a nuisance, but nothing to worry about."

I DIDN'T worry, because I had consummate faith in Ted's ability as a pilot, but some of my pleasure in my new home was spoiled. Beautiful—and treacherous. After a few months in Bluff City, I came to think that Ted's description of it had been prophetic. For a while after we arrived everything seemed to live up to the promise of that first beautiful morning. Even our inconveniences combined to divert our minds from what lay behind us. We were fortunate in finding an apartment, and we signed for it immediately—and then discovered that our furniture wouldn't arrive for weeks. In the meantime we made a game of camping out with a daybed borrowed from the landlord, a card table and chairs, and a few dishes from the five and ten. Because there was no inducement to stay in our apartment, we went out a great deal more than we otherwise would have. We met the other young pilots from Central, and their wives, and we visited at their homes, went to the theaters and to the restaurants in and around town. Once our social life had started, it went on automatically even after our furniture came and we were comfortably settled. Every time Ted came in from a run, there was an invitation waiting, a gathering of some sort planned. It was an almost unnatural change from the quiet way we had lived through the summer, and I was afraid sometimes that Ted was deliberately throwing himself into these amusements, only pretending to enjoy them. But I watched him covertly at parties, caught him off guard sometimes when we were dining out with another couple, and it seemed to me that the shadow in his eyes was lifting, that he laughed more frequently and easily.

At Christmas time I knew that I was deceiving myself. We had guests for

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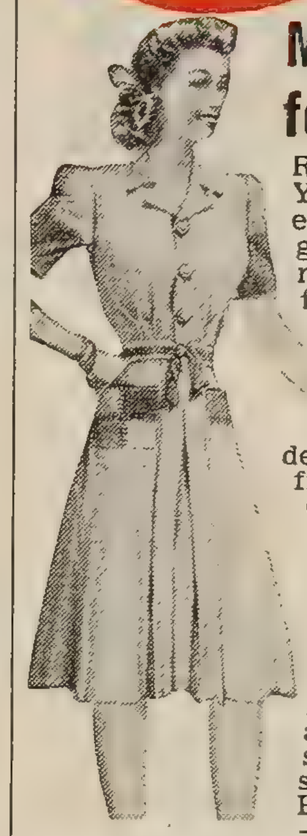

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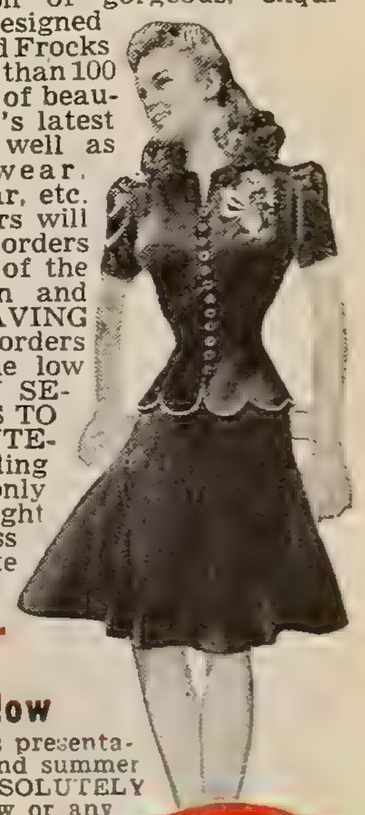

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dinner, Elspeth and Dick Struthers, and we had arranged to go with them to hear the carols at their church that evening. I thought that Ted was unusually quiet during the meal, but I was away from the table frequently, busy being both waitress and hostess, and I didn't have time to pay much attention to him. After dinner I left Elspeth to entertain the men while I stacked dishes. When I returned to the livingroom, I found the three of them in the hall, and Dick and Elspeth were getting into their coats. "We're going to take a ride before we go on to church, Mary," Dick called out to me cheerfully—and then I saw that although Ted was helping them with their wraps, he was making no move at all to get his own.

"I'm tired," he said, "and I don't feel up to either a ride or carols. Why don't you people take Mary and leave me—"

I stood speechless with surprise while Dick protested heartily, and then Elspeth, with a quick glance at me, said smoothly, "I think it would be nicer if we all went together, some other time. There'll be carols all this week until New Year—"

When they were gone, I turned indignantly to Ted. "You might have told me you'd changed your mind," I began. "I didn't know what to say. Whatever decided you at the last minute—"

"I'm sorry," he muttered. "I just didn't want to go. I don't know why."

I DID, suddenly, and my indignation vanished in a rising surge of the old, sickening fear. The two of us weren't alone together any longer. Billy had joined us, and with him—Wade. Ted sat down in the big chair beside the Christmas tree and picked up a book. I sat down too, because my knees would no longer support me. "Ted," I said pleadingly, "there's something wrong. If you'd only talk to me—"

"Nothing's wrong, Mary." He sounded annoyed. "There's nothing to talk about."

It was no use. Ted sat all evening with his book, but he wasn't reading. His face was set in lines of dumb, angry sorrow, and it was plain that his mind wasn't in Bluff City at all; it was travelling back to other Christmases, spent less comfortably perhaps, even in poverty—but with his brother. And all of his thoughts came back, inevitably, to the bleak misery of that night when Billy had gone out on his last training flight....

He came to bed after I'd lain sleepless—for hours, it seemed—staring into the dark and thinking what a mockery this Christmas, this time of peace on earth and good will toward men, was for us. He was icy cold as he crept in beside me, and he pulled me to him, held me close and hard. Hope rose in my heart then, but only our bodies touched. When I tried to talk, Ted shut my lips with a rain of blind, savage kisses.

We began to go out less often, and one by one we stopped seeing our new friends. Ted was too tired to accept invitations when he came in from a run, and he no longer called me from the field, to tell me to pick him up because we were to meet Elspeth and Dick for dinner at the Highway Inn. At home he was often silent, shut up within his own thoughts, and it was a silence I could not break. Sometimes he would avoid my eyes, as if he were afraid that I could read his thoughts, and sometimes he clung to me as he

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had clung the night he had come in after finding Billy's plane, as if I were all he had in the world to hold to.

Still, I couldn't help him. He wouldn't let me help him. I tried every way I knew to reach him, and, failing that, I tried to get him to go out, to take up our old amusements. Even if he didn't enjoy them, I reasoned, they were at least better than this narrowing down of our life to the dark path of Ted's thoughts. "You go," he would say when I suggested movies, or dinner out, or a visit to friends. "Get Elspeth and Dick; they'll go with you. I'm tired, Mary. . . ." He would say that he was tired, and then he would sit up half the night, or I would hear his footsteps in the livingroom, pacing up and down, relentlessly, until dawn.

January passed, and February, and March came, and Ted grew more and more restless, more moody, and the fear that had reawakened in my heart at Christmas grew until my whole body was raddled with it. It was like living with a malicious spirit in the house, a spirit that lurked everywhere, sending out little warnings, ready, at a word or a gesture, to pull the whole structure of our lives down around us. I was careful of every word I spoke, lest a thoughtless phrase remind Ted of other times; I would catch him looking at an old dress, and old pieces of jewelry, and I would know that they were wrong, that I shouldn't have worn them, that they were recalling our old home and Billy and—Wade. Whenever he left the house I was apprehensive, and when conditions at the field delayed his return, I walked the floor in an agony of uncertainty, imagining that he was not coming home at all, that he had gone to find Wade and settle his score with him. When he did come, I would be sick with relief—really sick, so that there would be an acid taste at the back of my mouth, and I would tremble with weakness and nausea.

IT showed in my face. One evening at the dinner table Ted, watching me somberly, said, "You're not well, Mary."

"I haven't felt well," I admitted. "Maybe—maybe it's the dampness of this low country."

"Why don't you go to a doctor?"

I saw no reason to go to a doctor. All that was wrong with me was the canker in Ted's soul, and the doctor couldn't remove that. But I agreed, thinking that perhaps the doctor would give me a sedative to put me to sleep at night.

I don't know what prompted me to go on a day that Ted was out on a run—not instinct, certainly, because I had no idea of what was really wrong with me; perhaps it was just plain good fortune. The doctor, after examining me thoroughly, showed little interest in my account of my nerves and my jumpy stomach. "They're quite normal in your condition," he said, "especially at first. If you'll follow the diet I've given you, and rest whether you sleep or not—"

In my condition! Actually, I hadn't guessed at all the real reason for the queer attacks of nervousness and nausea. I'd put every physical sympton down to anxiety over Ted. I walked out of the doctor's office on winged feet, into a world that was bright as it had not been for months, thinking only that I must tell Ted, tell him quickly, that this joy was too great to keep to myself. Then reality struck me, as hard and chilling as the raw March

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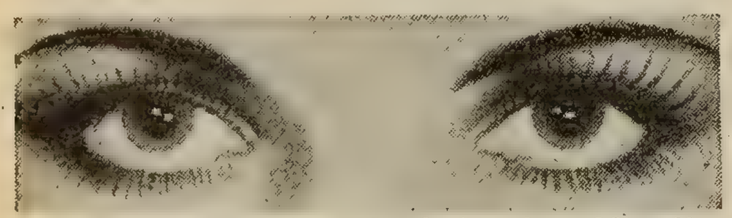

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wind, and I knew that even this wonderful new happiness was unsafe and vulnerable. Tell Ted—perhaps I ought not tell Ted anything at all. I turned into the friendly impersonality of a drug store and there, over a cup of coffee, I tried to think rationally, unemotionally. I tried to set aside the blinding pull of my love for my husband, and the hope of a miracle that carried me through each day. I tried to think only of facts—and the facts were that Ted was losing his battle against bitterness, that his hatred of Wade had grown instead of decreasing. I could endure it myself. But could I bring a child into a house of hatred and tension, where the future would never be free from the threat of the past?

But suppose—and my thoughts swung the other way—suppose the child should be the miracle I'd prayed for? Remembering how wild and fierce Ted had been when I'd first met him, how much of a law unto himself, and how he had changed afterward, could I not hope that his child would bring about the same sort of change now, when he needed it so much more? I couldn't be sure. And I knew that while I lived with Ted, saw him in the threatening, yet pitiful, isolation of his moods, felt him turn to me at night with a convulsive clinging that told me how much afraid of himself he was, I never could be sure. I knew then that I would have to get away.

THAT night I told Ted that the doctor had recommended a change for me. He said nothing at first, but I think that he knew at once that I was going to get away from him, and that I might stay away. There was fear in his eyes for an instant, but there was a set look about him, too—a look that said he could not change himself, even though he should lose me for it. "Maybe it's best," he said finally. "Maybe I should never have brought you here."

"I don't want to go," I said.

He smiled a bright, false smile. "Sure you do," he said. "You'll see your parents again, and you'll get a good rest."

Going home was like awakening from a bad dream. Mother and Dad met me at the station, and everything about them—Mother's hat a little askew as it always was when she was ex-

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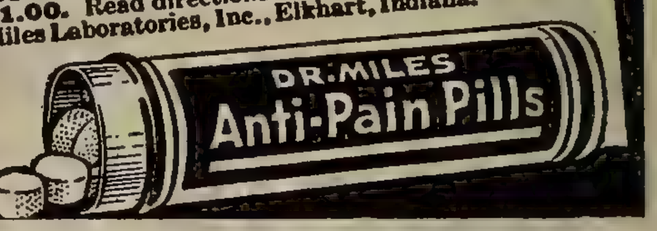

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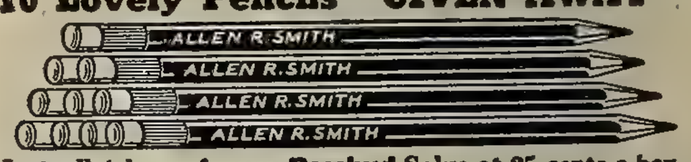

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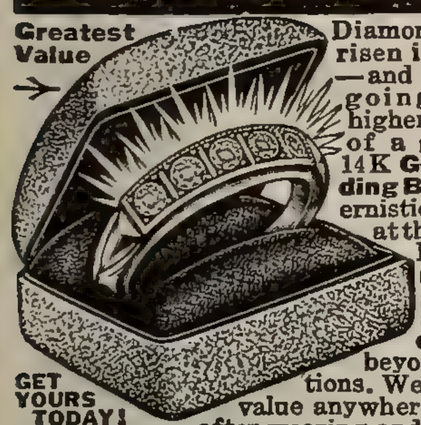

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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

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cited, Dad's quick kiss and the shy little hug he gave me—were all so dear and normal that my tears came as much from relief as from joy at seeing them. Everything was dear and familiar and normal—the old car, the streets I knew so well, the old-fashioned house with its soft, faded chintzes, and the living-room table with Dad's deep chair on one side, Mother's padded rocker on the other. There was no foreboding here, no lurking shadow.

"You'll stay for a while?" Mother asked eagerly. "We've missed you so much, Mary. You don't have to turn around and go right back, do you, dear?"

I nodded and smiled and said that I would stay for a while, and Dad, whose eyes are sharper than Mother's sometimes, said that I must not be plagued with questions now, and that tomorrow we would have a long talk. . . .

WE never did have our long talk—at least, not about Ted. I wanted to tell them about him, wanted their help and their advice, but I could not bring myself to ask for it. It seemed disloyal to Ted; it would be cruelty to my parents to bring the shadows of my own life into theirs—and it would be senseless. After a few days at home I came to realize that however they might advise, if I did tell them, I would have to make my own decision. I had no word from Ted, and I knew that there would be none. His silence was more eloquent than any words would have been. He wanted me back, but he was offering me my freedom if I wanted it.

For a week I lived from one day to the next, putting off all thought of the future, trying not to think of Ted, neither of the sweetness of his mouth and the strength of his arms, nor of the panic I knew when he retreated, cold and silent, into himself. Each day I told myself that today I must decide, and each night I went to sleep thinking that perhaps tomorrow something would make the decision for me. And at the end of the week, something did.

It happened when I paid a visit to the Skyview offices at the field. It was a visit I'd postponed as long as I dared, but I'd met several of the girls in town, and they'd urged me to come out, and I knew that it might look odd if I didn't. Everyone there was delighted to see me. They showed me how the office had grown, and took me around the new hangar. Tactfully, no one mentioned Billy, although they all asked after Ted. Then the inevitable question arose. Was I staying long in town? When was I going back to Bluff City?

"Soon," I told them vaguely, and one of the men—Bill Davis—said jokingly, "You can go back tonight, if you want—in style, too. Six-passenger plane all to yourself—except for pilot, of course. Generals don't get that, these days."

"Are you serious?" I asked.

"I certainly am. We've got a special package from the government to deliver at Bluff City. Lou Hartzell and I are drawing straws over who gets the job. Want to come along?"

"Yes," I said, and I knew as soon as I'd spoken that I'd meant it, and that not once, really, had I intended not to go back to my husband. I was his wife, and I was carrying his child, and whatever happened, whatever he brought about for us, we belonged to him.

I drove home, and packed a light grip, overriding, as gently as I could, all of Mother's loving protests. At

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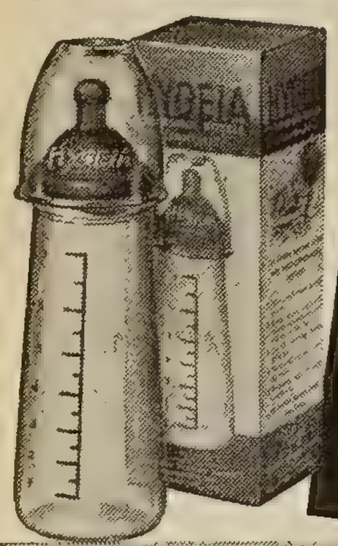

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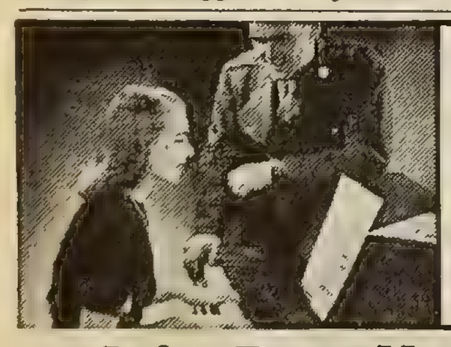

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seven I was at the airport, and Bill Davis was trying to shake hands with Dad and help me out of the car and take my bag all at once. "Hurry up," he urged. "We're pushing off early. Over on the first runway—I'll bring your bag." I flew between the hangars, through the wire gate to the field, toward the plane that loomed darkly in the dusk—and ran straight into the leather-jacketed figure of Wade McCrary!

For a moment I was utterly confused; my one definite feeling was one of guilt, as if I'd been harboring Ted's own thoughts about him. "Wade!" I exclaimed. "What—"

He laughed. "I'm flying you down, Mary. Didn't Bill tell you? Both he and Lou got other orders—"

It was too late to turn back. He was helping me into the plane, and Bill was running up with my bag. Wade climbed in beside me, and Bill's farewell shout was lost in the roar of the motor. We were racing toward the green light at the end of the field; we were rising over it . . . we were on our way. *Wade was on his way to Ted!*

It was too much to grasp all at once. I sat stunned and speechless, thinking of nothing but that at the end of this journey, in another three hours or so, Wade would be landing at Bluff City, would be delivering himself into Ted's hands. . . .

THEN we stopped climbing, and Wade sat back in his seat, saying comfortably, "Got your breath back, Mary? I'm sorry you had to rush, but we may hit some weather, and I wanted to play safe."

I nodded. I managed to say, "I'm—all right."

"You know," he said confidentially, "I was tickled when I heard you were coming along. It's good to see you again, Mary—and I hope I get a chance to see Ted, too."

I swallowed, and my heart, which seemed to have been spinning along on a high wire, plunged downward. It was incredible to me—but Wade didn't understand. Wade was sunny and open-natured; he had no conception of the way a sore could lie hidden in a man's soul, could fester and become more virulent in time. Ted had threatened him once, but Wade had put that down to shock. Billy's death had been a tragic accident—and Wade could not believe that another pilot in his right mind could regard it as anything but an accident.

A dozen times during the next hour I opened my mouth to warn him, and each time the words refused to come. What could I say? How could I make him see how serious it was? And if I did make him understand, what good would it do? He would no more go out of his way to avoid Ted than he would turn back on his job.

Wade talked—about the people at Skyview, about the little cabin he'd bought at a lake near town, and about old times when we'd gone out together before I'd met Ted. And gradually, some of his comfortable, sane self-assurance penetrated the turmoil in my mind. Perhaps, after all, I was wrong in anticipating disaster. I had no reason to believe that Ted would be at the field tonight. In his uncertain schedule, he was quite likely not to be. And if he weren't, all I had to do was to make some excuse to Wade so that he would leave before Ted even knew that he had been there.

So absorbed was I in my thoughts

When maps or bills
or music's torn
What saves the surface
where it's worn?

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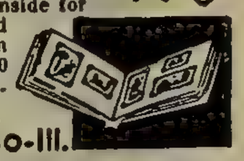

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that it was some time before I was aware that our progress was rougher than it had been. "Storm," Wade explained. "We're above the worst, but we're getting a little of it."

Sudden hope seized me. "Do you think—is there a chance that we won't make Bluff City?"

"Not a one," said Wade cheerfully. "It may be a little bumpy going down, but we'll make it. We're close now—" He reached for his headphones, and stopped at a scraping noise from the back of the plane. "There goes our cargo. See if you can secure it, Mary."

I went back as he directed, found the strapped package that was so important that its delivery warranted a special flight. It was only about two feet square, and it wasn't heavy, and I managed to wedge it securely between two of the seats. When I went back up front, one look at Wade's face told me that something had gone wrong. He didn't try to hide it from me. "The radio conked out," he said. "But don't you worry. They're sending up a good man to take us down—your husband."

His words had the effect of a rope suddenly twisted tight around my neck. The full import of them struck me even before my mind caught up with the details. We were above the storm, safe enough for the time being. But we couldn't land without the radio, and another plane had been sent up to guide us in. *Ted* had been sent up. Ted was at the field tonight then; he knew that Wade . . . He knew that Wade's life was in his hands.

I sat staring out at the impenetrable velvet blackness—for many minutes, it seemed, before I found my voice. "Does he—did you tell the operator you have a passenger?"

Wade shook his head. "I didn't have time. Here he is!"

I looked at him dumbly, looked ahead at the small white light between two flaring orange ones that had appeared ahead of us. That was Ted. . . . I was overwhelmed by the same sense of terrible finality that had come over me the night at the hospital. As surely as if I'd been with Ted, watching his face, I knew what was in his mind. This was his chance to even the score. This was the inevitable end of the months of grief and bitterness. This was justice—he would see it as such. There were the bluffs around the wide pocket of the valley. . . . No one would ever accuse him. He could lead Wade straight into the bluffs . . . and it would be an accident, and Ted would be even with Wade for Billy's death.

I THINK that Wade took his eyes from the flickering lights to glance at me. I think that he said something anxious, something reassuring. I don't know. My eyes were fixed on those tiny orange flares, and I was praying—to God, to Ted. Ted didn't believe in prayer, and he wouldn't hear me, but I prayed anyway. I had to reach him—even though I'd never been able to reach him when I was with him. He had no faith, except in himself; he believed in no one but himself—but I believed in a power that was greater than any of us, and I'd had faith enough to come back to him, to bring our child back to him. I had to have more now, enough to reach him and make him hear a voice that his ears could not hear.

Ted, I prayed, *you loved me, before hate filled your heart, and revenge, and everything else was crowded out of it.*

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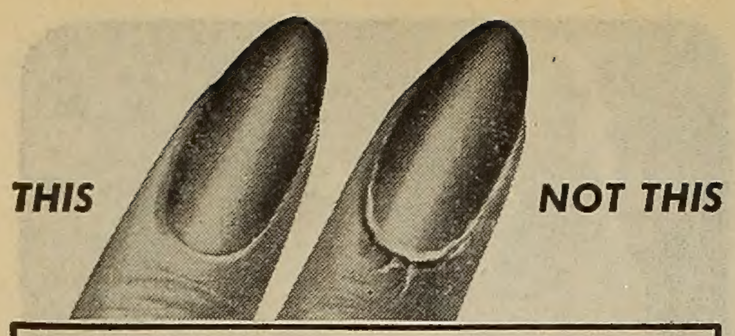

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IT was hours, or minutes, or seconds. I had no conception of time, nor of space. There was only the endless blackness around us, and the orange flares, tiny match-flames, moving interminably before us, turning sometimes, almost disappearing. Wade reached over and tugged at my safety-belt to make sure that it was fastened, and I was aware that he had been saying something—was still saying something. "We're going—" The words reached me from across a long, long distance, and I tried not to hear them. Down—down could mean the bluffs and a single, final explosion, and I couldn't think of that. I couldn't remember that I was here, with Wade. I had to stay with Ted, keep talking to Ted.

The plane was rocking, and my belt pressed against my body; then there was a jar, a light bump, and suddenly the orange flares were gone. Instead there were other lights, flashing past us, and the sound of wind and rain, and we were taxi-ing along a smooth surface. . . . We were down.

I heard Wade say, "Okay!" loudly and cheerfully, and then every drop of strength drained from my body, and I fainted.

I came to in a wavering bluish sea that stopped wavering finally and became the blue-green walls of the reception room at the airport. There was a dark, bulky shape beside me, chafing my hands, saying my name over and over again—and that was Ted, Ted with unspeakable relief and gladness in his eyes, and the vanishing shadow of an unspeakable terror.

"Wade?" I questioned faintly, and the anxiety in my voice sounded strange to my own ears, because even as I spoke I knew that I would never have to worry about Wade again.

"Wade's all right," he said brokenly. "Mary, you knew what I was going to do—"

"Don't talk about it—"

I struggled to sit up, but he held me back. "But I want to talk about it, Mary. You've got to understand, so you'll never have to be afraid again. I was going to kill Wade. I didn't know that you were with him, and I was going to kill him. But you stopped me. I heard your voice, telling me not to, and you stopped me. Can you believe that, Mary? You came to me when I needed you most—"

"God," I thought hazily. "God is love. . . ." And because Ted and I loved each other, we'd had a power greater than ourselves to draw upon, to bring us through this final test. It was all there, in my mind, a great and shining truth. I had to find words to make Ted understand it, too. "I didn't come to you, darling," I said.

AND then I knew that I didn't have to tell him. Ted's face had the pared, stripped-down look about it again, but there was no fierceness in it now; it was humble, and beautiful, and there was the light of exaltation in its whiteness. It was no longer the face of a man who goes through life trusting only in himself; it was alive with a new realization.

He bowed his head against my breast. "God," he said reverently, "has been much better to me than I deserve."

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